MODERN ELOQUENCE

VOLUME TWO

After Dinner Speeches

MODERN ELOQUENCE

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

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FOUNDED BY THOMAS B. REED

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INTRODUCTION

HINTS ON SPEECH-MAKING

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson [1]

The number of graduates going forth each year from our American colleges must be several thousand, since the number of undergraduates is more than twenty thousand. If we add those who are graduates of academies—those who have, as Mr. Poore generally puts it in his "Congressional Record," "received an academical education"—the figures will be greatly swelled. The majority of all these graduates will be called upon, at some time or other during their lives, to make a speech, as will also thousands of young Americans who have never seen the inside of college or academy. Perhaps a few hints on speech-making may not be unavailing, when addressed to this large class by a man much older—one who has made so many speeches that the process has almost ceased to have terror to him, whatever dismay it may sometimes cause to his hearers. Certainly there are a few suggestions to be made which are not to be found in the elocutionary manuals, and which would have saved the present writer much trouble and some anguish, had any one thought of offering them to him when he left college.

The first requisite of speech-making is of course, to have something to say. But this does not merely mean something that may be said; it means something that must be said—that presses on the mind uncomfortably until uttered. Kinglake, in his "History of the Crimean War," declares it to be essential to a general that he should have some taste for fighting; for, he says, there are almost always as many good reasons for postponing an engagement as for risking it, and unless the general has sufficient love of fight to turn the scale, no

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battle will ever take place. Whether this would be an intolerable calamity is another question, though Kinglake clearly thinks that it would. Be this as it may, there are always so many good reasons for not making a speech, that, unless a speaker has a real desire to make it, the thing never will be done; and nothing so creates and intensifies this desire as an earnest purpose. Some people speak from loquacity or from habit; I knew men in the Massachusetts Legislature who could not go by a bill to regulate the breadth of wagon-wheels, without being inspired with a "little amendment"; but, after all, the crotchet of the little amendment was what propelled the speech, so that even these men talked under the pressure of something that they had very much at heart. As a general rule, it may be assumed that most of the speeches on a given question—in a town-meeting for instance—are by those who speak because they "have a message to deliver," as Carlyle would say. And that is the oratory most effective. The words which almost always command most attention in any legislative body are those coming from men who have never before opened their lips there, but who have some matter that thoroughly possesses them,—usually a local question, or a question of their particular trade or business,—on which they utter themselves with a force such as the members who pass for "orators" can rarely bring to bear. It is almost invariable that such a man, being modest, goes first to some more conspicuous member, and tries to get him to make the speech, and he is almost always told that it will be tenfold more effective if he makes it himself. Pole, in his new rules for whist-playing, says that only two things can excuse a man from following his partner's lead of trumps—sudden illness, or the fact that he has not a single trump in his hand. So the only thing that can really excuse a man for transferring to anybody else the task of making a speech on a subject that he has mastered, is either sudden illness, or the fact that he has changed his opinion, and has no speech to make. The first rule for public speaking, therefore, is, *Have something that you desire very much to say.*

The second rule is, *Always speak in a natural key, and in a* conversational manner. The days of pompous and stilted eloquence are gone by, and it was perhaps Wendell Phillips more

than anybody else who put an end to it in this country, and substituted a simpler style. I remember a striking instance of this change of manner at a Harvard Commencement dinner. The late George S. Hillard of Boston, a man of much local fame, now rapidly fading, was in my youth considered almost the model orator for such an occasion—acute, well trained, skillful, and in his way even persuasive. For many years, however, he absented himself, partly through political antagonism, from the college gatherings. At last, some ten years ago, he re-appeared, and gave one of his old and highly elaborated speeches. After he had sat down, amid courteous but not ardent applause, my classmate, the late Dr. Edward H. Clarke, who sat by me, said, in a whisper, "Is the change in Hillard, or in me? I remember the time when that speech would have seemed to me the perfection of oratory. Now it utterly fails to move me." Curiously enough, I had been myself making the same reflection; and Dr. Clarke himself, being afterward called upon, made a plain, telling, straightforward statement about the condition and needs of the medical school, which took a hearty hold of those present, although the "classic orator" had failed to reach them. There is no question that within thirty years our American public speaking has been pitched upon a far more natural key.

But how to reach that easy tone is the serious question. Many a man has risen with the best intention to speak naturally, and has been swept away into a false or constrained manner before he has fairly said, "Mr. President and gentlemen." It is hard, therefore, to answer the question how to make sure of the desired attitude. The best way, of course, is to be natural without effort, if one only could. In that delightful book about children by Mrs. Diaz, called "William Henry's Letters," the simple-hearted boy cannot quite comprehend the necessity of being sent to dancing-school "in order to know how to enter a room," as his fastidious aunts have advised. "I told her I didn't see anything so very hard about entering a room. I told 'em, 'Walk right in!'" But the dancing-school is meant to reassure boys less frank than William Henry, and so all suggestions as to beginning a speech are for those to whom it is not easy to walk right in.

Tennyson says of manners:—

"Kind nature is the best, those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand,
Which are indeed the manners of the great."

If people are shy and awkward and conscious about their speeches, how shall they gain an easy and unconstrained bearing? That is, how shall they begin their speeches in that way? —for after the beginning, it is not so hard to go on.

There is one very simple method,—as simple as to swallow a mouthful of water slowly to cure one's hiccough,—and yet one which I have seldom known to fail. Suppose the occasion to be a public dinner. You have somebody by your side to whom you have been talking. To him your manner was undoubtedly natural; and if you can only carry along into your public speech that conversational flavor of your private talk, the battle is gained. How, then, to achieve that result? In this easy way: Express to your neighbor conversationally the thought, whatever it is, with which you mean to begin your public speech. Then, when you rise to speak, say merely what will be perfectly true, "I was just saying to the gentleman who sits beside me, that"—and then you repeat your remark over again. You thus make the last words of your private talk the first words of your public address, and the conversational manner is secured. This suggestion originated, I believe, with a man of inexhaustible fertility in public speech, Rev. E. E. Hale. I have often availed myself of it, and have often been thanked by others for suggesting it to them.

In the third place, *Never carry a scrap of paper before an audience.* If you read your address altogether, that is very different; and some orators, especially the French, produce remarkable effects by speaking from manuscript. It is the combination that injures. So long as a man is absolutely without notes, he is not merely thrown on his own resources, but his hearers see and know that he is; their sympathy goes along with him; they wish him to go triumphantly through. But if they once see that he is partly relying on the stilts and leading strings of his memoranda, their sympathy languishes. It is like the difference between a man who walks a tight-rope boldly, trusting wholly to his balance-pole, and the man who is looking about every moment for something by which to

steady himself. What is the aim of your notes? You fear that without them you may lose your thread, or your logical connection, or some valuable fact or illustration. But you may be sure that neither thread nor logic, nor argument is so important to the audience as that they should be kept in entire sympathy with yourself, that the magnetic contact, or whatever we call it, should be unbroken. The chances are that nobody will miss what you leave out, if you forget anything; but you will lose much if you forego the continuous and confiding attention given to a speaker who is absolutely free.

The late Judge B. R. Curtis once lost a case in court of which he had felt very sure—one in which John P. Hale of New Hampshire, a man not to be compared with him as a lawyer, was his successful antagonist. When asked the reason, he said, "It was very curious: I had all the law and all the evidence, but that fellow Hale somehow got so intimate with the jury that he won the case." To be intimate with your audience is half the battle, and nothing so restricts and impedes that intimacy as the presence of a scrap of paper.

Then comes the question, How shall you retain your speech in your head? Shall you write it, and commit it to memory, or merely note down the points? Some of the most agreeable public speakers known to me, as, for instance, Ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts, habitually write their speeches, and yet deliver them with such ease that you would think them embarked without previous preparation on an untried sea, which they are riding with buoyant safety. Wendell Phillips rarely made special preparation; his accumulated store of points and illustrations was so inexhaustible that he did not need to do any thing more than simply draw upon it when the time came. Yet I remember that after hearing his Phi Beta Kappa oration, in which he had so carried away a conservative and critical audience that they found themselves applauding tyrannicide before they knew it, I said to him, "This could not have been written out beforehand," and he said, "It is already in type at the 'Advertiser' office." I could not have believed it.

Nevertheless, in the long-run, it is essential that one who speaks much, or even who speaks little, should acquire command enough of himself to say what has not been written

down. In this case the fourth rule must be, *Plan out a series of a few points, as simple and orderly as possible.* They should be simple, both for the convenience of the audience and for your own, since otherwise you may lose yourself in subtleties and metaphysics. They should be orderly, if only that you may remember them by the method of natural succession, each one suggesting the next, and thus putting as little tax as possible on the memory. Where the points are wholly detached, you can substitute an artificial order, perhaps fixing each in your mind by some leading word that will suggest it, and then arranging these alphabetically, the object being always to tax your memory as lightly as possible, that it may do its work the better. You have now the points of your speech planned and provided—so many stepping-stones to carry you safely across the stream.

But points alone are not enough. You must hold your audience; and this must be done, not by lowering yourself in any way, but by giving that audience variety of food, and reaching their minds by facts, fancy, and wit, as well as logic. Therefore the fifth rule is, *Plan beforchand for one good fact and one good illustration under each head of your speech.* One is enough, for the chance is that the impulse of the occasion will give you more. The fact may be from your own experience or from a book; but it must be brief, clear, and telling. The illustration may be grave or gay, from poetry or from the newspaper corner, Shakespeare or Artemus Ward: no matter, so that it hit the mark. Most people have a sense of humor, high or low: all people have more or less imagination, however concealed by the stolid habits of daily life. George Herbert says,

> "A verse may find him who a sermon flies";

and if he had written "jest" in place of "verse," it would have been quite as true. But my present aim is to help the inexperienced speaker; and it is therefore well to repeat the rule, to fortify one's self beforehand with at least one good fact and one good illustration or anecdote for each main point of the discourse. You will thus make sure of distributing your reasoning and your belief all through the speech, and will not put all the dough in one pan, and all the yeast in another.

And by way of closing admonition, I should give this sixth and final rule: *Do not torment yourself up to the last moment about your speech, but give your mind a rest before it.* To combine ample preparation with a state of mental clearness and freshness—that is the problem. Who does not know how clear the mind is when we wake in the morning, how we solve problems and think out perplexing questions while bathing and dressing, although the previous night the mind was inert and dead? That is what is meant by mental freshness; and what we need is to bring this precise quality—this oxygen of the mind—into our speeches. The students at Oxford and Cambridge in England, after preparing for the severe examinations for honors,—far severer than any of ours, though the ordinary "pass" examinations for the mere academical degree are not so hard as ours,—make it a rule not to work at all on the day before the ordeal, but to spend that time, if possible, out of doors and away from books. They thus refresh their minds, and get rid of that terrible feeling of expectancy.

I have been told by clergymen who enjoyed the actual process of preaching, that no one could describe the mental depression they felt on Saturday evening, and even on the morning hours of Sunday, in looking forward to that exercise, not knowing whether they should succeed or fail. There is a rather apocryphal story of Carlyle, that he was once driven to despair by the noise of some neighboring peacocks. "But," said the neighbor, "they do not scream more than twice in twenty-four hours." "Perhaps not," said Carlyle, "but consider the agonies that I undergo in waiting for that scream!" It is not the public speaking that wears upon a man, it is the waiting for it. Look at the faces of the after-dinner speakers at a public dinner: how woe-begone till their time comes! how cheerful afterwards! To make your speeches successful, therefore, learn the art of completing your preparation beforehand, and then indulging in entire rest—newspapers, Mark Twain, exercise, anything you please—until the important moment comes.

These are all very simple rules—almost too simple, it may seem, to put on paper. Compared with the elaborate counsels of the books on rhetoric, how trivial they are! Yet I am sure, from observation and experience, that there is a good

deal of help in them; and while they may not secure for any man the power to make a great speech, they will at least aid him to avail himself of his own gifts, such as they are, and bring him up to a fair average of successful execution. The power of public speaking is probably the most transitory of all kinds of intellectual influence, for it dies with the death of its individual auditors, whereas a good book keeps on. But it is, on the other hand, the most concentrated and telling of all forms of mental action, the most stimulating to those who hear it, and, by reflex action, to the speakers themselves. No writer has any echo so intoxicating as the applause of a visible audience: no writer can elicit from himself sparks so brilliant as those which seem to be struck out between your eyes and the answering eyes of your hearers. The best things in any speech are almost always the sudden flashes and the thoughts not dreamed of before. Indeed, the best hope that any orator can have is to rise at favored moments to some height of enthusiasm that shall make all his previous structure of preparation superfluous; as the ship in launching glides from the ways, and scatters cradle-timbers and wedges upon the waters that are henceforth to be her home.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

E–M

EDWARD VII

THE COLONIES

[Speech of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales [Edward VII, crowned King of England January 23, 1901], at the banquet given at the Mansion House, London, July 16, 1881, by the Lord Mayor of London [Sir William McArthur], to the Prince of Wales, as President of the Colonial Institute, and to a large company of representatives of the colonies—governors, premiers, and administrators. This speech was delivered in response to the toast proposed by the Lord Mayor, "The Health of the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family."]

My Lord Mayor, Your Majesty, My Lords, and Gentlemen:—For the kind and remarkably flattering way in which you, my Lord Mayor, have been good enough to propose this toast, and you, my lords and gentlemen, for the kind and hearty way in which you have received it, I beg to offer you my most sincere thanks. It is a peculiar pleasure to me to come to the City, because I have the honor of being one of its freemen. But this is, indeed, a very special dinner, one of the kind that I do not suppose has ever been given before; for we have here this evening representatives of probably every Colony in the Empire. We have not only the Secretary of the Colonies, but Governors, past and present, ministers, administrators, and agents, are all, I think, to be found here this evening. I regret that it has not been possible for me to see half or one-third of the Colonies which it has been the good fortune of my brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, to visit. In his voyages round the world he has had opportunities more than once of seeing all our great Colonies. Though I have not been able personally to see them, or have seen only a small portion of them, you may rest assured it does not diminish in any way the interest I take in them.

It is, I am sorry to say, now going on for twenty-one years since I visited our large North American Colonies. Still,

though I was very young at the time, the remembrance of that visit is as deeply imprinted upon my memory now as it was at that time. I shall never forget the public receptions which were accorded to me in Canada, new Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, and if it were possible for me at any time to repeat that visit, I need not tell you gentlemen, who now represent here those great North American Colonies, of the great pleasure it would give me to do so. It affords me great gratification to see an old friend, Sir John MacDonald, the Premier of Canada, here this evening.

It was a most pressing invitation, certainly, that I received two years ago to visit the great Australasian Colonies, and though at the time I was unable to give an answer in the affirmative or in the negative, still it soon became apparent that my many duties here in England, would prevent my accomplishing what would have been a long, though a most interesting voyage. I regret that such has been the case, and that I was not able to accept the kind invitation I received to visit the Exhibitions at Sydney and at Melbourne. I am glad, however, to know that they have proved a great success, as has been testified to me only this evening by the noble Duke [Manchester] by my side, who has so lately returned. Though, my lords and gentlemen, I have, as I said before, not had the opportunity of seeing these great Australasian Colonies, which every day and every year are making such immense development, still, at the International Exhibitions of London, Paris, and Vienna, I had not only an opportunity of seeing their various products there exhibited, but I had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of many colonists—a fact which has been a matter of great importance and great benefit to myself.

It is now thirty years since the first International Exhibition took place in London, and then for the first time, Colonial exhibits were shown to the world. Since that time, from the Exhibitions which have followed our first great gathering in 1851, the improvements that have been made are manifest. That in itself is a clear proof of the way in which the Colonies have been exerting themselves to make their vast territories of the great importance that they are at the present moment. But though, my Lord Mayor, I have not been to Australasia, as

you have mentioned, I have sent my two sons on a visit there; and it has been a matter of great gratification, not only to myself, but to the Queen, to hear of the kindly reception they have met with everywhere. They are but young, but I feel confident that their visit to the Antipodes will do them an incalculable amount of good. On their way out they visited a Colony in which, unfortunately, the condition of affairs was not quite as satisfactory as we could wish, and as a consequence they did not extend their visits in that part of South Africa quite so far inland as might otherwise have been the case.

I must thank you once more, my Lord Mayor, for the kind way in which you have proposed this toast. I thank you in the name of the Princes and the other members of the Royal Family, for the kind reception their names have met with from all here to-night, and I beg again to assure you most cordially and heartily of the great pleasure it has given me to be present here among so many distinguished Colonists and gentlemen connected with the Colonies, and to have had an opportunity of meeting your distinguished guest, the King of the Sandwich Islands. If your lordship's visit to his dominions remains impressed on your mind, I think your lordship's kindly reception of his Majesty here to-night is not likely to be forgotten by him.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

HARVARD AND YALE

[Speech of Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, at the seventy-second anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1877. The President of the Society, William Borden, presided, and said by way of introducing the speaker: "Gentlemen, I now give you the sixth regular toast: 'Harvard and Yale, the two elder sisters among the educational institutions of New England, where generous rivalry has ever promoted patriotism and learning. Their children have, in peace and war, in life and death, deserved well of the Republic. Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction.' [Applause.] We are fortunate to-night, gentlemen, in having with us the representatives of both these institutions, and I will ask President Eliot, of Harvard, first, to respond." The allusion made by President Eliot to the words of the Secretary of State refers to the following remarks which William M. Evarts made in the course of his address: "New England, I observe, while it retains all its sterling qualities, is nevertheless moving forward in the direction of conciliation and peace. I remember when I was a boy, I traveled 240 miles by stage-coach from Boston to New Haven to avoid going to Harvard University which was across the Bridge. [Great applause and laughter.] It was because of the religious animosities which pervaded the community, and I suppose animated my youthful breast; and now here I come to a New England Society, and sit between the Presidents of those renowned universities, who have apparently come here for the purpose of enjoying themselves, and of exhibiting that proximity is no longer dangerous to the peace of those universities. [Applause and laughter.] No doubt there is a considerable warfare going on between them as to the methods of instruction; but to us who have looked on, we have seen no more obtrusive manifestation of it than that the President on my left, of Yale, in dealing with the subjects that have successively been placed before him, has pursued the method of that university, its comprehensive method, that takes in the whole curriculum; while on my right, the eclectic principle is exercised by my friend, President Eliot [applause and laughter], and he has confined himself to the dainty morsels of the repast. I speak of this to show that, although an amelioration of climate or an obliteration of virtues is not to be expected in New England, or in New England men, yet there may be an advancement of the sunshine of the heart, and that an incorporation of our narrow territory in a

great nation, and a transfusion of our opinions, our ideas, our purposes into the veins of a nation of forty millions of people, may enlarge and liberalize even the views, the plans, and the action of New England."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I am obliged to my friend Dr. Clarke [James Freeman Clarke, D.D.] for the complimentary terms in which he has presented me to you. But I must appeal to your commiseration. Harvard and Yale! Can any undergraduate of either institution, can any recent graduate of either institution, imagine a man responding to that toast? [Laughter.] However, I must make the best of the two positions, and speak of some points upon which the two institutions are clearly agreed. And here I am reminded of a story of a certain New England farmer, who said that he and 'Squire Jones had more cows between them than all the rest of the village; and his brag being disputed, he said he could prove it, for the 'Squire had forty-five cows and he had one, and the village altogether had not forty-six. [Laughter.]

We shall all agree that it is for the best interests of this country that it have sundry universities, of diverse tone, atmosphere, sphere, representing different opinions and different methods of study to some extent, and in different trainings, though with the same end. [Applause.] Holding this view, I have been somewhat concerned to see of late that the original differences between Harvard and Yale seem to be rapidly disappearing. For example, a good many years ago, Harvard set out on what is called the "elective" system, and now I read in the Yale catalogue a long list of studies called "optional," which strikes me as bearing a strong resemblance to our elective courses. [Laughter.] Again, my friend the Secretary of State has done me the honor of alluding to the reasons which induced his father, I suppose, rather than himself, to send him on that journey, which we Harvard men all deplore. [Laughter.]

Now, it is unquestioned, that about the year 1700 a certain number of Congregationalist clergymen, who belonged to the Established Church (for we are too apt to forget that Congregationalism was the "Established Church" of that time, and none other was allowed), thought that Harvard was getting too

latitudinarian, and though they were every one of them graduates of Harvard, they went off and set up another college in Connecticut, where a stricter doctrine should be taught. Harvard men have rather nursed the hope that this distinction between Harvard and Yale might be permanent. [Laughter.] But I regret to say that I have lately observed many strong indications that it is wholly likely to disappear. For example, to come at once to the foundations, I read in the papers the other day, and I am credibly informed it is true, that the head of Yale College voted to install a minister whose opinions upon the vital, pivotal, fundamental doctrine of eternal damnation are unsound. [Laughter.] Then, again, I look at the annual reports of the Bureau of Education on this department at Washington, and I read there for some years that Harvard College was unsectarian; and I knew that it was right, because I made the return myself. [Laughter.] I read also that Yale College was a Congregationalist College; and I had no doubt that that was right, because I supposed Dr. Porter had made the report. But now we read in that same report that Yale College is unsectarian. That is a great progress. The fact is, both these universities have found out that in a country which has no established church and no dominant sect you cannot build a university on a sect at all—you must build it upon the nation. [Applause.]

But, gentlemen, there are some other points, I think, of national education on which we shall find these two early founded universities to agree. For example, we have lately read, in the Message of the Chief Magistrate that a national university would be a good thing. [Applause.] Harvard and Yale are of one mind upon that subject, but they want to have a national university defined. [Laughter.] If it means a university of national resort, we say amen. If it means a university where the youth of this land are taught to love their country and to serve her, we say amen [applause]; and we point, both of us, to our past in proof that we are national in that sense. [Applause.] But if it means that the national university is to be a university administered and managed by the wise Congress of the United States, then we should agree in taking some slight exceptions. [Laughter.]

We should not question for a moment the capacity of Congress to pick out and appoint the professors of Latin and Greek, and the ancient languages, because we find that there is an astonishing number of classical orators in Congress, and there is manifested there a singular acquaintance with the legislation of all the Latin races. [Laughter.] But when it should come to some other humbler professorships we might perhaps entertain a doubt. For example, we have not entire faith in the trust that Congress has in the unchangeableness of the laws of arithmetic. [Laughter.] We might think that their competency to select a professor of history might be doubted. They seem to have an impression that there is such a thing as "American" political economy, which can no more be than "American" chemistry or "American" physics. [Applause.] Finally, gentlemen, we should a little distrust the selection by Congress of a professor of ethics. [Laughter.] Of course, we should feel no doubt in regard to the tenure of office of the professors being entirely suitable, it being the well-known practice of both branches of Congress to select men solely for fitness, without regard to locality, and to keep them in office as long as they are competent and faithful. [Laughter and applause.]

But gentlemen, I think we ought to recur for a moment, perhaps, to the Pilgrim Fathers [laughter], and I desire to say that both Harvard and Yale recognize the fact that there are some things before which universities "pale their ineffectual fires."

> "Words are but breath; but where great deeds were done,
> A power abides, transferred from sire to son."

Now, gentlemen, on that sandy, desolate spot of Plymouth great deeds were done, and we are here to commemorate them. Those were hard times. It was a terrible voyage, and they were hungry and cold and worn out with labor, and they took their guns to the church and the field, and the half of them died in the first winter. They were not prosperous times that we recall with this hour. Let us take some comfort from that in the present circumstances of our

beloved country. She is in danger of a terrible disaster, but let us remember that the times which future generations delight to recall are not those of ease and prosperity, but those of adversity bravely borne. [Applause.]

THE ARMING OF THE NATIONS

[This address was given at the dinner of the Canadian Club of Ottawa on Saturday, February 23, 1907.]

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Canadian Club: —I came to Canada this time to dine with the American University Men's Association at Montreal. It was a great pleasure to me to accept that invitation, because it is always a satisfaction to me, who have been long in the service of one American University, to recognize the unity of the entire group and the common motives which actuate them. And I shall extend that welcome idea of unity and coöperation to all the Canadian universities; because I am sure that Canadian universities like American universities, express perhaps better than any other institutions of our two lands, the common loves and aspirations of these two nations—the love of truth, the love of freedom, and the love of seeking both truth and freedom. [Applause.] Your president has been kind enough to allude to the excellent quality of Harvard graduates who here represent Harvard University in the work of their daily lives. That is the kind of fruit a university always desires, the fruit of the men gone out from her walls and doing good work in the world. I have seen a great stream of youth going out from the walls of Harvard—for it is over fifty years since I went there myself—a great stream of this youth going out into the work of the world and carrying with them these loves and hopes and aspirations, the love of truth, the love of freedom, and the love of public justice.

Now, I took a very serious subject for my few minutes talk to you to-day, when I wrote to your Secretary that I should like to speak about "The Way of Escape from the Competitive Arming of the Nations." Secretary Root alluded to what is

to be my text when he spoke before you a few weeks ago. There is, in the history of the United States and Canada, a most extraordinary act, which, I believe, prophesies a way of escape from this monstrous and shameful evil, the competitive arming of the civilized nations against each other. Secretary Root alluded to it as a convention, a convention made in 1817 by the government of Great Britain and the government of the United States, to limit the armaments on the Great Lakes for both nations. That was a very extraordinary document in its form. It was not a treaty; it was not a law; it was, as described in the proclamation of James Monroe, President of the United States, an "arrangement"—that was all. The two countries agreed that they would only maintain on the Great Lakes each one vessel of not exceeding one hundred tons and carrying one eighteen-pounder on Lake Ontario, two other vessels on the "Upper Lakes," as they were described, each of the same size and with the same gun, and one other on Lake Champlain. That was to be the absolute limit of the armaments of these two nations on the Great Lakes. Now that "arrangement," as President Monroe called it, was made under very extraordinary circumstances. It was the invention of John Quincy Adams. It was presented by him to our then Secretary of State, James Monroe, who, in the following year, became President. But the person who negotiated it on the part of the United States was only Deputy or Under-Secretary of State—it did not attain even the dignity of an "arrangement" by the Secretary of State. It was the simplest possible agreement for an heroic and monumental purpose. [Applause.]

What was the condition of things on the Great Lakes at that time? The British government then had vessels mounting over 300 guns in commission on the Lakes, and was building at that moment two seventy-four gun ships on the Lakes—actually building them at the time this arrangement was made. And what was the state of mind of the two nations, calm or excited? They had just come out of a war, and a war in which fighting on the Lakes bore a great part. Were not these extraordinary conditions under which to make a simple "arrangement" which does not cover twenty lines of printed paper, to secure a perfect peace of ninety years already with-

out once transgressing this extraordinarily low limit of armament upon these Lakes on our borders? I say that this act prophesies the way of escape from competitive armaments.

When we consider the means of navigation in those days, the time required for voyages across the Lakes, and the dangers on the way, with only wind to propel the vessel, the Atlantic Ocean does not offer greater obstacles in the way of such an "arrangement" as this than the Lakes did then. [Applause.] We cross the Atlantic Ocean in six or seven days, with the greatest facility. We mount on what may be called platforms, heavy armaments which are yet capable of proceeding through the very roughest ocean in comparative steadiness. Our means for naval fighting on the instant are very much greater, relatively to the Atlantic Ocean, than the means of these two peoples were for fighting on the Lakes in 1817. I say, therefore, that in this act of our two governments there is a prophecy, a hopeful prophecy for the future.

What is the essence of this regulation? It is simply a self-denying ordinance which secures equal force to the two governments on the Lakes, and prevents any surprise of one power by the other. And that is just what needs to be done on an international scale. Moreover, this little armament on the Lakes on either side is nothing but a police force. Now, that is exactly what we want all over the world—a self-denying ordinance and a police force furnished by all the civilized nations, combined to maintain a common force.

What is the difference between the police function and the soldier's or the sailor's function in war? I think the chief difference is that in the main the first is protective and the other destructive. Both imply the use of force; and we are a long way from the time when government will not rest on force. At the bottom, the most civilized governments need force as the basis of their power and of the means of executing their will. But there is a tremendous difference between force and force. A police force is, in the main, a protective force. Now and then, to be sure, it proceeds energetically against a criminal, an offender, a disturber of the peace. But far the greater part of the function of the police is protection. It goes quickly to the scene of any catastrophe; it preserves order on the highways, in crowds, and in industries; it maintains the

peace. You have in Canada a splendid example of the legitimate, the indispensable, the eminently useful police in your North West Mounted Police. [Loud applause.] There is a force eminently superior to that of the soldier. Any one of these police officers can arrest,—that is a very wholesome power, and it is just what we want between the nations; we want a force that can arrest the disturber. [Applause.] We want that bulwark for peace—a police force that can prevent disturbance, and deal effectively and finally with the disturber of the peace, whoever he is. He is probably a person temporarily out of his mind. [Laughter and applause.] He needs protection from himself, and all the rest of us need to be protected from him. That is the true function of a police force, and that is what the civilized world greatly needs.

But then, you will say, police officers ordinarily act under the direction of a court, if there be an accessible court. It is quite convenient in the wilderness to have a police officer who is himself a magistrate, and that is just what you have provided. [Hear, Hear.] But, as a rule, an effective police acts under the orders of a court. There again, we have at The Hague, a momentous prophecy of the re-organization of the civilized world to preserve peace, and to protect the productive industries. It is but the shadow, the ghost, you may say, of an effective court as yet,—for behind every effective court must lie force—the police force. That is what the international tribunal will need and must have to be an effective tribunal. Should we shrink from the prospect of such control, under the findings of an international court with force behind it to compel obedience? We are used to all that in the organization of every one of the civilized nations. In the structure and development of every nation that process, that habit of obedience to the mandate of a court enforced marks the gathering growth of civilization. And that is what the group of nations which is to make up the civilized world needs to create—the habit, as a group of nations, of submitting to the mandate of an international court enforced.

Now, we people who have come into this new land, out of the older nations that loved liberty and slowly gained it, always shrink from new submissions. But if we look back upon our own past—and that is the only way to look forward with in-

sight into the future—do we not learn by our own experiences that here lies the way of peace and good-will? As I survey the numerous experiments of free government on the earth, the whole question of success in free government seems to resolve itself into the amount of good-will which can be developed under free government between the governors and the governed, and between the different classes of men who live together under one form of government. That is the test of success in free government—the total amount of good-will which it develops. Now, our governments, the United States on one hand and Canada on the other, have been more successful than any other free governments in the world, so far as I know, in developing just that good-will among men. [Applause.]

We have great new strifes in both our countries, new strifes which have grown out of the astounding social and industrial changes of the last forty years. I see at this table one whom I am proud to claim as a graduate of Harvard University, whose business seems to be, as far as I can understand, to get in between the strivers in industrial contests. [Applause.] Now, these strifes have something to teach concerning international strifes. We have had such at their worst in the United States within the last fifteen years, and you have had them here in very serious form. We are both likely to have them in the future. What is the way out of that? I believe that your House of Commons has been taking some action to-day which looks towards providing the most hopeful way out of these strifes, namely, through publicity, nothing but publicity. [Loud applause.] In the United States we are in the habit of complaining very much and very often about the publicity which our newspapers give to every fair, and every foul happening in the United States. [Laughter.] But, gentlemen, in that publicity lies the great hope of the world. It is the hope of peace; it is the guarantee of peace; it is the way we are to find not only industrial peace but peace between the civilized nations of the world. We are going to see the limitation of armaments, the international court, the international police force, and the compelled appeal to public opinion before war. [Loud applause.] That, as I understand it, is just what you are going to do with regard to industrial strifes

—to compel appeal to public opinion before war. And there I find the promise of a better day in regard to competitive arming. What a hideous waste that arming is! Some eminent authorities maintain that the way to preserve peace is to make yourself formidable for war. Gentlemen, that is not the way of the United States and Canada since the year 1817. [Loud applause.] And is there a more completely successful example to be found anywhere of the way to escape competitive arming? [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

TRUTH AND LIGHT

[This speech was delivered in response to the toast "Forefathers' Day" at the One Hundred and Ninth Annual Festival of the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1914. Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, President of the Society, introduced Dr. Eliot.]

Mr. President and Members of the New England Society:—Recent events in Europe have satisfied many Americans that the essential difference between nations is a difference of ideals. Thus, the principal ideals of Germany are national efficiency through a forceful discipline, and domination over other peoples as the result of that efficiency, while the governmental or political ideals of Great Britain since Cromwell's Commonwealth have always contained a large element of public liberty and individual independence. The fundamental cause of the European War is the difference in the ideals of government, national greatness, and national welfare of Germany and Austria on the one hand, and France and Great Britain on the other. The principal difference between the people of the United States and the nations of Europe is a difference of ideals concerning human welfare and the means of promoting it, the ideals of the United States containing a much larger element of liberty and independence for the individual, and of public confidence in the fruits of individual liberty, than any European nation exhibits, except Switzerland. In order that different races or stocks should live peacefully and helpfully beside each other under the same free

governments, conjoined but not commingled, as in the United States of to-day, it is only necessary that they should all come to cherish the same ideals of public liberty, public justice, and coöperative management. That is the true assimilation of different stocks or races, and none other is needed.

As a matter of fact, the present ideals of the people of the United States are in a large measure identical with the ideals which were dear to the Pilgrim First-comers or Forefathers, who, to the number of 233, landed at Plymouth between December 20, 1620, and July, 1623. These were the Separatist immigrants, who had suffered severely in England for conscience' sake, and had dared the perils of the Ocean and the Wilderness to found a new Commonwealth where they might enjoy freedom to worship God in the way they preferred. I wish to review this evening the ideals of the Pilgrims, and to point out in what measure their ideals have become those of the American people.

The most precious of the Pilgrim ideals was that of civil and religious liberty. It was a religious bond which held them together in their flight from Scrooby at great loss and under many hardships, and during their twelve years' exile in Holland, where by great industry and frugality a few of them repaired somewhat their broken fortunes. It was a religious motive which governed the adult males of the *Mayflower* company, only forty-one in number, in signing a compact, just before they landed on the Massachusetts shore, by which they set up a government that rested exclusively on the consent of those to be governed and on manhood suffrage. These few plain men then and there did an immortal deed, the sudden fruitage of the experience of their church in England and in Holland, and of the doctrines taught them by their Pastor and Elders. The words of that company cannot be too often quoted: "We, whose names are under written, . . . having undertaken for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and country, to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and bind ourselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid." That is the ideal origin

for a free State. By following that ideal, town, city and State governments have been firmly planted all across the American Continent. By how many generations were the signers of that compact in advance of their times? Let the Schleswig-Holstein of 1864 answer; let the Alsace-Lorraine of 1870 answer; let the Belgium of to-day answer. More than two hundred years later Cavour, struggling for Italian unity, cried out for a free church in a free State. Nearly three hundred years later a French republic broke with a great church long established in France. In both cases, the doctrine of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims found new applications; for the Pilgrims brought with them to Plymouth the conception not only of a free State, but also of a free church. Pastor Robinson's church was called Separatist, and later Independent; and later still its polity was known as Congregational. It had no bishop and no synod. There was no ecclesiasticism and no mysticism about it. The congregation elected their pastor and elders, their church welcoming to the communion service members of the Anglican, Genevan, Lutheran, Dutch and Presbyterian churches. From these Separatists, transplanted to the Massachusetts wilderness, sprang, therefore, a government founded on civil and religious liberty, and a complete toleration of all religions by the State. John Robinson's doctrine, that God had never yet revealed His whole will, and that more truth and light were yet to break forth, is now the doctrine of all liberals the world over. The advance of natural science within the last one hundred and fifty years has made this doctrine of expectation familiar to all thinking people; but the Pilgrims accepted and practiced it as a religious doctrine, and gave it practical expression in the Church and the State they organized in 1620.

After the compact or covenant had been signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* by the forty-one adult males, these same men proceeded to elect a Governor for the Commonwealth thus constituted; and every year thereafter they elected their chief executive to serve for the term of one year. This short-term elected executive was maintained in the old Colony until 1692, when, to their great regret, the descendants of the Forefathers found themselves absorbed into the Royal Province of Massachusetts, which extended from Nova Scotia to the

Vineyard Archipelago, and was provided with a Royal Governor. To liberals the world over this achievement of the Pilgrims seems more significant to-day than it ever has before; because a prime cause of the fearful catastrophe which has lately befallen Europe is the retention there of hereditary, permanent executives over whom the mass of the people have no control whatever, and who can make war without consulting anybody but a cabinet they have themselves selected, or a few other hereditary executives. In 1620 this small band of English Nonconformists gave the first example in the world of a free and progressive Church in a State created and controlled by free men, both Church and State being led and served by elected officers.

The Pilgrims were plain laboring people, who all worked with their hands, and expected to get their living as "Planters" on the wild shores of northern Virginia. As a matter of fact, they made their living by farming, fishing, hunting, and practicing the elementary trades of a new settlement. A few of them were good writers and intelligent business men; but many of their leaders and officers found it more convenient to make their mark than to write their signatures on deeds or records; and it is probable that few of the women could write, though more could read. They could all, however, take in and appreciate the exhortations of their ministers orally communicated. Such being their quality, it is remarkable that the Articles of Agreement under which the Pilgrims set sail from England contained sound principles affecting the relations of capital and labor which have not secured wide adoption in the industrial and commercial world of to-day.

The Pilgrims sailed from England under Articles of Agreement which were to govern the proceedings of a Stock Company—the shares of which were held by two classes of persons, one called Adventurers, and the other Planters. The Adventurers were men who merely put capital into the outfitting of the expedition. The Planters were persons who crossed the Ocean, and were to bear the hardships and the labors of the expedition. The Planters might, or might not, put capital into the venture. Some did acquire shares in the Stock Company as Adventurers by putting in money or money's worth in goods; but the greater part did not hold

shares, except as Planters. Every Planter being aged sixteen years and upward received on going a single share in the Stock Company, rated at ten pounds. A Planter who carried with him his wife and children or servants was allowed for every person sixteen years old and upward a share in the Company and a share for every two children between ten and sixteen years old. Every child under ten who went in the ship was to receive in the ultimate division of the holdings of the Company fifty acres of unmanured land. All the Planters were to be fed and clothed out of the common stock and goods of the Company. Each Planter was to work four days in each week for the Company, and two for himself and family. At the end of seven years, each Planter, head of a family, or a group, should own the house and garden land occupied by him and his. The undertaking entered into on these terms was a strong case of coöperation and coöperative management for a short term of years, with acquisition by every head of a family at the end of that short term of a house and garden.

The first assignments of land at Plymouth were made by lot, had equal areas, and were supposed to be of very nearly equal value. The family, rather than the individual, was the social unit used in the allotment. When fifteen cattle arrived in 1627 for distribution among the colonists, with some she-goats and swine, these animals were distributed among twelve groups into which the one hundred and fifty-six Planters owners of the Company's stock were divided for the purpose, each animal to be kept for ten years, and then returned to the public store with one-half its increase. Another example of coöperative management intended to encourage individual responsibility and effort.

The Pilgrims thoroughly understood that capital and labor must coöperate, in order to achieve successful production; and they acted consistently on this understanding. Being fed and clothed at the expense of the Company, they were willing to work for the Company two-thirds of their time without wages; but they obtained shares in the Company without payment of cash, in consideration of the risk they ran in putting their lives and capacities at the service of the Company in a dangerous venture, and in investing two-thirds of their labor

for seven years with the Company. Moreover, in return for the assumption of these risks and for their labor, each family would obtain possession at the end of seven years of a house and land, on which, however, they would probably have spent the other third of their working time. This economic arrangement could not have been brought about, except in a homogeneous community which was thoroughly democratic in principle and practice. Is there any industrial organization to-day in which democracy and the recognition of the laborers' contribution in risk and work to the cost of production are better recognized, or more wisely dealt with, than in the Pilgrims' Stock Company? Ultimately the Planters bought out the Adventurers, and owned the whole stock. What prophets the Pilgrims were of far-away reforms!

The Pilgrims recognized that they had leaders; and the common people selected these leaders with great judgment, and whenever they found a good one were constant toward him; but the manners and customs of the community were extremely simple, and all men were equal before the law. On the other hand, the Pilgrims never tried to prevent the diversities in regard to possessions which inevitably arise in any free community. Only despotism, autocratic or socialistic, can prevent the diversity in men's capacity from producing diversity in possessions. Nothing of the feudal system came across the Ocean with the Pilgrims, and nothing of ecclesiastical control.

For the protection of the Colony, every able-bodied citizen was expected to bear arms. Every youth learned the use of the simple weapons which were then available for the chase and for war. The Pilgrims started the New England muster and militia system, prototype of the admirable military organization of republican Switzerland which is now suggesting a way out of European militarism.

In 1643, after a six years' discussion begun by Plymouth, a confederation called "The United Colonies of New England" was formed by the four Colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven to make common cause in offensive and defensive war. Each confederate was to choose annually two church members as its commissioners in the league, each Colony having the same number of rep-

resentatives without regard to population. No single Colony was to make war. The quota which each Colony contributed to the Intercolonial Force was proportionate to the number of its able-bodied males between the ages of sixteen and sixty. This Confederation was loose and ill defined; but it was maintained for forty years, and supplied ideas for several later federations on the American continent. Obviously, it might suggest some clauses in the constitution of the now much desired United States of Europe, such as the equal representation of the several States in the Central Council, the quota of each State in the International Force proportionate to its military population, and the rule that no single State shall make war. In this direction Europe has never got so far as the Pilgrims had in 1643.

Down to the spring of 1623, all labor in fishing and farming had been in common; and the product in food had been placed in the public store to be shared equally by all the workers, whether they worked zealously and effectively, or languidly and shiftlessly; otherwise, there had been no community of goods. In the spring of that year the supply of food in the public storehouse was very low; and there was serious apprehension of a famine before a new crop could be gathered. The straits were all the more serious because the Colony possessed at the time no domestic animals that yielded milk or meat. No cattle were imported until 1624. The Governor under such conditions could not keep the people hard at work; and it distinctly appeared that the motive of common benefit was inferior in stimulating force to the motive of personal, individual or family possession. The elders of the Pilgrims were practical men, who saw that a new method of dealing with the labor question was urgently needed, particularly in view of the approaching scarcity of food. They, therefore, assigned a lot for one year to each household, at the rate of an acre for every member. The lots were to be cultivated at the pleasure of the holders, who were to own the crops, after giving a small portion to the public treasury. This introduction of the principle of private ownership, in addition to the well-distributed ownership of shares in the stock of the Company, produced an important effect—a much larger area was planted, and men, women, and children

worked with a new ardor in the cultivation of their own lots. It took the leaders of the Pilgrims only two years and a half to learn that the institution of private property appeals to a good side of human nature, and that there is no safe substitute for it. To be sure they learned this lesson under conditions of severe anxiety and stress. To-day the civilized world has to listen to many Socialistic prophets and disputants who close their eyes to the patent fact that the mass of mankind need the stimulus of private property in order to maintain a fair degree of industry and frugality.

Two years before the Pilgrims left Leyden, their Pastor, John Robinson, and their Elder, William Brewster, united in a letter which ended with five reasons for the proposed emigration. The fourth reason is as follows: "We are knit together in a body in a most strict and sacred bond and covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we do hold ourselves straightly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole by every one, and so mutually." It would be hard to find a better statement than that of the fundamental conception of modern non-militant socialism—each for all and all for each; but the Pilgrims were not forerunners of socialism; because they fully appreciated the advantages of the institution of private property not only for stimulating industry and frugality, but also for strengthening the family bond. Their unit of social organization was the family; and they had no thought of permitting the lazy and improvident to plant themselves on the backs of the energetic and prudent members of the community. The philosophic socialism of the 19th century would tend to weaken the family bond, and would subject the individual human being to a harsh collective despotism, against which the Pilgrim spirit would have revolted.

No sketch of the Pilgrims would be adequate which did not mention the heroism of the women. The women that came to America from that Separatist flock in Leyden washed, cooked, made clothing, bore, nursed, and tended children, and watched anxiously for the return of the men, who often had to go to distant fields or woods, or on remote fishing expeditions, or on exploring and hunting parties. What the risks were that the women took may be illustrated by the single fact, that out

of the eighteen women who were on board the *Mayflower*, fourteen were buried in unmarked graves within six months of the day that the *Mayflower* anchored within the hook of Cape Cod. Nothing daunted, other women of the Pilgrim mind came over from Holland and England to take the places of the dead, and maintain the staggering Colony; and ever since just such women have accompanied the pioneering line of adventurous free men, as it has moved slowly across the Continent for nearly three centuries. The Pilgrim women deserve, and please God shall have, the same reward which Jesus promised to the woman who broke over his body the alabaster box of precious ointment: "Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." The Pilgrim ideal of woman was the courageous, capable, strong, devoted type, sacrificing self for love and duty, and rejoicing in her work. Is there any better type to-day? Are there not some inferior types in public evidence?

Within the last few months, I have often been asked in letters—signed or unsigned—what America owes to England. If I had answered these questions, one element in my reply would have been: America owes to England the ideals of the Pilgrims—a debt never to be forgotten. Another element in my reply would have been America owes to England John Milton's preaching of civil and religious liberty—a preaching contemporaneous with many of the experiences of that group of brave men and women who risked their all in the little Colony on the desolate coast of Massachusetts, not in search of gold or trade, but only hoping that they and their children might be free. The American people believes, as the Pilgrim Church believed, that more truth and light are constantly to be made known to man, and that it is truth that makes men free. More truth—scientific, philosophical or religious—more freedom for mankind. If this faith can now be implanted in the international mind of Europe as the moral issue of the present cataclysm, the huge sorrow and desolation of that Continent may yet be turned into gladness and hope.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ENGLAND, MOTHER OF NATIONS

[Speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson at the annual banquet of the Manchester Athenæum, Manchester, England, November, 1847. Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, presided.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—It is pleasant to me to meet this great and brilliant company, and doubly pleasant to see the faces of so many distinguished persons on this platform. But I have known all these persons already. When I was at home, they were as near to me as they are to you. The arguments of the League and its leader are known to all the friends of the free trade. The gayeties and genius, the political, the social, the parietal wit of "Punch" go duly every fortnight to every boy and girl in Boston and New York. Sir, when I came to sea, I found the "History of Europe" [1] on the ship's cabin table, the property of the captain;—a sort of program or play-bill to tell the seafaring New Englander what he shall find on landing here. And as for Dombey, sir, there is no land where paper exists to print on, where it is not found; no man who can read, that does not read it, and, if he cannot, he finds some charitable pair of eyes that can, and hears it.

But these things are not for me to say; these compliments, though true, would better come from one who felt and understood these merits more. I am not here to exchange civilities with you, but rather to speak of that which I am sure interests these gentlemen more than their own praises; of that which is good in holidays and working-days, the same in one century and in another century. That which lures a solitary American in the woods with the wish to see England, is the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race,—its commanding sense of right and wrong,—the love and devotion to that,—this is the imperial trait, which arms them with the scepter of the globe. It is this which lies at the foundation of that aristocratic character,

[1] By Sir Archibald Alison.

which certainly wanders into strange vagaries, so that its origin is often lost sight of, but which, if it should lose this, would find itself paralyzed; and in trade, and in the mechanic's shop, gives that honesty in performance, that thoroughness and solidity of work, which is a national characteristic. This conscience is one element, and the other is that loyal adhesion, that habit of friendship, that homage of man to man, running through all classes,—the electing of worthy persons to a certain fraternity, to acts of kindness and warm and staunch support, from year to year, from youth to age,—which is alike lovely and honorable to those who render and those who receive it; —which stands in strong contrast with the superficial attachments of other races, their excessive courtesy, and short-lived connection.

You will think me very pedantic, gentlemen, but holiday though it be, I have not the smallest interest in any holiday, except as it celebrates real and not pretended joys; and I think it just, in this time of gloom and commercial disaster, of affliction and beggary in these districts, that on these very accounts I speak of, you should not fail to keep your literary anniversary. I seem to hear you say that, for all that is come and gone, yet we will not reduce by one chaplet or one oak-leaf the braveries of our annual feast. For I must tell you, I was given to understand in my childhood that the British island, from which my forefathers came, was no lotus-garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music and merriment all the year round, no, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open air, but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fiber and endurance; that their best parts were slowly revealed; their virtues did not come out until they quarreled; they did not strike twelve the first time; good lovers, good haters, and you could know little about them till you had seen them long, and little good of them till you had seen them in action; that in prosperity they were moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand.

Is it not true sir, that the wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colors from the port, but only that brave sailor which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, stripped of her banners, but having ridden out the storm?

And so, gentlemen, I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honors and trophies, and also with the infirmities of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines and competing populations,—I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! mother of nations, mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require in the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous who are born in the soil. So be it! so let it be! If it be not so, if the courage of England goes with the chances of a commercial crisis, I will go back to the capes of Massachusetts, and my own Indian stream, and say to my countrymen, the old race are all gone, and the elasticity and hope of mankind must henceforth remain on the Alleghany ranges, or nowhere.

THE MEMORY OF BURNS

[Speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson at the festival of the Boston Burns Club, at the Parker House, Boston, Mass., January 25, 1859, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Scottish bard. Around the tables were gathered a company numbering nearly three hundred, including Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, George S. Hillard, Nathaniel P. Willis, and others of the literary guild. Among the decorations of the banqueting-hall was displayed a bust of Burns crowned with a wreath of roses and bays. Mr. Emerson spoke to the principal toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," and his graceful flights of oratory were received with cheers, and calls for "More!

More!" which the presiding officer, General John S. Tyler, quieted with the remark: "Mr. Emerson begs to be excused, not because the well of gushing waters is exhausted, but because, in the kindness of his heart, he thinks he ought to leave room for gentlemen who are to succeed him." Willis writing later of the festival, said of this speech, "Why, in that large and convivially excited audience, there was not, while he spoke, a wandering eye—not a pulse or a breath that was not held absolutely captive. Wherein lies the wonderful spell?"]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I do not know by what untoward accident it has chanced—and I forbear to inquire—that, in this accomplished circle, it should fall to me. the worst Scotsman of all, to receive your commands, and at the latest hour, too, to respond to the sentiment just offered, and which, indeed, makes the occasion. But I am told there is no appeal, and I must trust to the inspiration of the theme to make a fitness which does not otherwise exist.

Yet, sir, I heartily feel the singular claims of the occasion. At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the twenty-fifth of January was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warned the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies and states, all over the world, to keep the festival. We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the Middle Ages. Those famous parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness, and better singers than we—though that is yet to be known—but they could not have better reason.

I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together—but rather after their watchword, each for himself—by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle class, represents in the mind of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities—that uprising which worked politically in the American and French Revolutions, and which, not in governments so much as in education and in social order, has changed the face of the world. In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding and fortune were low. His organic sentiment was absolute independence, and resting, as it should, on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might

look down on the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible. Not Latimer, nor Luther, struck more telling blows against false theology than did this brave singer. The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the French "Rights of Man," and the "Marseillaise," are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air. He is so substantially a reformer, that I find his grand, plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters—Rabelais, Shakespeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler, and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns. He is an exceptional genius. The people who care nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent—they thought who saw him—whether he wrote verse or not; he could have done anything else as well.

Yet how true a poet is he! And the poet, too, of poor men, of hodden-gray, and the Guernsey-coat, and the blouse. He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farmhouse and cottages, patches and poverty, beans and barley; ale the poor man's wine; hardship, the fear of debt, the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thought. What a love of nature! and—shall I say?—of middle-class nature. Not great, like Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, on the ocean, or Moore, in the luxurious East, but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice, and sleet, and rain, and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles, and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonny Doons," and "John Anderson my Joes," and "Auld Lang Synes," all around the earth, have his verses been applied to! And his love songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm work, the country holiday, the fishing cobble, are still his debtors to-day.

And, as he was thus the poet of the poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so had he the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a patois unintelli-

gible to all but natives, and he has made that Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But more than this. He had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offense through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes; he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from fairs and gypsies, blacksmiths and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody.

But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves, perching always on the eaves of the Stone Chapel [King's Chapel] opposite, may know something about it. Every home in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns—every man's and boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind. [Cheers.]

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

[Speech of William M. Evarts at the banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, June 24, 1885, to the officers of the French national ship "Isere," which brought over the Bartholdi statue. Charles Stewart Smith, vice-President of the Chamber, presided at the dinner and introduced the speaker as follows: "Gentlemen, fill your glasses for the seventh regular toast: 'Liberty Enlightening the World, a great truth beautifully and majestically expressed by the unique gift which our guests of to-night have brought safely to our shores.' The gentleman who will respond to this toast needs no introduction—Senator William M. Evarts."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—I may be permitted at the outset, to speak a little about the share that we have taken on this side of the water in this great achievement which in its glorious consummation, now receives the applause of the world.

When this great conception of friendship for America, joy at our triumph, and their own undaunted love of liberty, liberty for France, liberty for the United States, liberty for the world, arose, then the French people were set aflame with a desire to bring, as it were, their gifts of frankincense and myrrh to lay on this altar of liberty, that its censer might never die out, but forever perfume and ennoble the air of the world. [Applause.]

The genius of Art, the patriotism of France, the enthusiasm of its people, accomplished by contributions drawn from more than one hundred thousand, perhaps two hundred thousand givers, made up this statue, not equalled in the history of the world, and not conceived in its genius or its courage before. [Applause.]

Then it was for us to say whether we would furnish the pedestal upon which this great gift and emblem of Liberty should find its secure and permanent home; without the

aid of the Government and by the movement of our own people in this city, an organization wholly voluntary, and without pretension or assumption had the faith that the American people would furnish a home fit for the Statue of Liberty, however magnificent should be the reception, that would comport with its own splendor. [Cheers.]

This organization undertook actively its work in 1882, before the statue was completed, and while it remained somewhat uncertain to many who doubted whether the great statue would really be brought to its anticipated prosperity and success. But we went on, and now, within three years, this work, both of receiving and collecting subscriptions and of raising the pedestal itself, will have been completed, and I do not hesitate to say, in the face of all critics and all doubters, that a work of so great magnitude, either in its magnificence, or in its labor, has never before been completed in so short a time. [Applause.]

When we were reasonably assured of adequate funds, we commenced the concrete base on which this pedestal was to rest; and no structure of that kind, of that magnitude, of that necessity, of that perfection and permanence has ever been accomplished in the works of masonry before. [Cheers.] Commencing on the ninth of October, 1883, it was completed on the seventeenth day of May, 1884—and then commenced the work of the structure proper, of the pedestal, and it went on, and it went on, and it went sure, and it went safe, if it went slow, and there it stands. [Cheers.]

And now a word or two about the Committee. An eminent lawyer of our city was once detected and exposed and applauded for being seen standing with his hands in his own pockets [laughter], and for about three months, if you had visited the meetings of this Committee of ours, you would have seen the whole assembly standing with their hands in their own pockets [applause], and taking the first step forward asking their fellow-citizens to follow us, and not for us to follow them. [Cheers.] And so we went on, and on the tenth of this present month, we had received in hand $241,000, of which $50,000 came from the grand and popular movement of a great newspaper—"The World" [three cheers for "The World"]—fifty thousand dollars! and that

made up substantially what we had announced in advance as what would be required to complete the pedestal. But where did we miscarry even in that calculation? The exploration showed us that the concrete mass must go deeper in the ground, and that cost us alone $85,000, about $30,000 more than we had counted upon before the exploration; and then the $20,000 more that makes it up to the $300,000 as our need to complete the pedestal (when we had counted upon $250,000), is made by such delay and such expenses as made the general outlay for this immense structure, continuing longer than would have been necessary, had the promptness of contributions kept pace with the possibility of completion.

Now, gentlemen, we have been patient and quiet. Nearly one-fourth of the contributions of the general citizens came from the pockets of the Committee. Instead of hearing from enterprising Chicago, and ambitious Boston, they are talking about the slowness and the dulness of New York's appreciation, of the delays in its contributions. Let the example of our patriotism and munificence be an example for them to imitate; and this city of Boston—let their people there reflect that, when they built Bunker Hill Monument, it cost I am informed scarcely $100,000. They were twenty years in raising it, although the whole country was canvassed in its aid. [Laughter.]

Well, gentlemen, so much for that. And how great is this monument! How noble! How beautiful! How inspiring for the time that looks upon its completion and for the ages that shall mark it hereafter! If our country and France, as we hope, may go on in the enlargement and advancement of a glorious civilization, we may feel sure that if our descendants shall overtop us in wealth, in strength, in art, and equal us in love of liberty, they will not say that this was not a worthy triumph for the age in which we live [applause]; and if, unhappily, malign influences shall degrade our civilization and our fame, and travelers and dwellers here shall find their power has waned, and their love of liberty declined, if they shall have become a poverty-stricken and debased people, what will they think of this remaining monument of a past and lost age, but that it was

a creation of the gods and that no men ever lived. [Cheers.]

Well, these French gentlemen, the Admiral and the Commandant, how shall we appreciate the beneficence of their visit, the urbanity of their attentions to us, and the happy and hearty manner in which they have accepted our hospitality? Why the Admiral—a greater triumph, let me say, than he could ever have by the power of his navy—has come here and carried New York by storm, without firing a gun. [Cheers.] And as for Commandant De Saune, he has done what in the history of the world—of our modern world, at least—no nation, no ruler has successfully attempted: he has kept "Liberty enlightening the World" under the hatches for thirty days. [Applause.]

It was tried in England, and "Liberty enlightening the World" cut off the head of the king. Tried again, it drove the dynasty of the Stuarts forever from that free island. In France, they tried to suppress it, and it uprooted the ancient monarchy and scattered the forces which were expected to repress it. The milder form of a limited monarchy, even, France would not submit to as a repression of liberty, and again twice over, under an Imperial government, "Liberty enlightening the World" has broken out from under the hatches. [Cheers.]

But Commandant De Saune is not only a bold represser of mutiny on board his vessel, but he is a great and cunning navigator; he did not tell it, but he planned it, and how narrow the calculation was. He arrived here on the seventeenth of June, Bunker Hill day [applause], and missed the eighteenth, the day of Waterloo. [Laughter and applause.] —It is thus that this French genius teaches us new lessons, and evokes irrepressible applause. [Cheers.]

I imagine that a navigator who could thus seize the golden moment, and miss the disastrous one, might, if he undertook it, discover the North Pole. [Laughter.] But I am sure he has better work before him in the world than that. [Applause.] But if he goes on to that destination, oh, let us contribute some portion of the cargo that he will put under the hatches! [Laughter.]

Well, gentlemen, this is a great event, this great triumph of civilization is indeed laden with many instructions, and

many illustrations. No doubt "Liberty enlightening the World" in modern history finds its greatest instance in that torch which was lighted here; but from the enthusiasm and the inexorable logic of French philosophy on the "equality of man," was furnished we can never say how much of the zeal and of the courage that enabled our forefathers to shape the institutions of equality and liberty here [cheers], and all can mark the reaction upon France, by which our interests, our prosperity under them encouraged, ennobled and maintained the struggle for liberty there which overthrew ancient establishments and raised in their place new. And now both countries, at least, stand on the same happy combination of liberty regulated by law, and law enlightened by liberty. [Cheers.] And this great structure, emblem of so much else, example of so much else, guide to so much else, yet this emblem, this example, this guide is of the union between the genius and enthusiasm of liberty, the graceful statue and the massive and compact pedestal of our own granite by which it is upheld. [Cheers.]

Liberty can only be supported by solid and sober institutions founded upon law as built upon a rock; and the structure solid and sober which sustains it, if Liberty has fled, is but a shapeless and unsightly mass that is no longer worthy of respect as a structure, to be torn apart until it can be better rebuilt as the home of liberty. [Prolonged applause.]

THE CLASSICS IN EDUCATION

[Speech of William M. Evarts at the Thanksgiving Jubilee of the Yale Alumni, New York City, December 7, 1883. Chauncey M. Depew presided. Mr. Evarts responded for the Alumni.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni:—I congratulate you, Mr. President, on having such a noble, such a generous, such a patient, such an appreciative body to preside over. I congratulate you, gentlemen, on having a President

who combines in himself in a marked degree these two great traits of a presiding officer:—confidence in himself [great laughter], and distrust of all who are to come after him. [Laughter.] I remember forty years ago to have heard a Senator of the United States, making a stump speech in a quiet town in Vermont, amuse his audience with a story of a wood-sawyer who had worked for him and who had the habit of accompanying the movement of his saw with talking to himself. He asked him one day why he did so. "Why," said he, "for two reasons. The first is, that it is a great pleasure to hear a sensible man talk, and the second is that it is a great pleasure to talk to a sensible man." [Laughter.]

Now, sir, I have but one warning to give you. It is said of Mercutio, the wittiest creation of Shakespeare, who is dispatched very early in the play, "My sore wound hath served its turn, although it were not as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door." It is said that if Shakespeare hadn't killed Mercutio early, Mercutio would have killed him. If you [turning to the President] are to preside year after year or to attempt it in so high and brilliant and bold a key as you have assumed here to-night, if you don't kill the Alumni dinners, the Alumni dinners will kill you. [Great laughter.] Yale College, as represented by its graduates, is not self-conceited nor obtrusive. It is true they have always felt the magnificent compliment paid to the College by that greatest of English thinkers and philosophers, Lord Bacon, who said in a famous passage, as you will recall: "Eating makes a full man, drinking a ready man, but to be an Alumnus of Yale, a wise man." Yet we are modest and even reverent toward the claims of other universities. We are satisfied at the humble position which the French bishop took towards that great berry, the strawberry. "Doubtless," said he, "God Almighty might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless He has not." [Laughter.] That is our opinion of Yale College. [Applause.]

Now, to be an Alumnus of Yale College, is the object of all those who enter the college and the object after getting there is to get out. Sometimes indeed, the four years are spent without that fortunate result. I remember to have heard of the son of a somewhat conspicuous gentleman who had desired to give

his children the benefit of an education such as Yale affords, who had spent four years there; but the entire four years were spent as a member of the Freshman class. [Laughter.] What a fortunate condition to be continually towering over more and more of those who are competing with him in scholarship and for distinction! I know of none greater unless some mode might be discovered by which one could be a Senior for four years. There is nothing in human affairs that could equal that happiness! [Laughter.] Well, college life in my generation —and I certainly had a singular reminder to-night from you, Mr. President, that I belonged to a generation that has passed out of memory, for you have excited the enthusiasm of this company only in the applause that you have drawn from those who were graduated under Presidents Woolsey and Porter. What are you to say for us who graduated under President Day? College life, I was about to say, is a charming life. The best men, we may presume, are collected from the community, placed under the happiest relations one to another and under the happiest influences from above and around them.

The President of the college has spoken to you of the pleasing fact that there is an endowment of seventy thousand dollars for fellowships. Well, when I was in college, a very moderate endowment of five dollars contributed by those who were associated as companions was a very good endowment for good-fellowship. [Laughter.] And now in looking at life as it is, as we remember it in college and have seen it since, who is there that would compare mere fellowship with good-fellowship? What is there that is heartier, what sincerer, what more generous and what more just than the relations of young men of a liberal spirit toward one another in college? How many of us as we have gone on in life, prosperous, as we may have been, with nothing to complain of as to our success or our situation—how many of us have been disposed to repeat that lament of Æneas where he was continually baffled in holding closer conversation with his goddess-mother who was always carried off in a nimbus or her accents lost in the whisper of the wind:—

"cur dextrae jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?"

Maybe in the good-fellowship of after-life, you, Mr. President, will not hesitate to walk down Broadway with your arm over General Jackson's shoulder and his about your waist, and then all the people shall cry with applause: "See how Yale men love one another!"

You will observe, from this little classic allusion that I am on the side of those who favor in the curriculum the maintenance of the learned languages. For myself, whether an education in the classic language and in the classic literature should or should not be discarded from the education of the noble youth of the country is the question whether it is worth while in the advancing and strenuous life of modern times that men should have a liberal education. For be sure that there is no trait in that education that entitles it to the name of liberal more sure and more valuable than this education in the literature, in the history, in the language of the great men of the ages past. If any boy is put through what is called a liberal education, and finds when he goes out from it, that he is not on a level with those who understand and cherish the Greek language and literature, he will find that he is mistaken in wishing to dispense with that distinguishing trait.

I am able to give you a very interesting anecdote, as it seems to me, of this very point, of how a great man, great in his power, great in his fame, yet of an ingenuous and simple nature, may look at this accomplishment. On my return from Europe, when I first visited it, upon a public errand, while President Lincoln was at the height of his fame from the assured although not completed success and triumph in the war, and from the great transaction that had made him one of the famous men for all ages—the emancipation of the slaves—I had occasion, in a friendly meeting with him, to express a hope that he would find it in his power after the cares of State were laid aside to visit Europe and see the statesmen and great men there whose mouths were full of plaudits for his assured accomplished fame. Said he: "You are very kind in thinking I should meet with a reception so gratifying as you have proposed, and I certainly should enjoy as much as any one the acquisition and the observation that such a visit would give; but," added he, "as you know very well my early education was of the narrowest, and in the society in which I should

move I should be constantly exposed in conversation to have a scrap of Greek or Latin spoken that I should know nothing about." Certainly that was a very peculiar statement to be made by this wonderful man, but it struck me at the moment that his clear mind, his self-poised nature, recognized the fact that his greatness and his fame did not lie in the direction of an association with what he regarded as the accomplished men of society and of public life brought.

I believe, therefore, that we will stand by the college while it stands by the Greek and the Latin, and certainly as representatives of the great mass of graduates we can now talk more of Greek and Latin as a common accomplishment than the greatest genius and orators of ancient times, Demosthenes or Cicero, could of English. [Laughter.]

There are many things, gentlemen, that if I were the President of this association or the President of the University, I should say and expect to be listened to, while saying it. But I confess that I have pretty much exhausted, as I perceive, your patience and my own capacity. I am now living for the reputation of making short speeches, and I am only afraid that my life will not be long enough to succeed. But I promise you that if I get a good forum and a good audience like this I will run a short speech even if I run it into the mud. [Applause.]

JOHN R. FELLOWS

NORTH AND SOUTH

[Speech of Col. John R. Fellows at the third annual banquet of the New York Southern Society, New York City, February 22, 1889. Col. John C. Calhoun, President of the Society, said, in introducing him: "Now, gentlemen, the next toast is: 'The Day We Celebrate.' I have been an Arkansas traveler. We have here with us to-night as our guest another who has also been an Arkansas traveler, but he has come on to this great metropolis and located here, and to-day voices the sentiment of a vast portion of our population. We now propose to hear from the Hon. John R. Fellows."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOUTHERN SOCIETY, AND THEIR GUESTS:—I have just come from a banquet board, the twenty-second of February gathering of a society over which for some time past I have had the honor of presiding, and which, therefore, commanded my first allegiance to-night. It is not often that I am accustomed to appear in the attitude of an apologist when called upon to respond to a sentiment such as you have assigned to me to-night, for it would be but the affectation of modesty to say that I have been unaccustomed to positions of this kind; yet I do feel something of reluctance in your presence to-night, at the first banquet of your society which I have done myself the honor of attending. I do feel some hesitation in attempting to respond to a toast which includes so much, and is so large in its scope as the one your partiality has given to me. It is altogether unexpected, for I had announced to your committee that my presence here would be of exceedingly limited duration, as I am compelled to leave your midst to visit another gathering, where I have other duties to perform to-night.

Yet I shall not hesitate to say something in response to the toast. He must be very far less than imbued with sentiments of love for his country and of a just conception of its greatness, who can fail to have something of that sentiment

awakened upon an occasion like this, or in the presence of such a toast as you have given me.

I congratulate you, Mr. President, upon the auspicious character of this gathering. The youngest of all the societies which have now arisen to prominence in our midst, you give tokens in your infancy of what your future greatness is to be. It is exceedingly gratifying to hear a statement of your prosperity which insures for you so much of the future, confers so much of hope and promise upon your society as that to which we have listened to-night.

Especially is it gratifying to know of your financial condition; "the society owes nothing." In that respect the society differs radically from each of its individual members. [Laughter.] It is a Southern characteristic to owe all you can, to pay if you possibly can. There is a sentiment of honor about the Southerner that induces him to pay if he possibly can; but there is a sentiment of chivalry which always actuates him to contract debts without any reference whatever. [Laughter.] Having started your society on a basis so different from that which characterizes the units of the society is an evidence of how you have become permeated and tinctured with Yankee influences. I am glad to hear of your financial prosperity. It is a good augury, a hopeful sign of the success which awaits your efforts.

You have called upon me to respond to the toast of "The Day we Celebrate." I should rather have listened to what would be said of that toast from the lips of the eloquent Virginian who so admirably represents the State that was the birthplace of Washington, whose personal character and whose family have given so much of additional luster and glory to the State. [Applause and cheers for General Lee.]

I may not venture, gentlemen, upon a review of the character of Washington, upon all that his life, and services, and influence meant to the world. The world, in the language of another, knows that history by heart. An hundred and fifty-seven years ago, I believe, this day, he was born. He lived almost the full age allotted to man, but he crowded that narrow life with deeds that would have rendered illustrious and immortal the history of a thousand years. He gave to the world an impetus, he impressed upon it a character and

force, he gave it a conception of new power, of solidity of judgment, of strength of character, of unbending and unyielding integrity, of high devotion to principle, of just conception of duty, of patriotism and heroic resolve in the midst of temptation to wander and be subservient, of self-abnegation, of sacrifices for the benefit of others, such as would have adorned and rendered immortal—I repeat—the history of the lives of ten thousand ordinary men. [Applause.] You claim him for Virginia, but I speak the universal language when I repeat the eloquent expression of the most eloquent Irishman —"No country can claim, no age appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence Creation." [Applause.] Well was it that the English subject could say (though it was the defeat of their armies and the disgrace of their policy—even they could bless the convulsion in which he had his origin), "for if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked yet when the storm had passed how pure was the atmosphere it cleared, how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to earth." An hundred years have passed since Washington, crowned with the honors of the successful chieftain, having led his country through the turmoil of seven years of blood and strife, in these streets and under these skies was crowned with the highest civic triumph this Republic can bestow upon its citizen.

And to-night we come to inquire less, perhaps, of Washington's history, of Washington's influence and character—for every child knows that—than we do of the country of which Washington was so conspicuous a part. It seems to me, gentlemen, that the great national holiday we celebrate, the Fourth of July, is the most significant of all holidays in the history of all the nations of the world. What does it typify, sirs? What does it signify to us? Your chairman has said that we have had an hundred years of national history. It is a little less than an hundred years since we inaugurated our first President. The Fourth of July does not celebrate the establishment of the independence of the United States; it marks but the beginning of the strife instead of its successful close. It was at the outset of the Revolutionary struggle that the Colonies threw down that gauge which defied all tradition, which stamped upon all past history, which mocked at ancient

dogmas and hoary traditions, which introduced upon earth an entirely new and distinctive doctrine! Before that time men had fought for the realization of noble purposes and high aims; they had fought to win succor from distressful conditions; they had fought for relief against oppression; but they had fought for these only as the gaining of a boon and a privilege from powers that were; and everywhere it was conceded that there was upon earth a class of men ordained by Providence to rule, and that the vassal's obedience was the inheritance of the many. And when men rose up in their might to fight upon the plains of Runnymede, in earnest contest, for ancient rights, for ancient privileges, it was after all only asking something of the grace of the sovereign, and no one denied his absolute power to withold or to grant it as he would. But the colonies threw down this defiance to earth—that there was no heaven-ordained class to govern men; that man, by virtue of his existence, by reason of his creation, was a sovereign in his own right; and that in these latter days all just rights in government were derived, not from the will of the ruler, but from the consent of the governed. [Applause.]

It was a new doctrine, I repeat, and if it could be successfully maintained there was no foundation strong enough for a throne to rest securely upon! And so all the startled nations rose up to oppose it, this innovation of all that had been in the preceding centuries; but guided by that star, led on by the resolute courage, the steadfast integrity of Washington, our fathers went on and on in pursuit of this doctrine, in quest of this precious boon, on through blood and toil, on when the struggle seemed like the very madness of despair, on and on when hope seemed to have fled, but patriotism remained; on over trembling dynasties and crumbling thrones, until they wrested that jewel of their love from the reluctant hand of a sullen king, and set it to glitter forever upon the brow of a new-born nation. [Applause.] Auspicious day, which an hundred years ago proclaimed both civil and religious liberty to all the populations of the earth! To-day we have set four other stars in our national heaven. [Applause.] Through all the years we shall go on adding to the glories of the constellation, each one with a radiance of its own, each one with an orbit of its own, but all swinging in delightful harmony in that

large orbit within which we recognize our common country, our Federal Union. [Applause.]

What did Washington do for us? Look around you! I cannot but say, as that monument in St. Paul's says of the architect of that splendid pile, Sir Christopher Wren. All of him that could die sleeps under the marble, but above his moldering ashes there is this inscription: "Here lies the body of Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's. Reader, would you see his monument, then look around you." [Applause.] There could be no higher evidence of the grandeur and greatness, the strength and character of the man and of his mind, than to point to the works he did. So we say of Washington. We have had an hundred years of experience in the form of government that his sword conquered for us, and that his statesman-like mind fashioned and controlled at the outset. The guidance he gave us we have never lost; the teachings he inculcated we cherish as dearly to-day as when they were uttered. Nay! nay! his memory and his fame grow brighter as the years recede, and as we get away from the frailties and foibles which attach to the weakness of our common humanity, even in the person of the strongest. As we get away it is like moving from some grand mountain peak. As you go away you see its symmetrical form rise clear in the clouds, with the eternal blue around the summit, with all its harsh and rugged outlines obliterated by distance; it is there in its perfect grandeur, in its completeness and beauty, without any of the weaknesses or foibles which attach to it.

I think there is no better evidence of the character and influence of Washington upon the American mind than what has transpired during and since the war. Look, sir, at the South of which you spoke! She was largely a lethargic people prior to the war. She lived in luxury; she was in the midst of a condition which yielded to her abundant support, and eliminated from her life the necessity of hard labor and earnest effort. The war came. We were bound round with a cordon we could not break; we were encircled by fire; we were thrown upon our resources. What resulted? Ah, sir, at once there leaped into life, with a splendor and with a giant's strength such as the world, such as ourselves had never conceived of, the true manhood of the South. Every man became a laborer, every woman

a worker. There was nothing that the necessities of our life demanded that we did not fashion with our own hands. Deprived of all support, of all assistance from the outside world; we dug from our hills, and wrested from our soil, and evoked from resources the measure and extent of which we had never dreamed before, whatever was necessary for the support of the loved ones at home and the armies we maintained in the field. [Applause.] We illustrated a heroism and valor which are the admiration of the world, which are the highest pride and admiration of our gallant adversaries. They conquered no ignoble foe; the field was worthy even of their efforts. And when the war was over, the terrible strife had ended, while yet the land was filled with mourning, while every church on every Sunday in this North was crowded with women wearing the sable garments of woe for sons, for brothers, for husbands, for the loved of every kind and condition who were sleeping their last sleep on Southern hillsides—how did the spirit of Washington, the toleration, the kindness, the generosity, the magnanimity which in all his life he breathed out toward all exhibit itself here in the North? They took us by the hand. They lifted us to our feet again, or assisted in doing so. They gave us the recognition which one gallant man extends to another whose heroism and courage he has tested; they wrote the title of American Citizen upon our brows again, and told us to go on as parts of the Union, with our loves and hopes bound up in its common destiny. [Applause.]

The spirit of Washington has never died. The courage of Washington has never died. This war was a vital necessity—let us recognize it. This war was an ordination of Providence —let us confess it. There were issues distracting and dividing this country which no legislation, no government, and no decrees of courts could settle. At one time or another they had to be fought to their final conclusion upon the battlefield. When the contest was ended it eliminated from our national condition every element of strife, and welded us together in a bond ten thousandfold stronger and better than we had known before. [Applause.]

Now, what remains? Ah! so much remains that can never die! There are Northern soldiers here, there are Southern soldiers here. We stood face to face through the bitterness of

that conflict; we stand heart to heart now. [Applause.] Whenever this country shall call upon her sons to do battle against a common foe, when North and South Carolina with Massachusetts and Vermont, when Georgia and Ohio, when all the South and all the North march side by side in behalf of Old Glory, then at the bivouac, then around our council fires, the sons will recall the valorous deeds their fathers wrought upon either side and under opposing flags during the civil strife, as the loudest call and the strongest inspiration to awaken effort in behalf of the rescued and re-united country. [Applause.] Has it not always been so? If you would awaken a flame of martial life in the sons of France, appeal to them as those whose eagles flew in triumph above Wagram and Austerlitz, and Lodi Bridge, and bore upon the outstretched wings the glorious destinies of her favored child of fortune, her thunderbolt of war! If you would awaken Caledonia to battle, appeal to her sons as descendants of—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led,"

and at once, from Loch Lomond, from Ben Nevis, and from the Grampian Hills, her kilted warriors will troop to death as to a feast, stimulated by the recollection of the glorious deeds of those from whose loins they sprang! And hereafter, sir, if eloquence shall want a theme to awaken her sublimest efforts, or poetry shall seek some shrine at which to offer its most harmonious numbers, orator and bard will not go back to the romantic period of Agincourt and Crecy, when Henry V led his armies to victory, and Douglas poured the vials of his wrath across Northumberland plains—no need to go back there—but they will tell of the deeds of the glorious men who drew their swords at Lee's or Johnston's or Longstreet's bidding, or of those who flamed the demi gods of war where Grant and Sherman and Sheridan led [applause]; of those whose camp-fires shone out on the dark walls of Blue Ridge, or lit up with their glow the waters of Gauley and of Shenandoah; of those who sleep in graves consecrated forevermore, where the stars look down to-night through shadowy trees in Spottsylvanian woods and Stafford groves; of the long lines whose musketry rang out their sublime peal in the early gray of that April morning at Shiloh, whose fierce battle-shout at Chancellorsville or in

the Wilderness mingled with the farewell sounds that broke on Jackson's and on Sedgwick's ears, sounds scarcely stilled ere the acclamations of angels woke them to sublimer greeting. [Applause.]

We may safely trust the story of unequaled valor, the peerless chivalry of those years, on whichever side they fought, to the verdict which the unprejudiced future will utter. But I know if ever this country shall ask us again to flock to her standard and to do duty for her cause, there is no stronger inspiration that can be invoked, there is no enthusiasm that can be created or awakened that will lead men so quickly into the ranks of the foe and hold them so steadily in the face of death as to talk to each other of the deeds their fathers did when they stood as foes battling for what they thought was right. [Applause.] Nay! out of our very strife we have grown strong. The magnanimity of the conquering has fused and welded us together in one irresistible, unbreakable party. No internal dissension shall disturb us henceforth; and the world arrayed in arms against us we do not fear. And all of this we derive from the teachings, the heroism, the courage, the patience, the faith, the example of the fathers, at the head of whom stood the illustrious one in whose behalf we celebrate this day. [Applause and cheers for Colonel Fellows.]

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD

EARLY CONNECTICUT

[Speech of David Dudley Field at a complimentary dinner given by the Saturday Night Club to the judges of the Supreme Court, New York City, April 5, 1890. Clark Bell, President of the Club, said in the course of his introductory remarks: "It is our grand good fortune to have with us to-night the Nestor of the American bar, who was born in Connecticut, and whose useful life has covered nearly all the years of our present century. His eye has seen much that is far in the past, and beside that love and affection he bears to his birthplace are the reminiscences of the men conspicuous in the judicial annals of his native State, who have been upon the stage of action during the eventful years of the present century. When we shall have separated, when this banquet shall be but a memory and a reminiscence, that which will give us most pleasure, the reminiscence we shall prize among the highest, will be that of the presence of the Hon. David Dudley Field, whose illustrious name I will connect with this toast—'Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar of Connecticut.'"]

Mr. President:—When you did me the honor to invite me to this banquet, I was quick to accept the invitation, because I expected to meet the judges of my native State, of which I bear so pleasant a remembrance. I find, however, representatives from other seats of justice come to greet the judges of Connecticut. You have here a judge from the Dominion of Canada, over which shines the mild light of Arcturus, and on the other side a representative from Texas where glows, not the Lone Star of other days, but the bright constellation of the Southern Cross. You have judges from the neighboring State of New Jersey, from the further State of Pennsylvania, and from Delaware, about which I may use the language of John Quincy Adams, speaking of Rhode Island: "She is to be measured, not by the smallness of her stature, but by the loftiness of her principles." All these eminent judges are here to join in the salutation to the judges of Connecticut, and to them therefore our attention is to be chiefly directed.

I am old enough to remember the judges of Connecticut when they sat under the authority of the Colonial charter, that charter which was hidden in the famous oak of Hartford to escape seizure by an emissary of the King of England. I was present at the trial in Haddam, my native town, of a man for murder. Trumbull was the judge, that Trumbull who wrote "McFingal," and who, being elected for a single year, as was then the rule, was reëlected as long as he lived. He was neatly dressed, wearing ruffles in the bosom, and at the wrists, and was in trim knee-breeches.

I remember this incident of the trial. The crowd was so great that the court was adjourned from the court house to the church, then called the meeting-house. The jurors sat in the square pews. One of the jurors, a respectable farmer of the neighborhood, thinking that he had detected some mistake of the counsel rose to correct him, when the counsel retorted that the juror was the one mistaken, and added: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The prisoner was convicted and was hanged at Middletown. I went up to see the execution, and when I reached the place trained bands were marching through the streets, playing their music as if for a great festivity. A sermon was preached to a crowded house, and the prisoner was then taken, dressed in a shroud, to a hill near-by, and in the presence of thousands of spectators was executed. These scenes were of course impressed strongly on the memory of a boy. I remember the session of the county court at Haddam, when the judges, headed by the sheriff, marched in order from the tavern to the court house. I remember seeing in court David Daggett, wearing white top boots, and I met Roger Minot Sherman, driving into the village in a sulky. I remember Staples and Hungerford. The latter went into court one day with a Bible under his arm, to show from the first chapter of Genesis, as authority in an insurance case, that the day began at sunset, "and the evening and the morning were the first day."

In those days party feeling ran high in Connecticut, between the Democrats and the Federalists—"Demos" and "Feds," as they were called for shortness—and contempt as well. Let me recount two anecdotes: The Rev. Dr. Backus, riding along the highway, stopped at a brook to water his horse, when

another rider came up from the opposite side, and thus addressed the good man: "Good morning, Mr. Minister." The latter replied, "Good-morning, Mr. Democrat. How did you know I was a Democrat?" "By your address."

At another time Dr. Backus, being prosecuted for a libel upon Mr. Jefferson, was taken from his home to Hartford to be bailed. The minister and the marshal rode of course, for that was not the heyday of vehicles. The minister rode very fast, so fast that the marshal called out after him: "Dr. Backus, Dr. Backus, you ride as if the devil were after you." The Doctor turning his head replied, "Just so!"

Mr. President, Connecticut has been often abused for the frugality and thrift of its people, and called in derision the Nutmeg State. I remember hearing that a New Yorker once put into his will an injunction against any child of his being educated in Connecticut.

An Episcopal clergyman removing from New York into a Connecticut town was actually boycotted. The people would not sell him anything to eat, and I believe he returned for food and shelter to the hither side of Byram River. I remember such a joke as this current in New York; that they had a singular habit in Connecticut, when a man cast up his accounts with his neighbor and gave him a note for the balance, he used to exclaim: "Thank God, that debt is paid." Some of the people have singular tastes now and then; as for example there is a hill behind East Haddam that used to be called "Stagger-all-hill," but inquiring the other day, I was told its name was now "Mount Parnassus."

They may say all these things if they please, but Connecticut has no public debt, or a very small one at most, and her people are industrious, educated, polite to strangers, jealous of their rights and brave enough to defend them. I remember hearing Mrs. Fanny Kemble say, some years ago, of the twelve hundred thousand people then inhabiting Massachusetts, that, taking them all in all, she thought they were the foremost twelve hundred thousand people living together in the world, and I can speak in similar terms of the inhabitants of Connecticut, as really a part of the same people.

In conclusion, Mr. President, may I without affectation utter these words of love for my native State, its scenery and its

people? Flow on, gentle river, shine on, rugged and wooded hills, smile on, green meadows basking in the sun, and you, brave people, who dwell amid these scenes, prove yourselves ever worthy of your progenitors, and flaunt high as you will, the old banner with its hopeful and trustful motto—*qui transtulit sustinet.*

THE TELEGRAPH

[Speech of David Dudley Field at the dinner given in honor of Samuel F. B. Morse, New York City, December 27, 1863.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—In the early days of the electric telegraph, a proposition was made that it should be called the Morseograph. I cannot but think that that would have been a distinctive and appropriate designation: thus, in all future time, when the thing should be mentioned, recalling the history of its origin. But the name of the inventor is no secret; and the world will ratify the judgment we pronounce to-night that, as benefactor and discoverer, his name will be immortal.

If we were to measure the future of the telegraph by what it has already accomplished, we should predict for it an indefinite extension. Less than twenty years ago, the first line was built in the United States. Though it extended only from Washington to Baltimore, it was begun in doubt and completed with difficulty. Thence it stretched itself out first to Philadelphia and New York, then to other principal cities, and afterward along the great thoroughfares. On the other side of the sea it advanced from city to city, and from one market to another.

At first laid with hesitation underneath the rivers, it was next carried beneath narrow seas, and at last plunged into the ocean and passed from continent to continent. Compare its feeble beginning with its achievement of to-day. Think of the uncertainty with which, after weary months upon dusty Maryland roads, the last link of that first line was closed, and

then think of the exultation with which great ships in mid-ocean brought up from the bottom of the sea a cable lost two miles down, and the problem was forever solved, not only that an ocean-telegraph cable was possible, but that it could not be so lost as that it might not be found.

Standing in the presence of the great inventor, I am constrained to congratulate him upon the fullness of his triumph as he remembers the early effort, and contrasts it with the marvels of this night in this hall. That little instrument, no larger than the clock upon the chamber mantel, and making as little noise, is yet speaking to both America and Europe; and what it says will be printed before the dawn, and laid at morning under the eyes of millions of readers. Did I say before the dawn? It will meet the dawn in its circuit before it reaches the confines of eastern Europe. In the opposite quarter, we know that the message which has just left us for the West will outstrip the day. Even while I have been speaking, the message has crossed the Mississippi, passed the workmen laying the farthest rail of the Pacific road, bounded over the Sierra Nevadas and dashed into the plains of California, as the last ray of to-day's sun is fading from the shore, and the twilight is falling upon the Pacific Sea.

It is, however, not alone its history which justifies us in predicting for the telegraph indefinite extension. Its essential character must sooner or later carry it to every part of the habitable globe. Of all the agencies yet vouchsafed to man, it is the most accessible and the most potent. While the machinery itself is simple and cheap, the element from which it is fed is abundant and all-pervading. It is in the heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the water under the earth. You take a little cup and pass into it a slender wire, when lo! there comes to it a spark from air and water, from the cloud and the solid earth, which the highest mountains cannot stop, nor the deepest seas drown, as it dashes on its fiery way, indifferent whether its errand be to the next village or to the antipodes. No other voice can speak to the far and near at the same time. No other hand can write a message which may be delivered within the same hour at Quebec and at Moscow. By no other means may

you converse at once with the farmer of Illinois and the merchant of Amsterdam, with the German on the Danube and the Arab under his palm.

To the use of such an instrument there can be no limit but the desire of man to converse with man. If from this populous and opulent capital you would speak with any inhabitant of either hemisphere, you have here an agent which may be brought to do your bidding. If any, however distant, desire to speak with us, they have these means at their command. How great will be the effect of all this upon the civilization of the human race, I do not pretend to foresee. But this I foresee, as all men may, that the necessities of governments, the thirst for knowledge, and the restless activity of commerce will make the telegraph girdle the earth and bind it in a network of electric wire.

The Atlantic, the most dangerous and difficult of all the seas, has been crossed. In the Pacific you may pass easily from island to island, till you reach the shores of Eastern Asia. There an American company will take it up and extend it from side to side of the central Flowery Land. And an English company is about to cross the straits which divide Australia from the elder continent. Indeed, I think that I declare not only what is possible but what will come to pass within the next decade, that there will be a telegraph-office wherever there is now a post-office, and that messages by the telegraph will pass almost as frequently as messages by the mail.

Then the different races and nations of men will stand, as it were in the presence of one another. They will know one another better. They will act and react upon one another. They may be moved by common sympathies and swayed by common interests. Thus the electric spark is the true Promethean fire, which is to kindle human hearts. Then will men learn that they are brethren, and that it is not less their interest than their duty to cultivate good-will and peace throughout all the earth.

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

[This speech was given at the Twenty-eighth Annual Dinner of the New York Southern Society, held in the Grand Ball Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, on Wednesday evening, December 10, 1913. The opening remarks refer to the ladies in the gallery. The Toastmaster had just proposed their health.]

BEING called upon unexpectedly to speak at this moment, I think I owe it to the sources of inspiration to which reference has just been made by your President, that is, to the Goddesses, to say that I have not had time to take advantage of this inspiration which sits above us.

Your President was able to anticipate that inspiration. He was able to make most eloquent reference to it. But not having attended a Southern Society dinner for a long time, I could not have anticipated such an *inspiration,* and so, of course, I am neither prepared for it, nor can I immediately take advantage of it. If I could have an hour in which to sit undisturbed by the speeches of others in the presence of that inspiration and it were not too intense in any one particular direction, I should be able to make a speech that would be worthy of this occasion.

Some one asked me, as I approached the door (and I failed to get into the procession), how it was that one of my birth and homeliness of countenance could expect to gain admission to a Southern Society dinner: "Well," I said, "I had a mother who had the same name as the grandmother of the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and he was born in Arkansas." And I have since thought of another reason. This is the reason. I once had my collar-bone broken by that handsome giant, Herbert Noble, who comes from the state of Maryland. I came into this world, that is I was born, in the North, but my skeleton, as a result of an encounter with Herbert Noble on the football field, was repaired in the South.

I do not like to begin by making excuses; but that person-

ification of honor and bravery, General John B. Gordon, tells this incident in his reminiscences, which is very pertinent to my feelings to-night. That is, I anticipated it would be pertinent to my feelings, and so I had it in mind.

The story is of an incident in a battle which one or both of us wish to forget. I have forgotten on just which side it occurred, but the guns of one side had been making great gaps through the lines of the other side (I thought it was the Southern side that had been making the gaps through the Northern lines, but I don't know how General Gordon could have known about it if that were the case). Through one of these gaps, a rabbit was seen to be flying to the rear, displaying a white flag of truce, and an Irishman seeing it said, "Go it, Molly Cottontail, I wish I were going where you are going, and I would be going, too, if it were not for my car-akter (character)," and I wish to say that except for my car-akter (my character) that is to say, except for my promise to Mr. Battle I would take to my heels in the presence of this array, which is more terrifying, if you will believe me, with all its charm and cordiality than an army with banners.

When I looked over the list of speakers, the "Honorable" list of speakers (I noticed that they were all "honorable" men, except one), and I anticipated that everything that could be truthfully and eloquently said in this latitude concerning the South, would have been said, or would be about to be said, and so I decided not to enter that competitive field held by the Irish and the Southerners.

With my inherited Scotch thrift, I decided to make my small rhetorical investment in another field, in lines that run transversely to those lines which embrace that territory that is dearest to you. I am going to speak for a moment about the lines of longitude.

When we first became conscious of the sphericity of the earth, we found it covered with a network of lines. We were told by the geography that these lines were imaginary lines. And we were obliged by the teacher to so state; and when we came out into the world, we found that they were invisible, at any rate.

I can remember how, even in my years of maturity, that when I was going down into the Caribbean Sea, I was dis-

appointed to find that there was no visible indication of the Tropic of Cancer. Is it the Tropic of Cancer or Capricorn? It is the one on this side. But we have learned that those lines, though they were called imaginary by the geography and by the teacher, were very real lines. We know, for example, that the sun always turns about, that it is prevented from coming farther north by this imaginary line, this Tropic of Cancer shall we say? And we know when the sun goes to the other side of the Equator, there is another line there, which just a little before Christmas will stop the sun and make it come back. If it didn't do that, Mr. Coffin here, before me, the head of the General Electric, would have a monopoly of light—not that I would object to that. The absent speaker at first announced to speak here to-night probably would.

These lines of latitude are indeed very real lines. Men have been willing to die for lines of latitude. I sat with an Oregon man at luncheon to-day, and he reminded me of that battle-cry for a line of latitude ("Fifty-four, forty, or fight"). And there are certain other lines of latitude which we might but shall not mention to-night. But for a line of lóngitude, so far as I can remember at the moment, no one has been willing to die, except the Aborigines and I fancy they did not know what they were dying for.

Hon. Timothy Healy once said no one would die for the Meridian of Greenwich. As you remember, the Meridian of Greenwich is the source of all longitude. And I recall, my memory being recently refreshed, that Mr. Chesterton in commenting upon that statement, said it was because Greenwich does not "cohere" in the sense in which Athens or Sparta cohered, or I think we might add, those nationalities which have followed the lines of latitude around the earth; and yet I am thinking, and this is about all I am going to say, that we are approaching the era of the line of longitude. I suppose even now, men would not die for the Meridian of Greenwich, but I am not sure that men would not die for, let us say—well, I have forgotten what that line of longitude is that passes just the other side of the point of South America. I am not sure that men would not die for that parallel of longitude. You might call it, perhaps, the "Tropic of Monroe."

Possibly there will be another tropic in the Pacific some day.

I don't know what name we shall give to it. My point is this: we have followed lines of latitude. We have followed the Isotherms. (Col. Harrison, at my side, knows what Isotherms are, but some of the rest of you may not.) He is on the School Board, so of course he knows. They are lines of like temperature. But now we carry our climates with us and our accustomed foods. We carry refrigerators to the Equator and we carry pemmican to the poles. We have no Frigid Zones; we have no Torrid Zones, in a sense. We are coming to the time of hemispherical and longitudinal development—of closer relations between North and South, in the United States and in America.

I know, perhaps, this is not just the right thing to say at this dinner, which celebrates a latitude.

But whether this expression of my theory be entirely acceptable or not, I do believe that this North and South, this hemispherical development is desirable. Otherwise we are likely to be stratified permanently. If you will let me change the figure, the warp has been laid across this continent by civilization, and the problem is to carry the transverse threads, the woof, through these patches of gray, or of black, or of white, or green, or red, or whatever they may be, that we may have a lasting and non-tearable fabric, penetrated by new world purposes and hopes that will present to the world a design of beauty, more glorious than the world has ever known in the past.

I was last night, as some of you know, at a dinner of the Champlain Association. Mingling here to-night with you who come from a lower latitude, I feel that I am myself a personification of a line of longitude. I know I am not as attractive to those who sit about and above as those other lines which lie wholly within the Southern zone, but I am grateful to the Almighty now that my embarrassment is over, I am grateful that I have been permitted to have this experience of connecting the land of the snows with the land of the orange trees, without reducing the temperature to the freezing point, and that I have been permited to say this word in prophecy of the coming of the time when we shall all be as ready to give our devotion to the parallels of longitude as we have been to give it to parallels of latitude.

SIMEON FORD

A RUN ON THE BANKER

[Speech of Simeon Ford at the Annual dinner of the Manhattan Bankers of the New York State Bankers' Association, February 7, 1900. The President, Warner Van Norden, presided.]

GENTLEMEN:—As I sat here this evening, listening to the strains of that fine old Bankers' anthem entitled "When you ain't got no money, why you needn't come around," I was thinking what a grand idea it was for you magnates to get together once a year to exchange ideas and settle among yourselves what shall be done, and who shall be done, and how you will do them. Personally, I'd prefer to exchange checks rather than ideas with many here present; not but what the ideas are all right, but somehow, when money talks I am always a fascinated listener.

I did not come here voluntarily, but at the pressing invitation of some of my most pressing creditors on your committee. They said Secretary Gage would be here, and Mr. J. P. Morgan, and that without my presence the affair would seem incomplete, but that if we three got together we could settle various perplexing financial problems right on the spot. The committee told me to choose my own subject and they would endorse anything I would say—without recourse. They delicately intimated, however, that any playful allusions to the City Bank better be left unsaid; and so I can only remark:—

> "And I would that my tongue could utter,
> The thoughts that arise in me!"

and let it go at that.

I must say, however, that Secretary Gage made one serious mistake. If he had consulted me (which he never did, although he had abundant opportunity), I would have advised

him to put his money in an institution I know about where it would have received a rousing welcome and where I could have taken a fall out of it myself. If the price of the Custom-House had gotten into my hands, and I'd been given twenty-four hours' start, I believe I could have given the secretary a run for his money. But, instead, he placed it in a rich, smooth-running, well-oiled institution where it was used in averting a panic and straightening out financial tangles, and greasing the wheels of commerce, and similar foolishness.

This is the first opportunity I have had of meeting you Bank Presidents collectively, and when you are thawed out. I have met most of you, individually, when you were frozen stiff. I never supposed you could warm up, as you seem to have done, my previous impressions having been of the "How'd you like to be the iceman" order. Sometimes I have thought I'd almost rather go without the money than get a congestive chill in a Bank President's office, and have him gaze into my eyes, and read the inmost secrets of my soul, and ask unfeeling questions, and pry rudely into my past, and throw out wild suggestions about getting Mr. Astor to endorse for me, and other similar atrocities. And even if I succeed in deceiving him he leads me, crushed, humiliated and feeling like thirty cents, to a fly cashier, who, taking advantage of my dazed condition, includes in my three-months' note not only Christmas and the Fourth of July, but St. Patrick's Day, Ash Wednesday and sixteen Sundays, so that, by the time he has deducted the interest, what's coming to me looks like a Jaeger undershirt after its first interview with an African *blanchisseuse*. That's the kind of thing the poet had in mind when he wrote—"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

I have observed that one's reception at a bank varies somewhat with the condition of the money market. Go in when money is easy and the President falls on your neck, calls you by your first name, and cheerfully loans you large sums on your "Balloon Common" and your "Smoked Preferred," and you go on your way rejoicing. The next day, news having arrived that a Gordon Highlander has strained a tendon in his leg while sprinting away from a Dutchman near Ladysmith,

or an Irish lady *chef* has sent home two pounds sterling to her family, money goes up to one hundred and eighty per cent. a minute, and you get a note requesting you to remove your "Balloon Common" and your "Smoke Preferred" and substitute Government Bonds therefor. And still you wonder at crime.

But if you really want to know the meaning of the terms "Marble Heart" and "Icy Eye" go into one of these refrigerating plants for a loan when money is tight. It is prudent at such times to wear ear-muffs and red mittens fastened together by tape so they can't be lost for you will need 'em.

As soon as you reach the outer air—which will be in about a second—run home and plunge the extremities in hot water, and place a porous plaster on what remains of your self-esteem.

Bankers are too prone to judge a man by his appearance, so that the very men who need the money most have the hardest work to get it. They are apt, especially at the City Bank, to discriminate against the "feller" who looks rocky, in favor of the Rockafeller. Clothes do not make the man! If they did, Hetty Green wouldn't be where she is and Russell Sage would be in the Old Ladies' Home. If Uncle Russell had to travel on his shape, he never would see much of the world. Yet, beneath that ragged coat there beats a heart which as a beater can't be beat—a heart as true (so the Standard Gas people say)—as true as "steal."

But after all, Banks and Trust Companies do a lot of good in a quiet way, especially to their directors—in a quiet way. See what a convenience some of our Trust Companies have been to their directors of late. It would sometimes be mortifying for these directors to have to attempt to borrow money on certain securities, in institutions with which they were not connected, because, instead of getting the money, they might get six months.

I had intended to touch upon a few vital questions concerning finance this evening, but the night is waning and I guess you've all been "touched" sufficiently of late, so I will restrain myself, and give some other orator a chance to get himself disliked.

PALM BEACH

[Speech at the dinner to George B. McClellan, given by the Lotos Club, March 25, 1904.]

A FEW weeks ago, at Palm Beach, I was walking on the pier, when a man dashed up, called me by name, and wrung me warmly by the hand. Now, I have lived opposite the Grand Central Depew so long that I have become rather suspicious of these hand-shakers, and I presume my greeting was somewhat distant and haughty, for the stranger said: "I see you don't recognize me." I gave him the old gag about his face being perfectly familiar, but I couldn't place him. "Why," he said, "you delivered a magnificent oration in my honor at the Lotos Club last winter. I am Elihu Root."

Well, if there had been a convenient knot-hole around, I'd have dropped through. And yet, how can I be expected to remember all the people I eulogize in this taffy-factory and soft-soap dispensary. When Chester Lord orders me to come and eulogize a man, why, I come and eulogize him, without regard to race, color, or previous condition of inebriety, and when I have gotten through with my eulogy, I just go on about my business. I don't pay any particular attention to the guest of honor, or try to impress his likeness upon my memory. I don't have time. As I explained to Mr. Root: I said, "You men—cabinet officers, mayors, and such—are but the creatures of an hour. You have dinners tendered you, and bouquets thrown at you, and laurel wreaths placed on your brows, but it's funny what a difference a few hours make. The next thing we know you are out of a job, and back at the old stand looking for law business."

And then these guests of honor look so different when you get them outside. Take them away from the center of the stage and glare of the calcium, and that drawn and haggard look disappears, and they appear just like human beings.

Speaking of Palm Beach, this was my first visit, and in my opinion, it is an earthly paradise, and I paid my board too, just like anybody else. When I left New York the mercury was having one of those sinking spells which have been so

prevalent this winter, and I was swathed in furs and Jaegers, and chilblains, and my nose was working overtime.

Forty hours later, my dimpled form arrayed in a cute little bathing-suit, I was disporting myself in the flashing waters of the Atlantic, surrounded by society ladies, ladies who are not in society, ladies who are trying to butt into society, millionaires, politicians, and other tropical amphibia.

As I looked about me and recognized the members of the Four Hundred, of whom I have so often read, people whose names are household words in each other's households, I felt proud to think that I lived in this free land where it was my privilege to bathe in the same swells with these swells. I was afraid to venture in at first, for fear of the sharks which are said to infest these waters, but the bathing-master assured me that as soon as the Wall Street men came down the local talent took to flight.

Palm Beach is well named. There is a palm on every hand, and especially on the hands of the colored employees, and they are continually waving, thus creating a gentle draught on the pocket-book. Every time you turn around you are held up by a colored bandit with a seductive smile and a productive whisk-broom, and his battle-cry is, "No quarter, nothing less than half a dollar."

They keep the pot boiling down there, and the lid is off, and you can look right in. They have a club where you can play games of chance. But they are not really games of chance; they are sure things. I tried it. You pick a number, and put a dollar or two on it, and if the marble rolls right, you get thirty-five for one. But I proved to be a poor picker. Still you do have a chance, and that beats Wall Street, where you have no chance at all. I believe if Wall Street was shut up, and Canfield's opened, we could all have more fun with our money. I've tried both, and I know what I'm talking about. You get broken on the wheel, either way.

I think we've got a great little Mayor. I like his looks. He looks clean-cut, well-groomed, and trained to the minute. He comes of good stock. He has started in right. Some of us who didn't vote for him had an idea that when he was elected the city would at once become a sort of Sodom and Gemorrah. Instead of that, the minute he got in he took his new broom

and began to sweep, and apparently his sainted predecessor had left quite a little dirt around in the corners.

He advocated more water for New York. Think of a Tammany man interesting himself in water! And now they talk about him for President. This is a great country. One day a man is a quiet citizen pursuing the even tenor of his way, and the next day he wakes up and finds himself a Peerless Leader, with a capital P. I hope to wake up some day and find myself a peerless leader, and then, I suppose I'll wake up.

MARY GARDEN

MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES

[Address delivered by Mary Garden at a dinner in her honor at the Lotos Club, New York, January 29, 1922. Mr. Chester S. Lord, the president of the Club, in introducing Miss Garden said: "We welcome this sweet singer. She has endeared herself to us by the graces, the beauty, of her art; by her gladsome song; by her courage and her determination. We welcome her as an example of what a resolute woman may accomplish when she has a purpose to achieve. We all know that the history of opera as a money-making proposition is a history of operatic bankruptcy. It is only through the generosity of wealth that we may have opera in its approximate perfection. It is a great public luxury, mercifully made available to the public. The operatic director is not expected to make money out of opera; but he or she may exercise great wisdom and discretion in the selection of artists and in artistic presentations; and in pleasing all the people, and it is in these accomplishments that our fair guest of the evening wins our admiration and our praise.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to rise and join in a welcome to Miss Mary Garden."]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It seems to me that all my life I have been making and breaking rules. To-night I am making and breaking a rule. I believe I have the honor to be the first lady entertained in this magnificent club, and it makes me very nervous—it makes me very nervous to think how many great men in the world you have entertained, who have talked to you with marvelous confidence, and then you call upon me to speak in the place in which they have stood. I am never nervous on the stage; but I am not a speaker, and therefore you must excuse me if I do not meet your expectations as one, but I will do my best.

I think that the thing I had better talk about is what I love in life—speak of the thing that interests me most, and that is my work, and music. My whole life I have given to music. It does not make very much difference what school of musical art I am hearing, it all fascinates me and interests me to a

degree that I cannot explain; it gets hold of me so terrifically that nothing else in the world holds interest for me—only that one thing, music, whether the Italian school, French school, or the German school; and when you get over to this country "The Jazz"—I adore it! There is a charm about jazz to me that is delightful, and I am hoping that some day or other we will have strains of it in something I can sing, for I love it.

I love all the organ grinders that come under my windows. There is one organ grinder who comes to the front of the house where I live on Park Avenue, and plays "La Traviata" out of tune; it has the greatest charm for me, and when that organ grinder did not come this morning, on account of the bad weather, I presume, something was out of my morning. I am hoping he will come to-morrow morning with "Traviata." All music, it makes no difference, I love and adore.

Music makes me think of this magnificent world we are put to live in; it survives as the centuries go by—with all of our discontents and everything that does not go right, and the wars that make ravages in this wonderful world, all these things do not effect it—music always stays, through the efforts of some of the people who love it, and it delights those who follow, just as the mountains of the world delight the eyes of those who behold them to-day, as they delighted the eyes of those who lived hundreds of years ago.

I go over to Europe every summer, and I visit the mountains of Switzerland. I love to see them again—to find the snow is in the same place. I know their forms and their names, and as I go back again year after year, this magnificent panorama has never moved. I stand in awe in the presence of the great things of nature. Nature opens her arms to us, so we can live with her; but not many people care to live with nature; we do not live enough with nature; if we did, there would be more happiness than there is under our present circumstances.

You take the musical geniuses who write the operas and symphonies. They are not writing only for the present, they are writing for the future, and the results of their work will remain for years to come. They may be ruined by wrong interpretation, they may be ruined by bad singing, they may be ruined by poor representation, because they have not money

enough to give luxury to them, but they stay just the same, and they will always stay, for they are great.

In my career I have created about fifteen to twenty works, and out of those fifteen to twenty works, two have died. As you may know by the press and probably by myself, I am not a singer, and I think that is the only point that the critics and I agree on. I am a creator, and that is entirely different.

To sing a rôle, or to create a rôle, is an entirely different proposition. When you take into your hands a great work to create, it is, believe me, a tremendous responsibility. You have to be very sure of yourself, and realize the responsibility (which is yours) to give through you to the world a magnificent work of art, which a genius has written and taken years and years of his life to write, and has given to you to create and develop—that *is* responsibility.

When I went to Paris, after I had studied French for several years, I arrived right at the beginning of the modern French works. I arrived in Paris on the occasion of the first representation of "Louise," and after the thirteenth performance, I was asked to take up the part, which I did, and sang it hundreds of times. Then I followed with "Pelleas et Melisande." I came to these French works at the right time. I have only created modern French works, although I love the Italian, but it happened that I was in France at that time.

One day a man came to see me and sent up his name—Oscar Hammerstein. I asked, "Who is Mr. Hammerstein?" I was told that he was from America, and wanted me to go to America. I said, "I cannot go to America; I am too busy here." Then he went away. The following year he came back. I had found out who he was, and had learned that he had opened the magnificent opera house in New York, the Manhattan Opera House. I met him and liked him at once. There was a very great man. He was a genius, and as for all geniuses, you shrug your shoulders, you say, "He is crazy, he is crazy." All geniuses are crazy to the mob, but Oscar Hammerstein was not crazy, not a bit. Geniuses are never crazy in that gift wherein their genius lies.

It is a pity that Oscar Hammerstein came to this city ten

years too late. He just did not have the necessary vitality to withstand the tremendous strains that were put upon him. He was ten years too late. I had a great many conversations with Oscar Hammerstein, and it was a favorite thing of his to say, "I want a string of opera houses from New York to San Francisco." People thought he was crazy when he said that, but that is exactly what is to happen—not a string of opera houses from here to San Francisco, but the institution you have here, the Metropolitan Opera House, for the East; Chicago, which we will take care of for the West, and the opera house that is being built in San Francisco, the memorial for their soldiers, which is a very good idea, which they are making into a magnificent opera house, and that will be ready next year; therefore we will have in the United States a great foundation for opera—New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. In the years to come, perhaps a hundred years, perhaps earlier, the smaller towns will build their opera houses in between these three great institutions. When you talk about France having these great geniuses and all this wonderful music, do you realize we could put all of France into the State of Maine? And if it were only Maine we had to take care of in this country, it would be a very easy matter; but you have 3,000 miles of territory stretching across this country filled with people who love opera, who love music, who have been educated to the most marvelous talent that comes to this country, and every year their education becomes greater and greater, and they become more difficult to please in their tastes, and they want the very finest of everything in music and in art, which is perfectly right.

Therefore it is time now to build our foundation in the United States for the future of music.

This is our last season in New York. We are going to let New York alone in the future. It is not a territory that belongs to us. We have nothing to do with New York. New York will take care of itself through the Metropolitan Opera Company. We are going to Chicago, and I am going to proceed on the idea that Oscar Hammerstein put into my head—a string of opera houses to the coast—and he was perfectly right. I have a veneration for that man. He saw so far ahead—he saw everything so quickly.

I did not know that they were going to make me the director of the Chicago Opera Company, when Mr. McCormick asked me to take it for a year, which I did. But if holding that position gives me an opportunity of furthering the plans which Oscar Hammerstein had in his mind, I shall be more than grateful for that opportunity. The New York institution is forty years old, our institution is only ten years old, just beginning to be great, just beginning to pay, and just beginning to be understood; but in fifteen or twenty years from now we will have an institution as big and as strong as yours here in this city.

I have two things for which to thank my father. One is that he went down an hour after I was born and registered me as Mary. Mother had been reading books and beautiful stories, and had selected a fantastic name for me—some beautiful name for me, and father said, "Not at all," and he went down and registered me Mary Garden, and I like that name.

The next thing I have to thank my father for is that when he was a very young man, and we were all small children, he came to this country, and brought us all here, and adopted this as his own country, and made it our country. I wonder what I would have been if my father had not come to this country? I probably would have landed in some little tiny town in Scotland, and married and settled down. That is about what I would have done. Anyway, I didn't settle down in Scotland, and my father brought me to this gorgeous country which I adore. When you go to Europe to rest, you rest, and everybody is very nice; and when you come back to the United States, and get a view of those colossal buildings in the lower part of the city from down the bay, something arouses you and you feel energetic and want to work and do things, like every other right-minded person in this country. Every person has his day and every nation has its day, and certainly America to-day is in the beginning of her greatness. It is the most marvelous country in the world, and no one realizes it until they come here. When the foreigners come over they are paralyzed with the strength of it, and force of it, and the way everything is done—with such wholeheartedness.

There is one thing which fascinates me more than anything

else in the world, and that is the fact that this country has adopted the prohibition law. I think to have gained such a law in this country, considering the independence of the people, where you can stand on a street corner, or take the first page in a newspaper, and say what you want to say, is a marvelous achievement. It is a most astonishing thing, to realize that the people of this country have been brought to the point where they have accepted a law that touches their pleasures so intimately as does the prohibition law. It is a terrible thing, as a rule, to touch our pleasures. We do not like to have our pleasures interfered with. The very fact this law was put through proves, beyond any doubt, your future greatness. It is magnificent! There is no country that has ever done it—that would have dared to try to do it, and to be able to stand up and say to the world we have done it is the greatest thing that has ever been known.

Anything that I can do in the way of advancing the interests of art and music in this country, and bringing about a greater appreciation on the part of the people of this country for the great modern works, and a love of them, will afford me the greatest possible pleasure, and if I can be successful in that direction, I shall feel that my life has been really worth while.

HAMLIN GARLAND

JOYS OF THE TRAIL

[Hamlin Garland, born in West Salem, Wisconsin in 1860, has been for many years one of our foremost men of letters. His "A Son of the Middle Border" in 1917 and "A Daughter of the Middle Border" in 1921, are the latest of a long series of volumes from his pen that began with, "Main-Traveled Roads" in 1890. This address has been delivered on various occasions at Camp Fire Clubs and at a Convocation of the University of Chicago.]

EACH year the number of those who know the trail and its life steadily lessen, and it may be that some of you are minded at the outset to ask: "What is a trail?"

On its material side it is a path, capable only of receiving horses or men in single file. It is only twelve or fourteen inches wide, and may be merely a smoothing of the sod; or it may be a deep scar in the solid rock, the record of centuries of travel, like the burro trails of Laguna and Walpi. In the woods of Wisconsin it may be a "carry" around a rapid; in Montana, an elk-run leading to a "lick" or water-hole.

Insignificant as a thread, far-flung upon the earth, it may unite great watersheds, linking valley to valley. To come upon it in the tangled wood is an exceeding great joy. It is a reassuring clew in the cedar swamp, a promise of water in the sand, a thread of human purpose on the hill. It is the beginning of helpfulness among animals, the evidence of cooperation among men.

To the man of macadam it seems aimless. It wavers, appears to vacillate, uncertain of its mind; and yet it attacks most difficult places. For all its apparent irresolution, it is a brave little road, discreet and persistent, venturing where the wagon-road dare not follow. It may be called the vedette of civilization.

To the lover of nature these highways of the primitive hunter are incomparably more satisfying than the white man's modifica-

tion of them, because they were constructed with such widely different design. The red path-finder saved toil; minutes were not important; he carried no clock. The railroad king, the man of commerce, has a contempt for labor that he can command; time is the element of value to him. Therefore his iron ways deflect from those of his guides. Employing the compass, his engineers shorten curves, fill ravines, and slash across the hills. His steel is laid athwart the bodies of murdered trees. His progress is a desolation. His iron horses howl through gashed and devastated lands, spreading fire and ruin as they go. The scars they leave never heal.

The Cheyenne laid out his trail by means of a star on the shoulder of a mountain. Therefore it loops its way across a valley, by most gentle curves. It approaches a hill with caution and follows a lakeside with leisure. It goes out of its way to skirt a wood, to observe a tarn. The dead body of every tree is respected; hardly is a shrub disturbed. Nature proceeds unobstructedly in her seedings and harvestings, so considerate, so gentle, so accommodating is this trail—so patient of hindrances, and so shy! Like a Chippewa lodge, the trail is an adjustment to the wilderness, never a ravage. Silent as a serpent, it slips from thicket to thicket. It does not rive, nor uproot, nor crush. It is a purple ribbon in the valley, a silken strand on the hillside. It is dappled with brown and gold beneath the pines. In the meadow grass it disappears!

The blood of the trailer leaps under the spur of keenly remembered joys, as he turns from the dusty, rectilinear turnpike into the hills. You are done with the dust of the crowd, the noise of traffic, the hustle of the highway, when you "hit the trail." All that nature has hidden from the engine and the cart she displays to him who rides the mountain path. Flowers are at your feet; fruits caress your hand; all her shyest, most delicate plants, scents, and blooms are offered at every curve. Mountains shift and change, alluring to ever-widening horizon line, beckoning to ever more entrancing vista.

It is a curious and pleasurable fact that in the Rocky Mountains, nature grows more beautiful as you climb. Starting at six thousand feet in the sage-brush and the cactus, among hot, dry rocks, the trails hasten to green and grassy slopes, where a hundred glorious flowers bloom. All the thorny,

spiny, bitter plants are left below, and the columbine, the aster, the painter's brush, and scores of others equally beautiful, spread their petals to the gentle wind.

At eight thousand feet every cañon grows musical with water. Blue-bells, the shooting-star, or the most delicate ferns may bloom along the very edge in safety. The passing feet of your ponies hardly stir the leaves.

To one who is a son of Illinois or Iowa a trip into the White River Plateau is like a return to the past. The storied savannahs of Ohio and Kentucky and Minnesota are lost, cut and buried by the plow; but high in this glorious park in Colorado, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, you may meet them again; the trail will lead you to them.

> "All day and many days I rode,
> My pony's head set toward the sea.
> And as I rode, a longing came to me
> That I might keep the sunset way,
> Riding my horse right on and on,
> O'ertake the day still lagging at the west,
> And so reach boyhood from the dawn,
> And be with all the days at rest."

It was mid-August in the calendar, but here it was June—superb, dewy, fragrant, flashing June; such a magician is the trail. It is able to push spring into autumn, and set the violet and the goldenrod together!

To our pilgrim fathers the wilderness was possessed of the devil, and the red people were his imps. God held but feeble dominion in the forest. We of to-day consider the wood a refuge and the mountain a throne of glory. We admit that the Sioux is as human as ourselves. Even the wolf and the bear have their defenders, who say that no wild animal is really malevolent; only hungry, or at bay, or fighting to save himself from extinction. This change of sentiment is esteemed a growth in grace, in imagination and so it is.

There is a subtle joy in tracing out these ancient channels of woodland travel. I love to put myself in the foot-prints of the archetypal man. It is good discipline to reason back to the traveler's point of view, to come at the courage which inspired him and the wisdom which directed him in his wander-

ings. Here my knowledge of historical and urban concerns no longer avails me. My native perception is put to the full test. I am beleaguered of the forest, as are the fawns and the pheasants. Darkness is a menace; and when I camp at night, I creep to covert, like the cony, with a sense of exposure to the elements which exalts me or appalls me according to my rede.

It is marvelous what instincts are played upon by the wind in the trees at midnight, as you lie down in your blanket far in the forest. You disclose your kinship to the hare as well as to the fox and the lynx. Your senses sharpen. Your caution expands into fear. In every rustling leaf you hear the stir of a snake, the step of a wolf. In the passing breeze is the sinuous approach of an enemy. On every side you fancy the lisp of stealthy circling feet. At such moments fire comes to have a mystic, friendly face.

Do you know the splendors of the camp-fire? Have you seen it bloom in the cold, gray damp of an autumn night like a mighty rose? Have you heard the chirp and whisper—the mysterious singing of the flaming pine branches If you have, you know its splendid solace. You are able to divine the protection which that ancient good spirit Red Flame flung between the houseless, hairy man of the Stone Age and the evil elements swarming upon him.

It is a child of the sun, reproducing in the midnight forest the burning heat of the noonday. It is at once a shield and a sword. It disperses mimic stars to the bleak, oppressive skies. It beats back the darkness, laughing like Loki, defying the dragons, holding the were-wolves at bay.

You make your camp late, we will suppose. The sun is long set. All is cold and desolate. Rain is falling. Snow is in the air. Chilled and bent, you grope deep among the coverts of fir, gathering a few dry cones, breaking minute tips of branches. These you heap in a little mound, kneeling as in the act of conjuring some hidden spirit, some good genius of the wood.

Then of a sudden out of the blackest licks a little red flame. It is the tongue-tip of the good beast Fire gnawing his way to freedom. A light arises. The shadows flee. The wind be-

gins to snarl again, in desperate fury; but the brave blaze answers with a crescendo roar of jubilant might. The frost retreats like a circling pack of white wolves.

The flame leaps higher! The icy branches of the trees above you suddenly appear lined in high relief against a blue-black sky, and lo, you find yourself glad and grateful, in a palace of scarlet and orange and green, a house of refuge, fragile as a bubble, but so magical that no savage beast dares to set a foot therein. Leagued with leaping flame you are invincible.

Fire draws a shining line between ourselves and the brute. It proclaims man's mastery of the elements, his kingship. Circling the centuries, you approach the burning tree from the emberless awe of the cave-man's desolate night.

The discovery of the Rocky Mountains developed a new and more adventurous trailer than the plains or the forest. Hunters like Jim Bridger, path-finders like Kit Carson and Fremont, explorers of the quality of Pike and Lewis and Clark, all came at the call of this mighty and implacable land.

We are accustomed to hear it said that our forefathers found America a trackless waste; but this was true only in respect of wagon-roads and turnpikes. So far from being a "horrific desert," it was, indeed, a beautiful and bounteous land, a well-inhabited country even in winter, covered by a network of intersecting trails, over which the Penobscot and the Delaware lightly trod. These paths connected rivers, lakes, and villages, and led to the most promising game fields. Fish filled the streams, and deer and partridges swarmed in the thickets. The dearth and danger lay mainly in the pilgrims. They were unskilled in woodcraft and uninstructed of the trail. They were indeed tender-feet. As they gained in courage and insight, they made use of the experience of their aboriginal neighbors. They became pioneers.

No one leader had laid out the primitive paths they trod; on the contrary, they were the product of the combined skill of generations of men—red hunters, who camped many moons in the woods, *feeling* their way to new hunting-grounds. The white settlers followed their guides, the engineer consulted the path-finder; and so in the end the wagon-train and the locomotive were guided by the wisdom of the Miami and the Ute, whose

bones had long since been knit into the fiber of the grasses.

We sometimes say of a great building: "There is the monument, unlettered and grandiose, of the bricklayer, the carpenter, the hod-carrier." So of the trails which once covered this land, from Maine to Florida, we may say: They are the fading chronicles of a race—they and a few buried mounds—impermanent as the mark of a fallen tree—are all that remain to tell of a singular and impressive people.

Indian file is a phrase that is significant, for it refers to the narrow path, which did not permit of two abreast.

It would have been a rich and grateful experience to have stood with Daniel Boone as, poised on some westward-sloping rock he watched for the first time the sun setting over the Ohio Valley. An experience equally splendid came to that man who first parted the trees on the sand-dunes in the land of the Michigamen, and looked out upon that vast, shining, inland sea, whose borders reach to the red skies of evening. It would have been worth a lifetime of labor to have shared the tranquil rapture in the bosom of the adventurer who first floated through Lake Pepin and down the Mississippi River to the gulf; but I sometimes think I would rather have been one of the exultant, intrepid men who first detected across the barren russet plain the looming purple-and-silver summits of the Rampart Range —because with the uprisen majesty of the Rocky Mountains the continent was rounded, made complete.

With that discovery the symmetry of the complemental America was disclosed. Small wonder that the imagination of the plainsman took wing! These heights became at once his allurement, if not his unlifting. His tales grew bolder. Behind those distant ranges, what new worlds spread, what stranger peoples dwelt, what hidden treasures lay? The cañons opening to the west were gates to glory; and when the sun went down in a smother of purple and crimson and flame color, the heart of the humblest explorer thrilled to wonder of a land in whose high thunders God himself might hold his throne.

Of what avail were warnings and commands? The pioneer with his white topped wagons began to move toward the far-famed peaks contemptuous of law as of savage. He left a trail white with bones but he peopled the West.

To this day these mountains are a dream of majesty to the

plainsman. They complete his mental equipment. Who can estimate the effect of these mountains upon American life and thought? Without a knowledge of them the education of any man is incomplete. Their mastery by the pioneer is an epic.

Especially has the mountain trail been a developer of resource, of patience, of hardihood, of adaptability. In these grim fastnesses the trailer was made to feel the full power of nature. She had no anger, but also she showed no pity. She set mud, rocks, torrents, and mist to check and chill him. Over him the gray sky was roof; under him there seemed no footing. Never for an instant was he free from the pressure of her hand. The clouds assaulted like birds of prey; sullen streams lay in wait like dragons; and yet he found a pleasure even in this warfare—pleasure and a profound instruction.

No man can know the essential majesty of the wild till he has lain down beside his fire, in a land of pines and peaks and roaring, ice-cold water, alone and uncertain of his way. Swift as the turning of a hand, the primeval reasserts its dominion over you, and you shudder with awe and thrill with a certain fearsome joy. Shall a man be of less resource than the cony? Shall the cry of the brave brown robin put him to shame?

Out of such desert experiences the man of the right metal comes with fresh courage to face his work in the world.

Do you fear the force of the wind,
  The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
  Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
  Go wade like the crane.
The palms of your hands will thicken,
  The skin of your forehead tan—
You'll be ragged and swarthy, and weary,
  But you'll walk like a man!

IN PRAISE OF BOOTH TARKINGTON

[Address delivered at the Dinner to Booth Tarkington at the Lotos Club, November 25, 1916.]

I HAVE also received from your Secretary those warning words, and now your Chairman has reinforced them, and I am

going to surprise you all by respecting them and paying attention to both warnings. I am going to be very brief. I don't need to be brief, because those gentlemen who have been talking have spoken very largely out of their ignorance and their faith, but I am the pioneer. I was born on the other side of Tarkington, in Wisconsin. Long before Tarkington ever thought of Princeton or Purdue, that happened. In 1871 my father came from the county town with a number of papers, one of them I think called the "Hearth and Home," in which was the beginning of a story that marked an epoch in my life, and marked an epoch in the function of the Middle West. The name of this serial was "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and the author of it was a certain circuit rider named Edward Eggleston. I was at that moment reading Emerson, Maryatt, and Seymour and Buckskin Bill. I knew all about lost letters and wills, and sewing girls who turned out to be duchesses. I had my acquaintance and enthusiastic belief in the grandeur and the glory of Indian fighters on the Border. Now, suddenly into my world came a group of the humblest folk called Hoosiers. I didn't know who the Hoosiers were, and I don't know now. I didn't know where the word came from, and I don't know now, and I don't know anybody that does.

I didn't know where Indiana was, but I did know that these people were people like our own neighbors, and I felt that if my father should hitch up the team early enough in the morning we might before the end of the day, come to the old man's cabin right alongside the old schoolhouse and see the gracious Myrtle Hunt smiling over the top of her spelling book at Ralph Hardesty. Gentlemen, it is only fair, and I think that Mr. Tarkington will grant this, it is only fair that we to-night should think for a moment of the father of us all in the Middle West.

If Tarkington is a great poet, he didn't come along until after I had written four or five books of the Middle West. I remember perfectly well it was about thirty-five years after the coming of Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," when one morning as I went into the editorial office of McClure's Magazine, that Samuel McClure said to me, "Here, you defend local color. Read this and tell me what you think of it." It was "The Gentleman from Indiana." Up to that

moment McClure had objected to running a tale from any but well known English writers, and now he was divided on this question and was debating whether he should print this as a serial or not. Of course, my opinion didn't decide the matter, because I suspect that John Phillips decided him. At any rate they decided to print that as a serial. Any how I sent a private letter of appreciation to this unknown youngster in Indiana, and a few days later this man came to see me and we lunched at the Players Club.

I wish I could draw for you a picture of that fellow at that time, so modest—I say at that time so modest. He was so like a poet, with the long hair, thin ascetic face, artistic hands, almost transparent. Look at him now. Weighed down with influence and wealth, surrounded by those other plutocrats from that great prosperous state of Indiana. I don't understand Indiana. Who understands Indiana? How is it that these writers come from that state, and sit at this board here in this way amid millionaires and plutocrats with a limousine waiting outside the door? Now, we can't do that in Wisconsin. There are a few that come from there and we are still riding on the street cars, or going up and down Third Avenue on the elevated. But these Indiana authors: My friend Ade has a herd of Percherons crowding around him at his place. What is the mysterious quality that springs from these people who come from that State that enables them to become so rich and so haughty?

Well, I am getting to that period of life when I can see well the times have changed, that the times have so changed, and we old fellows from the pioneer border, we have got to take a back seat for these youngsters. And that reminds me as I saw George Ade to-night; well, I thought I was still among the young men, because if George Ade is a mere kid and can look it the way he does, in the name of God how do I look? I must be as venerable as Mark Twain?

And that reminds me, Mr. Chairman, that the last time I joined with this club was in honor of Mark Twain, that evening when he showed us how brave a man could be; when he took a debt of hundreds of thousands on his shoulders and went around the world and came back debt free, because that

dinner was in celebration of the fact that he had achieved that colossal task.

Now, here to-night we celebrate this man Tarkington. I want to close with a perfectly sincere tribute, because Booth Tarkington, whatever Mr. Street's stories may have as a basis of fact, so far as his life is concerned, so far as his writing is concerned, Booth Tarkington has given us clean, wholesome American literature, and he intends giving us better work than he is doing now, and I congratulate you gentlemen of this Club on your discrimination in giving a dinner to Booth Tarkington.

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR

THE OUTLOOK

[This speech was given at the Twenty-fourth Annual Dinner of the New York Southern Society, held in the Grand Ball Room of the Waldorf-Astoria on Wednesday evening, December 8, 1909. Mr. William C. McAdoo in introducing the speaker said: "I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, gentlemen, the distinguished Mayor-elect of New York City, under whose beneficent rule we expect to live during the next four years. He will tell you all about 'The Outlook,' and I am sure it is a pleasing and favorable one."]

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOUTHERN SOCIETY:—Your President caught me at long range from somewhere in the West by telegram to attend this dinner. As you may all know, I have refused a great number of invitations of this kind since I was elected, but I was heartily glad to accept your invitation and to come here to meet you gentlemen from the South to-night—if you really be from the South. I have always supposed you came from the South, but after listening to the eloquent speech of General Dickinson I do not know whether you come out of the land of the North, or of the South, or even of Connecticut, or even of all New England. That is now left in great doubt. But at all events, we are common Americans. We all belong now to this one great nation, America. It may be like the fathers of some of you, like my own father in this State, voted for the first freedom candidate who ever ran for the Presidency of the United States, James G. Burney. However that may be, you come from the South, and your immediate ancestors were in the South, and you come here with a hearty Southern feeling.

Allow me to say to you—and if there be as many of you here in this city as I have heard stated this evening, so much the better—you come here to add very greatly to the political thought and the political welfare of this city. If there be three hundred thousand people from the South here; it follows that there

must be somewhere from sixty to one hundred thousand voters of Southern birth in this city.

Now we here in this city have had the habit for a long time of driving out some among us of the best political thought, some of those among us of the best education, by this personal tax which we have here in this city. We drive them out to New Jersey and out to Connecticut—make them take nominal residences hereabouts, and unless the city was replenished, unless the numbers of the city were replenished by accessions from the South and from other parts of the country, we really would die here of political inanition or ignorance. Indeed, it is often said that most of those here who amount to something great in the community, like our friend, Mr. Morgan—I don't know whether he was born in the State or not—or your President here, who comes from the South, and many others who can be named—it is generally said of them that they come from the country, at all events, if not from the South. That is one of the reasons I am so proud that I came from the country, from the country districts of the State of New York.

Now this toast of mine is broad enough to allow me to say almost anything, but inasmuch as I got an intimation that fifteen minutes, about, was to be the limit of the speaking, excepting possibly that of the first speaker, I will have to narrow it down very much and say very little, and when I look over here (indicating to the right) and see my friends, the reporters, over in the corner of the room, I am almost afraid to say even that very little, for you know they report me very accurately—sometimes. This toast of mine, "The Outlook," is broad enough to take in the whole world, broad enough to take in any discussion, religious, political, economic, or scientific, of the whole world. But I have a shrewd suspicion that you expect me to narrow it down to the political outlook here in the City of New York, and possibly to my own outlook or my own political outlook.

Now I have to say to you, and very briefly and in a few minutes, that so far as the government of the City of New York is concerned, or the government of any place in this country is concerned, it depends entirely on the intelligence and the morality of the community. If the moral tone of the community be low, the moral tone of its government will be low. Your

government is always just as good as you are, and now and then a great deal better. Government seldom rises above the moral tone of the community. Like water, it does not rise higher than its source, although it may be forced up now and then, or occasionally. But the rule is, as I have said: If the moral tone of the community is good, government will be good. My own view with regard to the government of this city is that we are in a transition stage. The government of this city in the past certainly has not always been too good at all events. When we look back, not over a great number of years, and see the number of political bosses here, and the number who have been in power under them here, who have acquired millions out of this city, or out of the politics of this city, some of whom now live abroad, but now visit us occasionally, returning even with some little pomp, the statute of limitations having run against their villainies and their fears having subsided, when we look back at these things we are not able to say that the moral tone of this community has been good, or that the government has been good or any better than the moral tone of the community. The government has been what the community has made it, and so it is all over this country. In a country of universal suffrage, of manhood suffrage, which means a man behind every vote, what I have said is more particularly true than under any other form of government.

Now the outlook here for good government depends very largely upon the best citizens of the community, whether they will sustain good government, and if I may say it bluntly and boldly, whether they will stop corrupting government and the officials who are placed in charge of it. If I may talk of every-day affairs, I might call attention, for instance, to the assessing of the real property of this city for taxation. No one can fail to see that the values are very unequal throughout the city. It is a matter that I have been observing for years. Now let me say frankly that if the large property owners of this city will take the assessor when he comes around and get him to under-value their property, and let him share in the taxes thereby saved, to the extent of one-quarter or one-third or one-half of the amount saved, it is almost impossible to stop the graft, as we call it, in that department of government. And those men who do that thing ought to be thoroughly

ashamed of themselves. What a mean thing it is to their neighbors and friends and to the rest of the community. They get the assessors to undervalue their property, and they share the tax reduction, which is thereby obtained, and that has to be thrown on other people and especially on the small holdings of the city. Such people, if there were any way of finding them out and exposing them, ought to be dealt with in the courts absolutely without mercy whatever.

It is the same here in our tenement house department and our building department. These laws have to be observed and fairly enforced, but if when our inspectors are sent out—and we have to take them from the civil service list, the same as the force I have mentioned already, the assessors—if when they are sent out your builders of large properties call them in and tempt them and corrupt them to allow violation of the law by paying them for it, how can the law in that respect be enforced? I believe there are here in this room, for you Southern men who come here like all people from the country, with your sterling honesty and integrity, that we have a nucleus here to create a public sentiment that can reduce these things to the very minimum, if not almost abolish them. We have problems here in this city of government in the respects that I am now mentioning, and in other respects, which you people know nothing about. Do we ever hear of your Southern bosses and people in such close political control, or even of these dishonesties and the like, which I am mentioning to you? But some people say, and say so thoughtlessly, "Why don't you put honest men in these places and they cannot be corrupted?" Why, my friends, that may be, though in the past years and for a long time in this city, and maybe now, it is difficult enough to get even honest heads of departments without getting all of the forty thousand of the city's employees to be honest; but if you can get honest heads of departments very much can be done to eradicate the evils which I am mentioning to you. In the outlook in this city for good government, also, no one can fail to note the absolutely false standard which prevails here, and to some extent all over the country, with regard to the morality of public officials; and also the morality of the community, or of individuals in the community, in dealing with the city government, or, if you wish, with the

United States government, or any government, for it is quite general throughout the country. Why we have men here in political control, and have had for years—without mentioning any that we immediately have now—and men in the community who have business with the government, who wouldn't cheat an individual out of a dollar under any consideration whatever, who wouldn't wrong any individual in the community or circumvent him or get his property by the exercise of any trick, and if they did they would be back within a year to make restitution; but when it comes to the property or money of the government—ah, that is another story altogether. That does not enter into their moral code whatever. It does not enter into their moral code at all that it is wrong to do that same thing with the government. Why, in one case, they are stealing from one, and in the other case they are stealing from you all. Which is the worst from a moral standpoint? Certainly, the one is no worse than the other, except that in the case of the individual it will sometimes inflict more pain or a greater individual hardship.

My friends, until we eradicate that sentiment from the community, it is impossible to have even measurably honest government in the community. It is not possible. So it behooves men like you in the community to cry down that false standard and to proclaim and raise a standard here that to cheat the government is just as bad in a moral sense as to cheat any individual, and make these people put it in their moral code whether they see fit or not. That also extends to people who interfere with the dealings of the city through third persons. You have here great capitalists at this table to-night, and I desire to say in my own crude way—and I hope I may say it without boasting—that in their dealings with this city in the next four years they need no go-between whatever between them and this city. Let them come forward themselves and deal like men and they will be treated like men, and their capital will be respected, and in so far as the capital is used for the benefit of the city I am certain that they will have the blessings of the city and not the condemnation of any one. It is very cheap to say that capital is under a blight or under a condemnation in this country, or that some jealousy exists against it. From my standpoint and my knowledge of the

American community, I say that that is utterly false. There is no jealousy whatever, either in this community or throughout this country against capital, however great, provided it was honestly acquired.

Nor is there any jealousy against the use of capital in a public franchise, or a city department or in anything that goes to make the city great.

On the contrary, we welcome it all and stand ready to treat it all fairly without go-betweens or insinuators or people who come between the city and those who stand willing to serve the city or represent the city.

There is one other thing that stands in the outlook between us and good government and that is the very general lack in this community of any sense of civic obligation, by which I refer to the obligation that every man ought to feel he is under to run for office or accept appointment to public office by those who have the appointing power. Now, I am right up against myself, as the saying is, right up against it. I have already sent for men who are my friends, who supported me, who have supported good government for years, who have written about certain phases of governments, have studied it so that they are able to write and speak about it with great accuracy, and who would be able to be great administrative officers. I have sent for at least two of them and asked them to come into this government with me, and try to lift the government up and make it intelligent and decent and efficient. But, no, they have their private interests, they would lose something, they would have to neglect their business and lose something if they did it.

I have said to them that I myself laid down an exalted office in which I had expected to pass the rest of my life at a much larger salary than the salary of the mayor of this city; and that I have a right now to expect of the business men of this city and the men earning large incomes to make some little sacrifice in order to help the object which I have in view and which I have in every fiber of my being, to make this government honest and respectable and lift it up for the next four years.

Of course, it is the first great object to get honest men to appoint to office. That is one thing we must have in them,

honesty, and in these times I had almost said a fanatical honesty, if we can get men of that kind.

You remember the story of Sancho Panza, after he got through with the governing of his little island of Barataria, or whatever it was, when he laid down his finery after his rulership was over and was going out, he said, "Naked came I into this government and naked I go out of it."

That is the kind of men we would bring into the government, and the men we are looking for; and yet the highest honesty without capacity is not of much use after all. The result of incompetency and corruption is very much the same the world over, although one of course is incomparably worse than the other from a moral standpoint.

I find also that men whom I have consulted are deterred from taking places in the government—I am sorry to say it here in the presence of the newspaper—by the unfair treatment of some of the newspapers of the City of New York. I do not hesitate to say it, nor shall I hesitate to continue to say it if necessary, because I have announced it from the beginning, when I was told to keep clear of all bosses, that of all things I should have no newspaper boss in the government of this city. Now I do not by any means include all the newspapers of this city in the statement that they are unfair or do not print the intelligent facts with regard to the government of the city, but some, unfortunately, do not, and they deter men from going into office. Why I suppose, if I may say so, if my wife and grown-up children knew what I had to go through to run for office they would never have allowed me to do it. It didn't hurt me any. My digestion got better every day. But, I am sorry to say that some of it hurt their feelings, and it was entirely unnecessary, and something which, in the land from which you come would be entirely intolerable, in my opinion, entirely intolerable.

We have some, I must say, many good and fair newspapers here, and I expect that they will give full support to every good thing my associates in government may attempt, and above all things, give intelligent accounts of them. If they will only give intelligent accounts of what occurs, and truthful accounts, the community will take care of the editorials and the rest.

We have here on the whole, a very excellent press, and we

expect that even those who have not been so excellent before will see the error of their ways.

Now the outlook for what you have all demanded so loudly here, in the City of New York, the subways, seems to be good. The great pivotal fact is that the city is now able to build them itself. We have the whip hand. That don't mean any intention of unfairness to private capital to not come into the public works or public enterprises of the city, but it means that the city now has financial resources which will enable it not to be the victim of anybody, but they mean to have it done on terms entirely fair to the community by private capital, and if that cannot be done then the city can do it for the community itself, and that is what the city proposes to do.

Now, my friends, that is all I have to say about the outlook of the city. I do not promise anything. I do not want to promise anything. It is a great deal better to do little than to promise much, as the old proverb says.

I am glad to see here the ladies of the South [in the galleries], and as they have been called angels more than once tonight, I wish to close by saying that I would I had the gift of speech of which it is said that while it lifts men up it brings the angels down.

AUCKLAND C. GEDDES

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES

COÖPERATION BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA

[Speech delivered by the British Ambassador at the dinner of the Canadian Society of New York, Saturday, January 20, 1923. Only portions of the speech are given, made up from newspaper reports.]

I WONDER if you know how small is the pin point on which an ambassador must balance himself in making a speech these days. I see chasms yawning all around me, and representatives of certain other countries would be greatly amused if I should fall into one of them.

I think I may say that no one who has followed the trend of affairs in the world for the last three or four years can be free from anxiety. There is a very critical condition in a large part of the Old World. Looking back across the ages, there are those who draw comparisons between the state of the world to-day and the state of the Roman civilization during the last half of the pagan era and during the third century of the Christian period, when the great Roman civilization vanished.

There is no doubt that some of the conditions are similar to the conditions of those critical periods. We have seen during the last two years the fabric of civilization largely disappear in Russia and there are those who fear that the area may be enlarged. I am no pessimist, but it seems to me that it should be clear to all that things have gone too far for us to sit idly by and say all will come out right, and then say we have done our duty.

The fabric of civilization is always a dead thing. The essence of civilization is in the spirit and soul and life of the people. In some parts of the world this spiritual life seems to have grown very feeble. If that is true and it is not checked, it will only be a short time, as history counts time, when the

fabric of civilization, no longer supported by spiritual life beneath, will crack and crumble.

I believe with all my heart and soul that the people of our race, whether they live in the British Commonwealth or under the Stars and Stripes, are called now to a great mission. It seems to me that in our countries the true life is still strong. I believe so strongly in this mission, not for national benefit, but for the good of the whole world, that I urge in season, and perhaps sometimes out of season, the closest coöperation of all the nations of the English-speaking world to help the peoples who are losing hope and who feel that the whole world is crumbling around them.

No formal alliance is required. What we want is that the nations of the English-speaking world, the British Commonwealth and the United States should get closer to each other. Our ideals are practically identical and our aspirations are the same.

Coöperation and friendship, take it or leave it. Take it and the world comes back to prosperity. Leave it and the process of crumbling we have already will extend and extend. The world is too far from stable to withstand more shocks without great added suffering.

We have a bond between two nations, a bond of sympathy and understanding. We want to make that bond operative in friendly coöperation. This is not for the benefit of these two nations. Roughly speaking, we are getting along pretty well. Only by this coöperation between the British Commonwealth and the United States can be brought about coöperation between all the nations. It is the necessary preliminary for the preservation of those parts of the world which are definitely shattered or threatened.

The one hope of setting right that which is wrong and going more wrong is the friendly coöperation of the English-speaking people. If that gathers strength I am sure that the area of growing world health will spread until in a few years, perhaps a generation, perhaps longer, the world will be brought back to economic soundness.

JOHN GILBERT

PLAYING "OLD MEN" PARTS

[Speech of John Gilbert at a banquet given by the Lotos Club in recognition of the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage, New York City, November 30, 1878. The chairman of the dinner was Whitelaw Reid, President of the Lotos.]

"CÆSAR, WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE YOU."—Such was the gladiator's cry in the arena standing face to face with death. There is a certain appositeness in the words I have just uttered that probably may correspond to my position. Understand me, I do not mean to die theatrically at present. [Laughter.] But when a man has arrived at my age, he can scarcely look forward to very many years of professional exertion. When my old friend, John Brougham [Mr. Brougham:—"I am not going to die just yet"] [laughter], announced to me the honor that the Lotos Club proffered me, I was flattered and complimented. But I said: "John, you know I am no speech-maker." He replied, "Say anything." "Anything," I said, "anything won't do." "Then," said he, "repeat the first speech of Sir Peter Teazle, 'When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect?' " [Laughter.] Well, I think I can paraphrase that and say, "When a young man enters the theatrical profession, what is he to expect?" Well, he may expect a good many things he never realized. However, suffice it to say that fifty years ago I made my début as an actor in my native city of Boston. I commenced in the first-class character of Jaffier in Otway's charming tragedy of "Venice Preserved." The public said it was a success, and I thought it was. [Laughter.] The manager evidently thought it was, too, for he let me repeat the character. Well, I suppose it was a success for a young man with such aspirations as I had. There might have been some inspiration about it—at least there ought to have been—for the lady who personated Belvidera was

Mrs. Duff, a lovely woman and the most exquisite tragic actress that I ever saw from that period to the present.

After this, I acted two or three parts, Mortimer, Shylock, and some of those little, trifling characters [laughter], with comparative success. But shortly after, and wisely, I went into the ranks to study my profession—not to commence at the top and go to the bottom [laughter]—but to begin at the bottom and go to the top, if possible. As a young man, I sought for pastures fresh and new. I went to the South and West, my ambition still being, as is that of all youthful aspirants for dramatic honors, for tragedy. At last I went to a theater, and to my great disgust and indignation I was cast for an old man—at the age of nineteen. [Laughter.] However I must do it. There was no alternative and I did it. I received applause. I played a few more old men [laughter]; I found at last that it was my point, my forte, and I followed it up and after this long lapse of years, I still continue in that department. I went to England and was received with kindness and cordiality and, returning to my own country in 1862, I was invited to join Wallack's Theater by the father of my dear friend here [alluding to Mr. Lester Wallack], his father whom I am proud to acknowledge as a friend of mine nearly fifty years ago, and I am also proud to say my dramatic master. [Applause.] I need not tell you that since that time I have been under the direction of his son. What my career has been up to the present time you all know. It requires no comment from me. I am no longer a young man, but I do not think I am an old man. [Applause and laughter.] I owe this to a good constitution and moderately prudent life. [Shouts of laughter.] I may say with Shakespeare's Adam, that

> "In my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly."

Will you permit me, gentlemen, to thank you for the very high honor you have conferred upon me this evening and allow me to drink the health and prosperity and happiness of the Lotos Club? [Cheers.]

WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

PINAFORE

[Speech of William S. Gilbert at a dinner given to him and to Sir Arthur Sullivan by the Lotos Club, New York City, November 8, 1879. Whitelaw Reid, the President, in introducing Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan, said: "We do not welcome them as men of genius. It sometimes happens that men of genius do not deserve welcome. But we do greet them as men who have used their undoubted genius to increase the happiness of their kind [applause]; men whose success has extended throughout the nations and has added bright hours to the life of every man and woman it has touched. [Applause.] That success has depended on no unworthy means. Respecting themselves and their art, they have always respected their audiences. They have so married wit and humor, and a most delicate fancy, and the best light music of the time, to the public temper, that we have seen here in New York, for example, their piece so popular that we hadn't theatres enough in town to hold the people who simultaneously and unanimously wanted to hear it. I propose first the health of a gentleman who, not merely in the piece that has so long been the rage of the town, but in a brilliant series of previous successes, has always given us wit without dirt [applause]—a drama in which the hero is not a rake, and the heroine is not perpetually posing and poising between innocence and adultery."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—As my friend Sullivan and I were driving to this Club this evening, both of us being very nervous and very sensitive, and both of us men who are highly conscious of our oratorical defects and deficiencies, and having before us vividly the ordeal awaiting us, we cast about for a comparison of our then condition. We likened ourselves to two authors driving down to a theater at which a play of theirs was to be played for the first time. The thought was somewhat harassing, but we dismissed it because we remembered that there was always an even chance of success [laughter], whereas in the performance in which we were about to take part there was no prospect of aught but humiliating failure.

We were rather in the position of prisoners surrendering

to their bail, and we beg of you to extend to us your most merciful consideration. But it is expected of me, perhaps, that in replying to this toast with which your chairman has so kindly coupled my name, I shall do so in a tone of the lightest possible comedy. [Laughter.] I had almost said that I am sorry to say that I cannot do so; but in truth I am not sorry. A man who has been welcomed as we have been here by the leaders in literature and art in this city, a man who could look upon that welcome as a string on which to hang a series of small jokes would show that he was responding to an honor to which he was not entitled. For it is no light thing to come to a country which you have been taught to regard as a foreign country, and to find ourselves in the best sense of the word "at home" [applause] among a people whom we are taught to regard as strangers, but whom we are astonished to find are our intimate friends [applause]; and that proffered friendship is so dear to us that I am disposed, in behalf of my collaborator and myself, to stray somewhat from the beaten paths of after-dinner oratory, and to endeavor to justify ourselves in respect to a matter in which we have some reason to feel that we have been misrepresented.

I have seen in several London journals well-meant but injudicious paragraphs saying that we have a grievance against the New York managers because they have played our pieces and have offered us no share of the profits. [Laughter.] We have no grievance whatever. Our only complaint is that there is no international copyright act. [Applause.] The author of a play in which there is no copyright is very much in the position of an author or the descendants of an author whose copyright has expired. I am not aware that our London publishers are in the habit of seeking the descendants of Sir Walter Scott or Lord Bryon, or Captain Marryat, and offering them a share of the profits on their publications. [Laughter.] I have yet to learn that our London managers seek out the living representatives of Oliver Goldsmith, or Richard Brinsley Sheridan or William Shakespeare, in order to pay them any share of the profits from the production of "She Stoops to Conquer," or "The Good-Natured Man," or "The Merchant of Venice." [Laughter.] If they do so, they do

it on the principle that the right hand knows not what the left hand doeth [laughter], and as we have not heard of it, we presume, therefore, that they have not done so. And we believe that if those eminent men were to request a share of the profits, they would be met with the reply that the copyright on those works had expired.

And so if we should suggest it to the managers of this country, they would perhaps reply with at least equal justice: "Gentlemen, your copyright never existed." That it has never existed is due entirely to our own fault.

We consulted a New York lawyer, and were informed that, although an alien author has no right in his works, yet so long as they remain unpublished, we held the real title in them, and there was no process necessary to make them our own. We, therefore, thought we would keep it in unpublished form, and make more profit from the sale of the pianoforte score and the words of the songs at the theaters and at the music publishers.

We imagined that the allusions of the piece were so purely British in their character, so insular in fact, that they would be of no interest on this side; but events have shown that in that conclusion we were mistaken. At all events, we have also arrived at the conclusion that we have nobody to blame but ourselves. As it is, we have realized by the sale of the book and the piano score in London about $7,500 apiece, and under those circumstances I do not think we need to be pitied. [Laughter.] For myself, I certainly do not pose as an object of compassion. [Laughter.]

We propose to open here on the first of December at the Fifth Avenue Theater with a performance of "Pinafore." I will not add the prefixing initials, because I have no desire to offend your republican sympathies. [Laughter.] I may say, however, that I have read in some journals that we have come over here to show you how that piece should be played, but that I disclaim, both for myself and my collaborator. We came here to teach nothing—we have nothing to teach—and perhaps we should have no pupils if we did. [Laughter.] But apart from the fact that we have no copyright, and are not yet managers in the United States, we see no reason why we should be the only ones who are not

to be permitted to play this piece here. [Laughter and applause.]

I think you will admit that we have a legitimate object in opening with it. We have no means of knowing how it has beeen played in this country, but we are informed that it has been played more broadly than in the old country—and you know that may be better or worse. [Laughter.]

Afterwards we propose to produce another piece, and in the fullness of time the longer it is delayed perhaps the better for us [laughter], and we propose to present it to an audience [laughter] in the same spirit in which we presented "Pinafore"—in a most serious spirit—not to permit the audience to see by anything that occurs on the stage that the actors are conscious of the really absurd things they are doing. Whether right or not, that is the way in which it was presented in London. We open with "Pinafore," not to show how that ought to be played, but to show how the piece that succeeds is about to be played, and to prepare the audiences for the reception of our new and highly preposterous story. [Applause.]

The kindness with which we have been received this evening emboldens me to believe that perhaps you will not consider this explanation altogether indecent or ill-timed. I have nothing more, gentlemen, to say, except to thank you most heartily for the complimentary manner in which you proposed our health, and to assure you that it is a compliment which is to me personally as delightful as it is undeserved. [Applause.]

STRICKLAND GILLILAN

ME AND THE PRESIDENT

[Strickland Gillilan of Baltimore is a well-known journalist, lecturer, and writer of humorous verses and stories, and the author of the famous line, "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnigin." This speech was delivered at a banquet to President William Howard Taft, by the Knights of Columbus of Peoria, Ill., at the Coliseum in that city. The speech was delivered the evening of the day in which President Taft had received the news, en route, that Canada had by popular vote rejected the American reciprocity tariff proposition.

MR. TOASTMASTER AND DISTINGUISHED GUESTS:—I am glad to be here and look into your faces. There are faces here that ought to be looked into now and then. Somehow or other, as I look at this subject of mine, in print, it doesn't seem so smart as it seemed when I first thought of it. I can't help thinking, as I look at it, of something a student friend of mine once said—one of those fellows who talk entirely by ear—that "Homer wrote the Idiot and the Oddity."

For fear some persons present might not have understood the toastmaster when he introduced me, I wish it known that the gentleman to my right, whose displacement exceeds my own in every way there is, is the latter end of my subject. This is a proud night for him. He has never, in all his life, been permitted to spend an evening with me, till now. In fact, I have never met the gentleman before. I had arranged for it several times, but he managed to sidestep it. I doubt right now whether he appreciates the honor. We live so close together when we are both home, which is very seldom, that I can hear on a still day, the reactionary Wisconsin cow lowing in the standpat White House stall; but we have never previously met.

In fact, I have been almost as far from the President as I have been from the presidency—and heaven only knows

how far that is. Sometimes I have grown so utterly worn-out with the monotony of being constantly right that I have thought I'd like to be President for awhile, just for relief. And I guess I can prove by you—can't I, President Taft?—that as a form of relief the presidency is a false alarm and [turning to the audience] mighty temporary.

It was a disgruntled office-seeker speaking bitterly after the returns and himself were all in, who said he "would rather be right than be President"; but he never got away with it. He never convinced anybody. Most of us have had to be contented to go through life without being either right or president. But the gentleman on my right had his choice, and look what *he* picked out!

However, after being with the genial gentleman this evening for as long as a belated train would let me, my opinion of the President, like the tariff bill he signed, has been revised upward.

I want to congratulate this committee on its excellent selection of speakers. Who can imagine a wider variety than a President of the United States, a Congressman, an archbishop and *me!* This list includes every known form of piety and iniquity. I refuse to classify them. Do it yourselves.

Also, laying aside persiflage, I want to speak a word to you and to all other American people as to the lack of human sympathy and moral support given to our Presidents. None of us realizes (and few of us even attempt to realize) the enormous burdens laid daily upon the shoulders of our chief executive. Not a day passes but that something of transcendent importance is given him for decision. We do not help him. But when he manages, because he is human, to make any sort of error, we criticize him freely—freely is the right word; if it cost us a cent we wouldn't do it! We criticize him out of the top of our minds where the scum of ignorance stands, green and bubbly.

Kipling said:

> "The toad beneath the harrow knows
> Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
> The butterfly upon the road
> Preaches contentment to that toad."

We are all toads and butterflies in this world. And what the useful, perennial burden-bearing toad needs from the light-minded short-lived butterflies is not so much flippant advice as genuine sympathy; words of encouragement when we can give them, and kindly silence when we can't. I thank you.

INTRODUCING MRS. ASQUITH

[Address delivered in presenting Mrs. Margot Asquith to a Kansas City audience, in March, 1922.]

FRIENDS:—This is a very palpitant moment for us celebrities in front of you. We may seem cool and composed, but underneath a placid exterior both of us are fairly seething with agitation. This is positively the first time we two have ever appeared together in public!

I am probably the only genuinely great personage this lady has not previously met and been familiar with. You who have perused her amazingly frank memoirs may have been startled to note how conspicuously, how glaringly, how prominently I was omitted from that volume. However, I may be in the next one if I don't behave.

Up to this time Mrs. Asquith has been able to achieve and to maintain that lofty Kipling ideal of walking "with kings" without losing "the common touch"; but after to-night—well, folks I don't know. I have my doubts. Being seen in public with me, this way, with me treating her in every way as an equal—it may go right straight to her head. It is barely possible that after this there will be no living with her. Personally, I expect from now on to sling a mean snub.

Honor after honor has come to this distinguished woman. The society of the great has been her steady diet. Ossa has been piled upon Pelion, as it were, to do her honor. But to-night is the peak; the crest; the climax; the *summum bonum;* the *ne plus ultra; the nux vomica;* to say nothing of the *pax vobiscum!*

Greater honor can come to no one than to be introduced to a company of Kansas Citizens—by *me!*

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

THE AGE OF RESEARCH

[Speech of William E. Gladstone at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, May 5, 1877. Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Academy, being indisposed, Sir Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, took the chair at the special request of the President. In introducing Mr. Gladstone, he said: "The next toast is, 'The Interests of Literature.' I have been somewhat perplexed myself to think why the custom of the Academy places Science before Literature. I see, however, that it is quite right, for Literature is a member of our own family—our sister. [Cheers.] I am old enough to recollect that when Sir Morton Archer Shee, who united Art with Poetry, was elected President of the Academy, this epigram appeared in the *Times*:

"'So Painting crowns her sister Poesie,
The world is all astonished, so is She (e).'

Many present will remember in more recent times how Charles Dickens, when returning thanks for this toast, expressed the same sentiment of relationship by altering some words of Rob Roy's and saying that when at our Academy he felt so much at home, as to be inclined to exclaim: 'My foot is on my native heath, although my name is not Macgregor.' Next to religion, literature in very many of its phases supplies the noblest subjects for Art. History, Biography, and works of fiction all contribute their share; while poetry enjoys the cumulative privilege of uniting in itself the incentives to Art which are commanded by all other branches of Literature as well as the ennobling sentiments inspired by religion, patriotism and other affections of the human heart. An elevating mission, indeed, be it only directed in a worthy course. Frivolity and license are alike the bane of literature and art. Earnestness of purpose and severity of moral tone are the stamina of both Shorn of these, both alike find their strength is gone from them. It is consoling to reflect that notwithstanding the laborious turmoil of politics we have had three, and I think successive, Prime Ministers who have made Literature the solace of their scanty leisure and delighted the world by their writings on subjects extraneous to State politics. I give you the 'Interests of Literature,' and I have the honor to connect the toast with the name of one of that distinguished trio, the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone."]

MR. CHAIRMAN, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—I think no question can be raised as to the

just claims of literature to stand upon the list of toasts at the Royal Academy, and the sentiment is one to which, upon any one of the numerous occasions of my attendance at your hospitable board, I have always listened with the greatest satisfaction until the present day arrived, when I am bound to say that that satisfaction is extremely qualified by the arrangement less felicitous, I think, than any which preceded it that refers to me the duty of returning thanks for Literature. [Cheers and laughter.] However, obedience is the principle upon which we must proceed, and I have at least the qualification for discharging the duty you have been pleased to place in my hand—that no one has a deeper or more profound sense of the active and constant cultivation of letters as an essential condition of real progress and of the happiness of mankind [cheers], and here every one at once perceives that that sisterhood of which the poet spoke, whom you have quoted, is a real sisterhood, for literature and art are alike the votaries of beauty. Of these votaries I may thankfully say that as regards art I trace around me no signs of decay, and none in that estimation in which the Academy is held, unless to be sure, in the circumstance of your poverty of choice of one to reply to this toast. [Cheers.]

During the present century the artists of this country have gallantly and nobly endeavored to maintain and to elevate their standard [cheers], and have not perhaps in that great task always received that assistance which could be desired from the public taste which prevails around them. But no one can examine even superficially the works which adorn these walls without perceiving that British art retains all its fertility of invention [cheers], and this year as much as in any year that I can remember, exhibits in the department of landscape, that fundamental condition of all excellence, intimate and profound sympathy with nature. [Cheers.]

As regards literature one who is now beginning at any rate to descend the hill of life naturally looks backwards as well as forwards, and we must be becoming conscious that the early part of this century has witnessed in this and other countries what will be remembered in future times as a splendid literary age. [Cheers.] The elder among us have lived in the lifetime of many great men who have passed to their rest—the

younger have heard them familiarly spoken of and still have their works in their hands as I trust they will continue to be in the hands of all generations. [Cheers.] I am afraid we cannot hope for literature—it would be contrary to all the experience of former times were we to hope that it should be equally sustained at that extraordinarily high level which belongs, speaking roughly, to the first fifty years after the peace of 1815. That was a great period—a great period in England, a great period in Germany, a great period in France, and a great period, too, in Italy. [Cheers.]

As I have said, I think we can hardly hope that it should continue on a perfect level at so high an elevation. Undoubtedly the cultivation of literature will ever be dear to the people of this country; but we must remember what is literature, and what is not. In the first place, we should be all agreed that bookmaking is not literature. ["Hear!"]. The business of bookmaking I have no doubt may thrive and will be continued upon a constantly extending scale from year to year. But that we may put aside. For my own part if I am to look a little forward, what I anticipate for the remainder of the century is an age not so much of literature proper—not so much of great, permanent and splendid additions to those works in which beauty is embodied as an essential condition of production, but I rather look forward to an age of research. [Cheers.]. This is an age of great research—of great research in science, great research in history—an age of research in all the branches of inquiry that throw light upon the former condition whether of our race, or of the world which it inhabits [cheers]; and it may be hoped that, even if the remaining years of the century be not so brilliant as some of its former periods, in the production of works great in themselves, and immortal,—still they may add largely to the knowledge of mankind; and if they make such additions to the knowledge of mankind, they will be preparing the materials of a new tone and of new splendors in the realm of literature. There is a sunrise and sunset. There is a transition from the light of the sun to the gentler light of the moon. There is a rest in nature which seems necessary in all her great operations. And so with all the great operations of the human mind. But do not let us despond if we seem to see a diminished efficacy in

the production of what is essentially and immortally great. Our sun if hidden is hidden only for a moment. He is like the daystar of Milton:—

> "Which anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

[Cheers.]

I rejoice in an occasion like this which draws the attention of the world to topics which illustrate the union of art with literature and of literature with science, because you have a hard race to run, you have a severe competition against the attraction of external pursuits, whether those pursuits take the form of business or pleasure. It is given to you to teach lessons of the utmost importance to mankind, in maintaining the principle that no progress can be real which is not equable, which is not proportionate, which does not develop all the faculties belonging to our nature. [Cheers.] If a great increase of wealth in a country takes place, and with that increase of wealth a powerful stimulus to the invention of mere luxury, that, if it stands alone, is not, never can be, progress. It is only that one-sided development which is but one side of deformity. I hope we shall have no one-sided development. One mode of avoiding it is to teach the doctrine of that sisterhood you have asserted to-day, and confident I am that the good wishes you have expressed on behalf of literature will be re-echoed in behalf of art wherever men of letters are found. [Loud cheers.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON GOETHALS

THE PANAMA CANAL COMPLETED

[Address by General Goethals before the Economic Club of New York, March 5, 1914, at a dinner at the Hotel Astor in his honor. Mr. William R. Wilcox, in introducing the speaker said: "Without ostentation or display, free from political intrigue or hint of scandal, with no boastings of what he was going to do, Colonel Goethals has pursued his work, with the results accomplished that command the affectionate regard of all his countrymen and the admiration of the world."]

I NOTICE that I am down for an address this evening, but I have had no time to prepare anything, and I am going to give you a rambling talk on various matters connected with the Canal, and within the time limit. As the Chairman has stated, the preliminary work was that of sanitation and preparation for the construction. In sanitation, the great scourge of the French day was yellow fever, and next to that was the malarial fever, commonly known as the "Chagres" fever. An American by the name of Finley, who had settled in Havana, had advanced a theory that yellow fever was transmitted by the mosquito, but had no means of proving it. Three American surgeons, constituting a board, investigated the matter and demonstrated without question of doubt that the mosquito was the source of infection, determined also the time in which the patient must be bitten by the mosquito in order to inoculate the mosquito, and the period of incubation in the mosquito before which it became dangerous. Many American citizens voluntarily gave up their lives in order to demonstrate this theory, and to them is due the credit for freeing the Isthmus of yellow fever, for it is their rules that have been followed out rigorously on the Isthmus, and which resulted in eliminating the dreaded fever.

An Englishman named Ross discovered that the mosquito

transmitted malarial fever, and he visited the Isthmus and laid down the rules by which malarial fever can be materially reduced, if not entirely eradicated. On account of the location of the Trans-Isthmian Railroad, and the traffic that has existed across that railroad ever since 1855, the Isthmus has been looked upon as one of the pest-holes of the world. The same principles which freed the Isthmus of yellow fever and malaria, applied elsewhere, have met with equal results. The Isthmus is now held up as a model of the work of that character, and one of the lessons learned from it now is that there is no place in the tropics where the white man cannot live and perform work, and from that will result the larger development of small Central and South American countries.

When the present Commission went to the Isthmus, the question was up as to whether the government would undertake the work itself, employing its own forces and purchasing its own plant, or whether it should be best given out by contract. The work had been decided upon, bids had been received. It was held that the government could not get the initiative that a private contractor could; that the government could not get the work out of its men that a private contractor can, and that the work could not be done as economically as a private contractor could do it. But seven years' experience on our work has demonstrated that the government has within itself competent men, can secure all the initiative that a private contractor can secure, can produce and organize a construction force equal to, if not better than a private contractor can furnish.

The work as it at present stands fully demonstrates that, the cost sheets clearly show the economies effected.

Another lesson learned from the Panama Canal, therefore, is that the government, by use of its own forces, can undertake and carry to successful completion any work that it cares to undertake, and so convinced has Congress become of that, that it is now undertaking the construction of an Alaskan railroad.

The Chairman spoke of the preliminary work that had to be undertaken before the construction was begun. That preliminary work consisted in the building of houses for its employ-

ees, the building of a large deartment store and cold-storage plant, the arrangement for the distribution of supplies, electric light, and water. We had a department store with its branches scattered over the Isthmus, forty-seven miles across; a cold-storage plant for the manufacture of ice, for the storing of meat, which we distribute daily across the Isthmus, for the baking of bread and other necessaries. The Isthmus has been used by the socialists as an example of what socialism will accomplish if socialism prevailed in the United States. It is a case of government ownership, but it is not by any means a socialistic colony. It is an autocratic government where every one is engaged for a specific purpose, where the franchise is not introduced, and if it were introduced the socialistic feature of the Canal would not exist.

So far as the Canal itself is concerned, it is practically completed. We are now passing our own boats from one ocean to another and the only interruption is the Cubcaracha slide, practically in the center of Culebra cut, where we have about thirty feet of water and a channel about a hundred and fifty feet wide. Had the President come to the Isthmus in December, we would have put him through, and would have opened the Canal for commercial vessels. As he didn't come, we concluded we would keep the Canal closed until the slide was entirely removed, which, present indications seem to point, will be July first.

We are now beginning the organization of a new government. Until Mr. Roosevelt issued his executive order, the organization was in control of an executive body of seven men. My predecessor experienced difficulties because of the complication that resulted from that faulty arrangement. Congress would not change it, so he cut the Gordian knot, and in spite of the law issued an order by which authority was concentrated; and it became a one-man power. In the government that is to be established there, there has been considerable discussion as to whether the one-man power should be continued or whether that authority should be exercised by a commission of three. The main object of our going there was for the construction of the Canal. The only object of our being there from now on will be the operation, maintenance, and protection of the Canal. [Applause.] It is the thought

of many that we should open up the Zone to population. The strip is in the center of a foreign republic that believes in taxing everything, and in which political conditions are such that the "Ins" take everything that is in the Treasury, and leave the "Outs" when they come in to make up the deficit. [Laughter.] That deficit is made up by increased taxation. In order not to compete with Panama, it is necessary that we should establish the same system of taxation in the Zone as is maintained in Panama, otherwise the Panamanians will come over into the Zone and establish their business there. They get none of the advantages of our commissary and cold-storage supplies, but must pay duty on all the food-stuffs they bring in. They must also pay duty on all the supplies for that reason. There is another point, too, and that is, that the government has only a leasehold right to that territory, and it belongs to the government as long as it operates and maintains the Canal. We are, therefore, unable to give them a title in fee for the land, and these disadvantages in connection with the tropical difficulties offer no inducement for the American to settle there. If we can't get the American we don't want anybody else. That being the case, therefore, it is better to depopulate the Zone and keep the entire area under control of the government. Assuming that we populate it with those outside,—West Indians, Panamanians, or any other nationality,—it will increase the cost of sanitation, increase the cost of civil administration by reasons of schools, police, and so forth, and the cost of operating and maintaining the Canal would be considerably augmented.

Because of these considerations, Congress has authorized the President of the United States to take over all the lands within the Zone, and we are now in the process of depopulating the area, and there will be nothing within the Zone but the operating force, and such troops as may be sent to garrison the place to protect the Canal against a raid from naval vessels.

The whole proposition, therefore, comes down into one of operation and simple maintenance, and it seems right that the executive control should be concentrated in one head. That is what the law contemplates, and that is what is to be carried out.

The Panama Canal is to be open to the commerce of the world and become a naval asset to the United States. The example of the *Oregon* clearly indicates the advantage to the navy that the Canal gives. Though it may not double the efficiency of the fleet, it would certainly materially increase it.

My time is up, gentlemen. I thank you for your consideration. [Applause.]

HENRY W. GRADY

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

THE NEW SOUTH

[Address by Henry W. Grady, journalist (born in Athens, Ga., May 17, 1851; died in Atlanta, Ga., December 23, 1889), delivered at the eighty-first anniversary celebration of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1886. It was not only received with enthusiasm by the auditory, but also attracted great attention throughout the country.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if, in that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. [Laughter.] Permitted through your kindness to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality [applause], and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain. [Laughter.]

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with

a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell, with such casual interruptions as the landing afforded, into the basement; and while picking himself up had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?" "No, I didn't," said John, "but I be dinged if I don't!" [Laughter.]

So, while those who call to me from behind may inspire me with energy if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. [Laughter.] The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"one hundred and forty cubits long [laughter], forty cubits wide, built of gopher-wood [laughter], and covered with pitch inside and out." [Loud and continued laughter.] He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." [Laughter.] If I could get you to hold such faith to-night I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consternation.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." [Laughter.] I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium if for nothing else. Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on this continent—that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since—and that while Miles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents'

consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. [Applause.] But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution; and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God. [Applause.]

My friend Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. [Applause.] Great types like valuable plants are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. [Loud and continued applause.] He was the son of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. [Renewed applause.] He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American [renewed applause], and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. [Cheers.] Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored; and in our common glory as

Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine. [Renewed cheering.]

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, are the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. I would not, if I could, dim the glory they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught from the splendor and grace of their civilization—never equaled and, perhaps, never to be equaled in its chivalric strength and grace. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself, and to the consideration of which I hasten lest it become the Old South before I get to it. Age does not endow all things with strength and virture, nor are all new things to be despised. The shoemaker who put over his door "John Smith's shop. Founded in 1760," was more than matched by his young rival across the street who hung out this sign: "Bill Jones. Established 1886. No old stock kept in this shop."

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstances of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager

to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness pervailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." [Laughter and applause.] Or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again." [Renewed applause.] I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire—that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks

and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory. [Applause.]

But in all this what have we accomplished? What is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summary the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hill-top and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-workers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to six per cent., and are floating four per cent bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung our latch-string out to you and yours. [Prolonged cheers.] We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." [Laughter.] We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battle-field in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton-seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valleys of Vermont. [Continuous laughter.] Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel on the field by their swords. [Loud applause.]

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands

than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. [Applause.] In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustrations we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity towards the solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South; none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, your victory was assured; for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail [applause]; while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the sight of advancing civilization. [Renewed applause.] Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended for ever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. [Laughter.]

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man

who honors loyalty and devotion. [Applause.] Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protest against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity. [Applause.]

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he "determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle"—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. [Applause.] Under the old *régime* the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulation and its feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus we gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless. [Applause.]

The Old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation,

fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. [Applause.]

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance on the battle in his Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war. [Loud applause.]

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers, who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—

sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people. [Repeated cheers.]

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? ["No! No!"] Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? ["No No!"] Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? [Tumultuous cheering and shouts of "No! No!"] If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not; if she accepts in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment

> "'Those opposed eyes,
> Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
> March all one way.'"

[Prolonged applause.]

THE RACE PROBLEM

[Speech of Henry W. Grady at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, at Boston, Mass., December 12, 1889. Mr. Grady was introduced by the President of the Association, Jonathan A. Lane, as the spokesman for the South on the subject he was to treat. His speech electrified his hearers, and was the feature of the occasion.]

Mr. President:—Bidden by your invitation to a discussion of the race problem—forbidden by occasion to make a political speech—I appreciate, in trying to reconcile orders with propriety, the perplexity of the little maid, who, bidden to learn to swim, was yet adjured, "Now go, my darling, hang your clothes on a hickory limb and don't go near the water."

The stoutest apostle of the Church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need of unction and address than I, bidden to-night to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston's banquet hall, and to discuss the problem of the races in the home of Phillips and of Sumner. But, Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved; if a consecrating sense of what disaster may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement; if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm—then, sir, I shall find the courage to proceed.

Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet at last to press New England's historic soil and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and her thrift. Here within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill—where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang, Emerson thought and Channing preached—here in the cradle of American letters and almost of American liberty, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure—carved from the ocean and the wilderness—its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winter and of wars—until at last the gloom was broken,

its beauty disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base—while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human government and the perfected model of human liberty! God bless the memory of those immortal workers, and prosper the fortunes of their living sons—and perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork.

Two years ago, sir, I spoke some words in New York that caught the attention of the North. As I stand here to reiterate, as I have done everywhere, every word I then uttered —to declare that the sentiments I then avowed were universally approved in the South—I realize that the confidence begotten by that speech is largely responsible for my presence here to-night. I should dishonor myself if I betrayed that confidence by uttering one insincere word, or by withholding one essential element of the truth. Apropos of this last, let me confess, Mr. President, before the praise of New England has died on my lips, that I believe the best product of her present life is the procession of 17,000 Vermont Democrats that for twenty-two years undiminished by death unrecruited by birth or conversion, have marched over their rugged hills, cast their Democrat ballots and gone back home to pray for their unregenerate neighbors, and awake to read the record of 26,000 Republican majority. May the God of the helpless and the heroic help them, and may their sturdy tribe increase.

Far to the South, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line—once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing shadow—lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests—vast and pri-

meval; and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Of the three essential items of all industries—cotton, iron and wood—that region has easy control. In cotton, a fixed monopoly—in iron, proven supremacy—in timber, the reserve supply of the Republic. From this assured and permanent advantage, against which artificial conditions cannot much longer prevail, has grown an amazing system of industries. Not maintained by human contrivance of tariff or capital, afar off from the fullest and cheapest source of supply, but resting in divine assurance, within touch of field and mine and forest—not set amid costly farms from which competition has driven the farmer in despair, but amid cheap and sunny lands, rich with agriculture, to which neither season nor soil has set a limit—this system of industries is mounting to a splendor that shall dazzle and illumine the world. That, sir, is the picture and the promise of my home—a land better and fairer than I have told you, and yet but fit setting in its material excellence for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship. Against that, sir, we have New England, recruiting the Republic from its sturdy loins, shaking from its overcrowded hives new swarms of workers, and touching this land all over with its energy and its courage. And yet—while in the Eldorado of which I have told you but fifteen per cent. of its lands are cultivated, its mines scarcely touched, and its population so scant that, were it set equidistant, the sound of the human voice could not be heard from Virginia to Texas—while on the threshold of nearly every house in New England stands a son, seeking with troubled eyes, some new land in which to carry his modest patrimony, the strange fact remains that in 1880 the South had fewer northern-born citizens than she had in 1870—fewer in '70 than in '60. Why is this? Why is it, sir, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South, than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slaveholder stood guard every inch of its way?

There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. The key that opens that problem will unlock to the world the fairest half of this Republic, and

free the halted feet of thousands whose eyes are already kindling with its beauty. Better than this, it will open the hearts of brothers for thirty years estranged, and clasp in lasting comradeship a million hands now withheld in doubt. Nothing, sir, but this problem and the suspicions it breeds, hinders a clear understanding and a perfect union. Nothing else stands between us and such love as bound Georgia and Massachusetts at Valley Forge and Yorktown, chastened by the sacrifices of Manassas and Gettysburg, and illumined with the coming of better work and a nobler destiny than was ever wrought with the sword or sought at the cannon's mouth.

If this does not invite your patient hearing to-night—hear one thing more. My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends on its right solution. Nor are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slave-ships of the Republic, sailed from your ports, the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic, nor I the institution. But I do here declare that in its wise and humane administration in lifting the slave to heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home, and giving him a happiness he has not yet found in freedom, our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage. In the storm of war this institution was lost. I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from American soil. But the free man remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal political and civil rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war, the experiment sought by neither but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end.

Never, sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before in this Republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed, because he hindered the way of the American

citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this Republic because he is an alien, and inferior. The red man was owner of the land—the yellow man highly civilized and assimilable —but they hindered both sections, and are gone! But the black man, affecting but one section, is clothed with every privilege of government and pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good at any hazard, and at any cost, his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not that every other race has been routed or excluded without rhyme or reason. It matters not that wherever the whites and the blacks have touched, in any era or in any clime, there has been an irreconcilable violence. It matters not that no two races, however similar, have lived anywhere, at any time, on the same soil with equal rights in peace! In spite of these things we are commanded to make good this change of American policy which has not perhaps changed American prejudice—to make certain here what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks—and to reverse, under the very worst conditions, the universal verdict of racial history. And driven, sir, to this superhuman task with an impatience that brooks no delay—a rigor that accepts no excuse—and a suspicion that discourages frankness and sincerity. We do not shrink from this trial. It is so interwoven with our industrial fabric that we cannot disentangle it if we would—so bound up in our honorable obligation to the world, that we would not if we could. Can we solve it? The God who gave it into our hands, He alone can know. But this the weakest and wisest of us do know; we cannot solve it with less than your tolerant and patient sympathy—with less than the knowledge that the blood that runs in your veins is our blood—and that, when we have done our best, whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel your strong arms about us and hear the beating of your approving hearts!

The resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South —the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history—whose courage and fortitude you tested in five years of the fiercest war—whose energy has made bricks without straw and spread splendor amid the ashes of their war-wasted homes—these men wear this problem in their hearts and brains, by day and by night. They

realize, as you cannot, what this problem means—what they owe to this kindly and dependent race—the measure of their debt to the world in whose despite they defended and maintained slavery. And though their feet are hindered in its undergrowth, and their march cumbered with its burdens, they have lost neither the patience from which comes clearness, nor the faith from which comes courage. Nor, sir, when in passionate moments is disclosed to them that vague and awful shadow, with its lurid abysses and its crimson stains, into which I pray God they may never go, are they struck with more of apprehension than is needed to complete their consecration!

Such is the temper of my people. But what of the problem itself? Mr. President, we need not go one step further unless you concede right here that the people I speak for are as honest, as sensible and just as your people, seeking as earnestly as you would in their place to rightly solve the problem that touches them at every vital point. If you insist that they are ruffians, blindly striving with bludgeon and shotgun to plunder and oppress a race, then I shall sacrifice my self-respect and tax your patience in vain. But admit that they are men of common sense and common honesty, wisely modifying an environment they cannot wholly disregard—guiding and controlling as best they can the vicious and irresponsible of either race—compensating error with frankness, and retrieving in patience what they lose in passion—and conscious all the time that wrong means ruin—admit this, and we may reach an understanding to-night.

The President of the United States, in his late message to Congress, discussing the plea that the South should be left to solve this problem, asks: "Are they at work upon it? What solution do they offer? When will the black man cast a free ballot? When will he have the civil rights that are his?" I shall not here protest against a partisanry that, for the first time in our history, in time of peace, has stamped with the great seal of our government a stigma upon the people of a great and loyal section; though I gratefully remember that the great dead soldier, who held the helm of State for the eight stormiest years of reconstruction, never found need for such a step; and though there is no personal sacrifice I would not make to remove this cruel and unjust imputation on my

people from the archives of my country! But, sir, backed by a record, on every page of which is progress, I venture to make earnest and respectful answer to the questions that are asked. We give to the world this year a crop of 7,500,000 bales of cotton, worth $450,000,000, and its cash equivalent in grain, grasses and fruit. This enormous crop could not have come from the hands of sullen and discontented labor. It comes from peaceful fields, in which laughter and gossip rise above the hum of industry, and contentment runs with the singing plow. It is claimed that this ignorant labor is defrauded of its just hire. I present the tax books of Georgia which show that the negro, twenty-five years ago a slave, has in Georgia alone $10,000,000 of assessed property, worth twice that much. Does not that record honor him and vindicate his neighbors?

What people, penniless, illiterate, has done so well? For every Afro-American agitator, stirring the strife in which alone he prospers, I can show you a thousand negroes, happy in their cabin homes, tilling their own land by day, and at night taking from the lips of their children the helpful message their state sends them from the schoolhouse door. And the schoolhouse itself bears testimony. In Georgia we added last year $250,000 to the school fund, making a total of more than $1,000,000,—and this in the face of prejudice not yet conquered—of the fact that the whites are assessed for $368,000,000, the blacks for $10,000,000, and yet forty-nine per cent. of the beneficiaries are black children; and in doubt of many wise men if education helps, or can help, our problem. Charleston, with her taxable values cut half in two since 1860, pays more in proportion for public schools than Boston. Although it is easier to give much out of much than little out of little the South, with one-seventh of the taxable property of the country, with relatively large debt, having received only one-twelfth as much of public lands, and having back of its tax books none of the $500,000,000 of bonds that enrich the North—and though it pays annually $26,000,000 to your section as pensions—yet gives nearly one-sixth to the public school fund. The South, since 1865, has spent $122,000,000 in education, and this year is pledged to $32,000,000 more for State and city schools, although the blacks paying one-thirtieth of the taxes, get nearly one-half of the fund. Go into our fields and

see whites and blacks working side by side. On our buildings in the same squad. In our shops at the same forge. Often the blacks crowd the whites from work, or lower wages by their greater need and simpler habits, and yet are permitted, because we want to bar them from no avenue in which their feet are fitted to tread. They could not there be elected orators of white universities, as they have been here, but they do enter there a hundred useful trades that are closed against them here. We hold it better and wiser to tend the weeds in the garden than to water the exotic in the window.

In the South there are negro lawyers, teachers, editors, dentists, doctors, preachers, multiplying with the increasing ability of their race to support them. In villages and towns they have their military companies equipped from the armories of the State, their churches and societies built and supported largely by their neighbors. What is the testimony of the courts? In penal legislation we have steadily reduced felonies to misdemeanors, and have led the world in mitigating punishment for crime, that we might save, as far as possible, this dependent race from its own weakness. In our penitentiary record sixty per cent. of the prosecutors are negroes, and in every court the negro criminal strikes the colored juror, that white men may try his case.

In the North, one negro in every 185 is in jail—in the South only one in 446. In the North the percentage of negro prisoners is six times as great as that of native whites, in the South, only four times as great. If prejudice wrongs him in Southern courts, the record shows it to be deeper in Northern courts. I assert here, and a bar as intelligent and upright as the bar of Massachusetts will solemnly indorse my assertion, that in the Southern courts, from highest to lowest, pleading for life, liberty or property, the negro has distinct advantage because he is a negro, apt to be overreached, oppressed—and that this advantage reaches from the juror in making his verdict to the judge in measuring his sentence.

Now, Mr. President, can it be seriously maintained that we are terrorizing the people from whose willing hands comes every year $1,000,000,000 of farm crops? Or have robbed a people who, twenty-five years from unrewarded slavery, have

amassed in one State $20,000,000 of property? Or that we intend to oppress the people we are arming every day? Or deceive them, when we are educating them to the utmost limit of our ability? Or outlaw them when we work side by side with them? Or re-enslave them under legal forms, when for their benefit we have even imprudently narrowed the limit of felonies and mitigated the severity of law? My fellow-countrymen, as you yourselves may sometimes have to appeal at the bar of human judgment for justice and for right, give to my people to-night the fair and unanswerable conclusion of these incontestable facts.

But it is claimed that under this fair seeming there is disorder and violence. This, I admit. And there will be until there is one ideal community on earth after which we may pattern. But how widely is it misjudged. It is hard to measure with exactness whatever touches the negro. His helplessness, his isolation, his century of servitude, these dispose us to emphasize and magnify his wrongs. This disposition inflamed by prejudice and partisanry has led to injustice and delusion. Lawless men may ravage a county in Iowa and it is accepted as an incident—in the South a drunken row is declared to be the fixed habit of the community. Regulators may whip vagabonds in Indiana by platoons and it scarcely arrests attention—a chance collision in the South among relatively the same classes is gravely accepted as evidence that one race is destroying the other. We might as well claim that the Union was ungrateful to the colored soldiers who followed its flag because a Grand Army post in Connecticut closed its doors to a negro veteran as for you to give racial significance to every incident in the South, or to accept exceptional grounds as the rule of our society. I am not one of those who becloud American honor with the parade of the outrages of either section, and belie American character by declaring them to be significant and representative. I prefer to maintain that they are neither, and stand for nothing but the passion and sin of our poor fallen humanity. If society, like a machine, were no stronger than its weakest part, I should despair of both sections. But, knowing that society, sentient and responsible in every fiber, can mend and repair until the whole has the strength of the best, I despair of neither. These

gentlemen who come with me here, knit into Georgia's busy life as they are, never saw, I dare assert, an outrage committed on a negro. And if they did not one of you would be swifter to prevent or punish. It is through them, and the men who think with them—making nine-tenths of every southern community—that these two races have been carried thus far with less of violence than would have been possible anywhere else on earth. And in their fairness and courage and steadfastness —more than in all the laws that can be passed, or all the bayonets that can be mustered—is the hope of our future.

When will the blacks cast a free ballot? When ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent. When the laborer anywhere casts a vote unhindered by his boss. When the vote of the poor anywhere is not influenced by the power of the rich. When the strong and the steadfast do not everywhere control the suffrage of the weak and shiftless—then, and not till then, will the ballot of the negro be free. The white people of the South are banded, Mr. President, not in prejudice against the blacks—not in sectional estrangement—not in the hope of political dominion—but in a deep and abiding necessity. Here is this vast ignorant and purchasable vote—clannish, credulous, impulsive and passionate—tempting every art of the demagogue, but insensible to the appeal of the statesman. Wrongly started, in that it was led into alienation from its neighbor and taught to rely on the protection of an outside force, it cannot be merged and lost in the two great parties through logical currents, for it lacks political conviction and even that information on which conviction must be based. It must remain a faction—strong enough in every community to control on the slightest division of the whites. Under that division it becomes the prey of the cunning and unscrupulous of both parties. Its credulity is imposed upon, its patience inflamed, its cupidity tempted, its impulses misdirected—and even its superstition made to play its part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot-box debauched. It is against such campaigns as this —the folly and the bitterness and the danger of which every southern community has drunk deeply—that the white people of the South are banded together. Just as you in Massachusetts would be banded if 300,000 men, not one in a hundred able to

read his ballot—banded in race instinct holding against you the memory of a century of slavery, taught by your late conquerors to distrust and oppose you, had already travestied legislation. from your State House, and in every species of folly or villainy had wasted your substance and exhausted your credit.

But admitting the right of the whites to unite against this tremendous menace, we are challenged with the smallness of our vote. This has long been flippantly charged to be evidence and has now been solemnly and officially declared to be proof of political turpitude and baseness on our part. Let us see. Virginia—a State now under fierce assault for this alleged crime —cast in 1888 seventy-five per cent. of her vote, Massachusetts, the State in which I speak, sixty per cent. of her vote. Was it suppression in Virginia and natural causes in Massachusetts? Last month Virginia cast sixty-nine per cent. of her vote, and Massachusetts, fighting in every district, cast only forty-nine per cent. of hers. If Virginia is condemned because thirty-one per cent. of her vote was silent, how shall this State escape in which fifty-one per cent. was dumb? Let us enlarge this comparison. The sixteen Southern States in '88 cast sixty-seven per cent. of their total vote—the six New England States but sixty-three per cent. of theirs. By what fair rule shall the stigma be put upon one section, while the other escapes? A congressional election in New York last week, with the polling place in touch of every voter, brought out only 6,000 votes of 28,000—and the lack of opposition is assigned as the natural cause. In a district in my State, in which an opposition speech has not been heard in ten years and the polling places are miles apart—under the unfair reasoning of which my section has been a constant victim—the small vote is charged to be proof of forcible suppression. In Virginia an average majority of 12,000 under hopeless division of the minority, was raised to 42,000; in Iowa, in the same election, a majority of 32,000 was wiped out and an opposition majority of 8,000 was established. The change of 40,000 votes in Iowa is accepted as political revolution—in Virginia an increase of 30,000 on a safe majority is declared to be proof of political fraud.

It is deplorable, sir, that in both sections a larger percentage of the vote is not regularly cast. But more inexplicable that this should be so in New England, than in the South. What

invites the negro to the ballot-box? He knows that of all men it has promised him most and yielded him least. His first appeal to suffrage was the promise of "forty acres and a mule." His second, the threat that Democratic success meant his re-enslavement. Both have been proved false in his experience. He looked for a home, and he got the Freedman's Bank. He fought under promise of the loaf, and in victory was denied the crumbs. Discouraged and deceived, he has realized at last that his best friends are his neighbors with whom his lot is cast, and whose prosperity is bound up in his—and that he has gained nothing in politics to compensate the loss of their confidence and sympathy, that is at last his best and enduring hope. And so, without leaders or organization—and lacking the resolute heroism of my party friends in Vermont that make their hopeless march over the hills a high and inspiring pilgrimage—he shrewdly measures the occasional agitator, balances his little account with politics, touches up his mule, and jogs down the furrow letting the mad world wag as it will!

The negro vote can never control the South, and it would be well if partisans at the North would understand this. I have seen the white people of a State set about by black hosts until their fate seemed sealed. But, sir, some brave man, banding them together, would rise, as Elisha rose in beleaguered Samaria, and, touching their eyes with faith, bid them look abroad to see the very air "filled with the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." If there is any human force that cannot be withstood, it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against it, numbers and corruption cannot prevail. It cannot be forbidden in the law, or divorced in force. It is the inalienable right of every free community—the just and righteous safeguard against an ignorant or corrupt suffrage. It is on this, sir, that we rely in the South. Not the cowardly menace of mask or shot-gun, but the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and unified for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberty. That, sir, is our reliance and our hope, and against it all the powers of earth shall not prevail. It was just as certain that Virginia would come back to the unchallenged control of her white race—that before the moral and material power of her people once more unified,

opposition would crumble until its last desperate leader was left alone, vainly striving to rally his disordered hosts—as that night should fade in the kindling glory of the sun. You may pass force bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liberties to federal election law, you may submit, in fear of a necessity that does not exist, that the very form of this government may be changed, you may invite federal interference with the New England town meeting that has been for a hundrd years the guaranty of local government in America —this old State which holds in its charter the boast that it "is a free and independent commonwealth"—it may deliver its election machinery into the hands of the government it helped to create—but never, sir, will a single State of this Union, North or South, be delivered again to the control of an ignorant and inferior race. We wrested our State governments from negro supremacy when the Federal drumbeat rolled closer to the ballot-box, and Federal bayonets hedged it deeper about than will ever again be permitted in this free government. But, sir, though the cannon of this Republic thundered in every voting district of the South, we still should find in the mercy of God the means and the courage to prevent its re-establishment.

I regret, sir that my section, hindered with this problem, stands in seeming estrangement to the North. If, sir, any man will point out to me a path down which the white people of the South, divided, may walk in peace and honor, I will take that path though I take it alone—for at its end, and nowhere else, I fear, is to be found the full prosperity of my section and the full restoration of this Union. But, sir, if the negro had not been enfranchised, the South would have been divided and the republic united. His enfranchisement—against which I enter no protest—holds the South united and compact. What solution, then, can we offer for the problem? Time alone can disclose it to us. We simply report progress, and ask your patience. If the problem be solved at all—and I firmly believe it will, though nowhere else has it been—it will be solved by the people most deeply bound in interest, most deeply pledged in honor to its solution. I had rather see my people render back this question rightly solved than to see them gather all the spoils over which faction has contended since Catiline conspired

and Cæsar fought. Meantime we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fullness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship that he may no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous and the sport of the thoughtless. We open to him every pursuit in which he can prosper, and seek to broaden his training and capacity. We seek to hold his confidence and friendship—and to pin him to the soil with ownership, that he may catch in the fire of his own hearthstone that sense of responsibility the shiftless can never know. And we gather him into that alliance of intelligence and responsibility, that, though it now runs close to racial lines welcomes the responsible and intelligent of any race. By this course, confirmed in our judgment, and justified in the progress already made, we hope to progress slowly but surely to the end.

The love we feel for that race, you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy, from her home up there, looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling to sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home with its lofty pillars and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands—now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man—as they lay a mother's blessing there, while at her knees—the truest altar I yet have found—I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin, or guard at her chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of hurtling death—bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him

by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him, when the mold is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying, "Follow him! put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both —I follow! And may God forget my people—when they forget these!

Whatever the future may hold for them, whether they plod along in the servitude from which they have never been lifted since the Cyrenian was laid hold upon by the Roman soldiers, and made to bear the cross of the fainting Christ—whether they find homes again in Africa, and thus hasten the prophecy of the psalmist who said: "And suddenly Ethiopia shall hold out her hands unto God"—whether for ever dislocated and separate, they remain a weak people, beset by stronger, and exist, as the Turk, who lives in the jealousy rather than in the conscience of Europe—or whether in this miraculous Republic they break through the caste of twenty centuries, and, belying universal history, reach the full stature of citizenship, and in peace maintain it—we shall give them uttermost justice and abiding friendship. And whatever we do, into whatever seeming estrangement we may be driven, nothing shall disturb the love we bear this Republic, or mitigate our consecration to its service. I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes, and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to this government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal

to hatred and vengeance, but everywhere to loyalty and to love. Witness the veteran standing at the base of a Confederate monument, above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind adjuring the young men about him to serve as earnest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message, delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always equal to human aspiration, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve!

Such, Mr. President, is this problem as we see it, such is the temper in which we approach it, such the progress made. What do we ask of you? First, patience; out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence; in this alone can you judge fairly. Third, sympathy; in this you can help us best. Fourth, give us your sons as hostages. When you plant your capital in millions, send your sons that they may know how true are our hearts and may help to swell the Caucasion current until it can carry without danger this black infusion. Fifth, loyalty to the Republic—for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to the section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts —that knows no South, no North, no East, no West, but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us to-night to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans—and we stand for human liberty! The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil—these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression—this is our mission! And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of His millennial harvest, and He will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until His full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way—aye, even from the hour when, from the voiceless

and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day—when the old world will come to marvel and to learn amid our gathered treasures—let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a Republic, compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—loving from the lakes to the gulf—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill, serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory, blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time! [Great applause.]

SARAH GRAND

MERE MAN

[Speech of Sarah Grand [Mrs. M'Fall] at the annual ladies' banquet of the Whitefriars Club, London, May 4, 1900. Max O'Rell [Paul Blouet] acted as chairman. L. F. Austin, who spoke earlier than Madame Grand, said, turning to Max O'Rell: "It used to be said of certain politicians by way of odium that they mumbled the dry bones of political economy; but you, sir, who sit trembling in that chair [laughter] you are trying not to look it, but you are trembling with apprehension of the delicately anointed barb with which Madame Sarah Grand will presently transfix you [laughter]; you must feel that we shall not very long be permitted even to mumble the barren epigrams of a vanished ascendancy."]

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I have the honor to propose the toast of "Mere Man" [laughter], but why "Mere Man," I want to know? After all that has been said this evening so truthfully on the subject of "Sovran Woman," it is impossible for me to use such an epithet without feeling myself in an invidious position, in the position of the dog that bites the hand which has just caressed it—or rather I should feel myself in that position if I were in any way responsible for the use of the ungracious word. I beg most emphatically to state that I am not in any way responsible for it. I decline to be identified with such an expression: I decline to be accused of calling man any names [laughter], any names that I have not already called him. [Laughter.] I do not decline out of consideration for mere man altogether, but in self-defense. To use such an expression deprives me of any dignity which I might myself derive from the dignity of my subject. Besides, the words in my mouth, were I to be identified with them, would be used against me as a bomb by a whole section of the press, to blow me up. [Laughter.] I object to be blown up for nothing by a whole section of the press. [Laughter.] That is the sort of thing that ruffles my equanimity. My comfort is that no one can accuse me of having originated

such an expression, because it is well known no woman ever originated anything. [Laughter.] I assure you I have seen it so stated in print; and in one article I read on the subject the perturbation of the writer, lest there should be any mistake about it, so agitated his grammar that it was impossible to parse it. I should like to know who was responsible in the first place for the expression which has been imposed upon me. It seems to me there is strong presumptive evidence that it was by man himself that man was dubbed mere man. If the lords of creation choose to masquerade sometimes as mere man by all means let them.

The saying is, "In small things, liberty; in great things, unity; in all things, charity," but when you meet a man who describes himself as a mere man, you would always do well to ask what he wants, because, since man first swung himself from his bough in the forest primeval and stood upright on two legs he has never assumed that position for nothing. [Laughter.] My own private opinion, which I confide to you knowing it will go no further, is that he assumes that tone, as a rule to draw sovran woman. [Laughter.] Mere man is a paradoxical creature—it is not always possible to distinguish between his sober earnest and his leg-pulling exercises. [Laughter.] One has to be on one's guard, and woe be to the woman who in these days displays that absence of the sense of humor which is such a prominent characteristic of our comic papers. [Laughter.] I do not mean to say for a moment that man assumes his "mere man" tone for unpleasant purposes. On the contrary, he assumes it for party purposes as a rule—for dinner party purposes. [Laughter.] When man is in his mere man mood sovran woman would do well to ask for anything that she wants—for it is then that he holds the scepter out to her. [Laughter.] Unfortunately, the mood does not last; if it did he would have given us the suffrage ages ago. Sovran woman is the Uitlander of civilization—and man is her Boer. [Laughter.] It seems to me that sovran woman is very much in the position of Queen Esther, she has her crown, and her kingdom, and her royal robes, but she is liable to have her head snapped off at any moment. [Laughter.] On the other hand, there are hundreds of men who have their heads snapped off every day.

[Laughter.] Mere man has his faults, no doubt, but sovran woman also can be a rasping sort of creature, especially if she does not cultivate sympathy with cigarettes as she gets older. [Laughter.] Let us be fair to mere man. Mere man has always treated me with exemplary fairness, and I certainly have never maintained that the blockhead majority is entirely composed of men; neither have I ever insinuated that it is man that makes all the misery.

Personally, and speaking as a woman whose guiding principle through life has been never to do anything for herself that she can get a nice man to do for her [laughter], a principle which I have found entirely successful, and which I strongly recommend to every other woman—personally I have always found mere man an excellent comrade. [Applause.] He has stood by me loyally, and held out an honest hand to me, and lent me his strength when mine was failing, and helped me gallantly over many an awkward bit of the way, and that, too, at times when sovran woman, whom I had so respected and admired and championed, had nothing for me but bonnet-pins. [Laughter.] It does upset one's ideas and unsettle one's principles when sovran woman has nothing for one but bonnet-pins. [Laughter.] The sharp points of those pins have made me a little doubtful about sovran woman at times—a little apt to suspect that in private life her name is Mrs. Harris [laughter], but I must be careful about what I say in this connection lest it should be supposed that I have been perverted.

In the great republic of letters to which I have the honor to belong—in the distinguished position of the letter "Z"—my experience is that woman suffers no indignity at the hands of man on account of her sex. That is the sort of experience which creates a prejudice. It is apt to color the whole of one's subsequent opinions. It gives one a sort of idea that there are men in the world who would stand by a woman on occasion, and I must confess that I began life with a very strong prejudice of that kind. For a woman to have had a good father is to have been born an heiress. If you had asked me as a child who ran to help me when I fell, I should have answered, "My daddy." When a woman begins life with a prejudice of this kind she never gets over it. The prejudice of a man for his mother is feeble in comparison with the prejudice of a

woman for her father, when she has had a man for her father and not one of what Shelley called, those—

"Things whose trade is over ladies
To lean and flirt and stare and simper,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper."

Whatever that woman has to suffer she never loses her faith in man. Remembering what her father was, she always believes there are good men and true in the world somewhere. The recollection of her father becomes a buffer between that woman and the shocks and jars of her after life; because of him, there is nothing distorted in her point of view, and she remains sane. It rather spoils a woman in some ways to have a good husband as well as a good father because then she is so sure that

"God's in His heaven,
All's well with the world,"

that she becomes utterly selfish, and cares for nothing that is outside her own little circle. But the thing to guard against is loss of faith. Men and women who have lost faith in each other never rise above the world again—one wing is broken and they cannot soar. It has been said that the best way to manage man is to feed the brute [laughter], but sovran woman never made that discovery for herself—I believe it was man in his mere man mood who first confided the secret to some young wife in distress—somebody else's young wife. [Laughter.] Feed him and flatter him. Why not? Is there anything more delightful in this world than to be flattered and fed? Let us do as we would be done by. It seems to me sometimes that it is impossible in reviewing our social relations ever to be wholly in earnest. One's opinions do wobble so. [Laughter.] If one would earn a reputation for consistency one must be like that great judge who declined to hear more than one side of the case because he found that hearing the other side only confused him. [Laughter.]

The thing about mere man which impresses me most, which fills me with the greatest respect, is not his courage in the face of death, but the courage with which he faces life. The way

in which we face death is not necessarily more heroic than the way in which we face life. The probability is that you never think less about yourself than you do at the moment when you and eternity are face to face. When you are sick unto death you are too sick to care whether you live or die. In some great convulsion of nature, a great typhoon, for instance, when the wind in its fury lashes the walls of the house till they writhe, and there are the shrieks of people in dire distress, and fire, and the crash of giant waves, and all that makes for horror, the shock of these brute irresponsible forces of nature is too tremendous for fear to obtrude. Thought is suspended—you are in an ecstasy of awful emotion, emotion made perfect by the very strength of it.

But when it comes to facing life day after day, and day after day, as so many men have to face it, the workingmen, in all classes of society, upon whom the home depends, men whose days are only too often a weary effort, and whose nights are an ache of anxiety lest the strength should give out which means bread, when one thinks of the lives these men live, and the way in which they live them, the brave, uncomplaining way in which they fight to the death for those dear to them, when one considers mere man from this point of view, one is moved to enthusiasm, and one is fain to confess that "sovran woman" on a pedestal is a poor sort of creature compared with this kind of mere man in that so often she not only fails to help and cheer him in his heroic efforts, but to appreciate that he is making any effort at all. I positively refuse to subscribe to the assertion, "How poor a thing is man!" [Laughter.] It takes more genius to be a man than manhood to be a genius. [Applause.] As to the differences between men and women, I believe that when finally their accounts have been properly balanced it will be found that it has been a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, both in the matter of sovereignty and of mereness [laughter], and, therefore, without prejudice, I propose that the sixes to which I belong shall rise and cordially drink to the health of the other half dozens, our kind and generous hosts of to-night. [Applause.]

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

A REMARKABLE CLIMATE

[Speech of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant at the seventy-fifth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1880. The President, James C. Carter, in introducing General Grant, said: "Gentlemen, it is our good fortune to have with us to-night as a guest an illustrious fellow citizen, who in a great and fortunate career has been enabled to render signal service to his country and to achieve a just renown for himself. [Applause.] Long may he live! But however long, he cannot outlive the regard or the affection of the sons of New England. I give you, gentlemen, 'The Health of General Grant.'" The announcement of the toast was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers, the company standing.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society of the City of New York:—I suppose on an occasion of this sort you will expect me to say something about this Society and the people of New England and the pilgrims who first landed on Plymouth Rock. It was my fortune last night to attend a banquet of this sort in the principal city on New York harbor. [Applause and laughter.] I did not know until I went there [Brooklyn] that it was the principal city [laughter]—the principal city of the harbor of New York, a city whose overflow has settled up Manhattan Island, which has built up fine houses, business streets, and shown many evidences of prosperity for a suburb, with a waste of people flowing across the North River that forms a third if not one-half the population of a neighboring state. [Applause.] As I say, it was my good fortune to attend a banquet of this sort of the parent society [laughter], and to which all the societies known, even including the one which is now celebrating its first anniversary in Las Vegas, New Mexico, owe their origin. [Laughter.] I made a few remarks there, in which I tried to say what I thought were the characteristics of the people who have descended from the Pilgrims. I thought they were a

people of great frugality, great personal courage, great industry, and possessed within themselves of qualities which built up this New England population which has spread out over so much of this land and given so much character, prosperity, and success to us as a people and a nation. [Applause.] I retain yet some of the views I then expressed [peals of laughter], and should have remained convinced that my judgment was entirely right if it were not that some speakers came after me who have a better title to speak for the people of New England than myself, and who dispelled some of those views. [Renewed laughter.]

It is too many generations back for me to claim to be a New Englander. Those gentlemen who spoke are themselves New Englanders who have, since their manhood, emigrated to this great city that I speak of. They informed me that there was nothing at all in the Pilgrim fathers to give them the distinguishing characteristics which we attribute to them [laughter], and that it was all entirely dependent upon the poverty of the soil and the inclemency of the climate where they landed. [Shouts of laughter.] They fell upon an ungenial climate, where there were nine months of winter and three months of cold weather [laughter], and that had called out the best energies of the men and of the women, too, to get a mere subsistence out of the soil, with such a climate. In their efforts to do that they cultivated industry and frugality at the same time, which is the real foundation of the greatness of the Pilgrims. [Laughter.] It was even suggested by some that if they had fallen upon a more genial climate and more fertile soil, they would have been there yet, in poverty and without industry. [Laughter.] I shall continue to believe better of them myself, and I believe the Rev. Dr. Storrs, who spoke here, will agree with me that my first judgment of them was probably nearly correct.

However, all jesting aside, we are proud in my section of the country of the New Englanders and of their descendants. We hope to see them spread over all this land, and carry with them the principles inculcated in their own sterile soil from which they sprang. [Applause.] We want to see them take their independence of character, their self-reliance, their free schools, their learning, and their industry, and we want to

see them prosper and teach others among whom they settle how to be prosperous. [Applause.] I am very much obliged to the gentlemen of the infant New England Society [laughter] for the reception which they have accorded to me and the other guests of this evening. I shall remember it with great pleasure, and hope that some day you will invite me again. [Long-continued applause.]

THE ADOPTED CITIZEN

[Speech of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant at the 115th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, May 8, 1883. George W. Lane, President of the Chamber of Commerce, presided, and announced as the first regular toast: "The United States—the great modern Republic—the home of a new cosmopolitan race; may those who seek the blessings of its free institutions and the protection of its flag remember the obligations they impose." The orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and General Grant, who was called upon to respond to this toast, was received with great enthusiasm.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND GUESTS:—I am very much obliged to your President for calling upon me first, because the agony will soon be over and I shall enjoy the misery of the rest of you. [Laughter.]

The first part of this toast—The United States—would be a voluminous one to respond to on a single occasion. Bancroft commenced to publish his notes on the History of the United States, starting even before President Lane established this Chamber, which I think was something over one hundred years ago. [Laughter.] Bancroft, I say, commenced earlier, and I am not prepared to dispute his word if he should say that he had kept an accurate journal from the time he commenced to write about the country to the present, because there has been no period of time when I have been alive that I have not heard of Bancroft, and I should be equally credulous if President Lane should tell me that he was here at the founding of this Institution. [Laughter.] But instead of bring-

ing those volumes of Bancroft's here, and reading them to you on this occasion, I will let the reporters publish them as the prelude to what I am going to say. [Laughter.]

I think Bancroft has finished up to a little after the time that President Lane established this Chamber of Commerce, and I will let you take the records of what he [Lane] has written and what he has said in their monthly meetings and publish them as the second chapter of my speech. And, gentlemen, those two chapters you will find the longest; they will not amount to much more than what I have to say taking up the subject at the present time. [Laughter.]

But in speaking of the United States, we who are native-born have a country of which we may well be proud. Those of us who have been abroad are better able, perhaps, to make the comparison of our enjoyments and our comforts than those who have always stayed at home. [Applause.] It has been the fortune, I presume, of the majority here to compare the life and the circumstances of the average people abroad with ours here. We have here a country that affords room for all and room for every enterprise. We have institutions which encourage every man who has industry and ability to rise from the position in which he may find himself to any position in the land. [Applause.] It is hardly worth my while to dwell upon the subject, but there is one point which I notice in the toast, that I would like to say a word about—"May those who seek the blessings of its free institutions and the protection of its flag remember the obligations they impose." I think there is a text that my friend Mr. Beecher,[1] on the left, or my friend Dr. Newman,[2] on the right, might well preach a long sermon upon. I shall say only a few words.

We offer an asylum to every man of foreign birth who chooses to come here and settle upon our soil; we make of him, after a few years' residence only, a citizen endowed with all the rights that any of us have, except perhaps the single one of of being elected to the Presidency of the United States. There is no other privilege that a native, no matter what he has done for the country, has that the adopted citizen of five years' standing has not got. [Applause.] I contend that that

[1] Henry Ward Beecher. [2] John P. Newman.

places upon him an obligation which, I am sorry to say, many of them do not seem to feel. [Applause.]

We have witnessed on many occasions here the foreign, the adopted, citizen claiming many rights and privileges because he was an adopted citizen. That is all wrong. Let him come here and enjoy all the privileges that we enjoy, but let him fulfill all the obligations that we are expected to fulfill. [Loud applause.] After he has adopted it, let this be his country—a country that he will fight for, and die for, if necessary. I am glad to say that the great majority of them do it, but some of them who mingle in politics seem to bank largely on the fact that they are adopted citizens; and that class I am opposed to as much as I am opposed to many other things that I see are popular now. [Applause.]

I know that other speakers will come forward, and when Mr. Beecher and Dr. Newman speak, I hope they will say a few words on the text which I read. [Applause.]

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

THE MISSION OF CULTURE

[Speech of Edward Everett Hale, D. D., at the seventy-first annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1876. The President, William Borden, gave the fifth regular toast, to which Dr. Hale responded, as follows: "New England Culture—the open secret of her greatness."

"Yet on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.
The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free strong minds and hearts of health
And, more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—You seem to have a very frank way of talking about each other among yourselves here. I observe that I am the first stranger who has crossed the river which, I recollect Edward Winslow says, divides the Continent of New England from the Continent of America [laughter], and, as a stranger, it is my pleasure and duty at once to express the thanks and congratulations of the invited guest here for the distinguished care which has been taken on this occasion outdoors to make us feel entirely at home. [Laughter.] As I came down in the snow-storm, I could not help feeling that Elder Brewster, and William Bradford, and Carver, and Winslow could not have done better than this in Plymouth; and indeed, as I ate my pork and beans just now, I felt that the Gospel of New England is extending beyond the Connecticut to other nations, and that what is good to eat and drink in Boston is good to eat and drink even here on this benighted point at Delmonico's. [Laughter.]

When you talk to us about "culture," that is rather a dangerous word. I am always a little afraid of the word "culture."

I recollect the very brightest squib that I read in the late election campaign—and as the President says, gentlemen, I am going to respect the proprieties of the occasion. It was sent to one of the journals from the Western Reserve; and the writer, who, if I have rightly guessed his name, is one of the most brilliant of our younger poets, was descanting on the Chinook vocabulary, in which a Chinook calls an Englishman a Chinchog to this day, in memory of King George. And this writer says that when they have a young chief whose war-paint is very perfect, whose blanket is thoroughly embroidered, whose leggins are tied up with exactly the right colors, and who has the right kind of star upon his forehead and cheeks, but who never took a scalp, never fired an arrow, and never smelled powder, but was always found at home in the lodges whenever there was anything that scented of war—he says the Chinooks called that man by the name of "Boston Cultus." [Applause and laughter.] Well, now, gentlemen, what are you laughing at? Why do you laugh? Some of you had Boston fathers, and more of you had Boston mothers. Why do you laugh? Ah! you have seen these people, as I have seen them, as everybody has seen them—people who sat in Parker's and discussed every movement of the campaign in the late war, and told us that it was all wrong, that we were going to the bad, but who never shouldered a musket. They are people who tell us that the emigration, that the Pope of Rome, or the German element, or the Irish element, is going to play the dogs with our social system, and yet they never met an emigrant on the wharf or had a word of comfort to say to a foreigner. We have those people in Boston. You may not have them in New York, and I am very glad if you have not; but if you are so fortunate, it is the only place on God's earth where I have not found such people. [Laughter and applause.] But there is another kind of culture which began even before there was any Boston—for there was such a day as that. [Laughter.] There were ten years in the history of this world, ten long years, too, before Boston existed, and those are the years between Plymouth Rock and the day when some unfortunate men, not able to get to Plymouth Rock, stopped and founded that city. [Laughter.] This earlier culture is a culture not of the schoolhouse, or of

the tract, but a culture as well of the church, of history, of the town-meeting, as John Adams says; that nobler culture to which my friend on the right has alluded when he says that it is born of the Spirit of God—the culture which has made New England, which is born of God, and which it is our mission to carry over the world. [Applause.]

In the very heart of that culture—representing it, as I think, in a very striking way, half-way back to the day we celebrate—Ezra Styles, one of the old Connecticut men, published a semi-centennial address. It seems strange that they should have centennials then, but they had. He published a semi-centennial address in the middle of the last century, on the condition of New England, and the prospects before her. He prophesied what New England was to be in the year 1852. He calculated the population descending from the twenty thousand men who emigrated in the beginning, and he calculated it with great accuracy. He said, "There will be seven million men, women, and children, descended from the men who came over with Winslow and with Winthrop," and it proved that he was perfectly right. He went on to sketch the future of New England when these seven million should crowd her hillsides, her valleys, her farms, and her shops all over the four States of New England. For it didn't occur to him, as he looked forward, that one man of them all would ever go west of Connecticut, or west of Massachusetts. [Applause.] He cast his horoscope for a population of seven million people living in the old New England States, in the midst of this century. He did not read, as my friend here does, the missionary spirit of New England. He did not know that they would be willing to go across the arm of the ocean which separated the Continent of New England from the Continent of America. [Laughter.] All the same, gentlemen, seven million people are somewhere, and they have not forgotten the true lessons which make New England what she is. They tell me there are more men of New England descent in San Francisco than in Boston to-day. All those carried with them their mothers' lessons, and they mean their mothers' lessons shall bear fruit away out in Oregon, in California, in South Carolina, in Louisiana. [Applause.] They have those mothers' lessons to teach them to do something of

what we are trying to do at home in this matter. [Applause.] We have been so fortunate in New England in this Centennial year that we are able to dedicate a noble monument of the past to the eternal memory of the Pilgrim principle. We have been so fortunate that we are able to consecrate the old South Meeting-House in Boston to the cause of fostering this Pilgrim principle [applause], that it may be from this time forward a monument, not of one branch of the Christian religion, not of one sect or another, but of that universal religion, that universal patriotism, which has made America, and which shall maintain America. [Applause.] For myself, I count it providential that in this Centennial year of years this venerable monument, that monument whose bricks and rafters are all eloquent of religion and liberty, that that monument has passed from the possession of one sect and one State to belong to the whole nation, to be consecrated to American liberty, and to nothing but American liberty. [Applause.] I need not say—for it is taken for granted when such things are spoken of—that when it was necessary for New England to act at once for the security of this great monument, we had the active aid and hearty assistance of the people of New York, who came to us and helped us and carried that thing right through. [Applause.] I am surrounded here with the people who had to do with the preservation of that great monument for the benefit of the history of this country for ever.

Let me say, in one word, what purposes it is proposed this great monument shall serve, for I think they are entirely in line with what we are to consider to-night. We propose to establish here what I might fairly call a university for the study of the true history of this country. And we propose, in the first place, to make that monument of the past a great Santa Croce, containing the statues and portraits of the men who have made this country what it is. Then we propose to establish an institute for the people of America from Maine to San Francisco, the people of every nationality and every name; and we hope that such societies as this, and all others interested in the progress and preservation of the interest of our country, will aid us in the work. [Applause.] For we believe that the great necessity of this hour is that higher education in which this people shall know God's work with man.

We hope that the Forefathers' societies, the Sam Adams clubs, the Centennial clubs over the land, shall make the States more proud of its fathers, and more sure of the lessons which they lived. We mean by the spoken voice and by the most popular printed word, circulated everywhere, to instil into this land that old lesson of New England culture. We stand by the side of those of you who believe in compulsory education. We desire, in looking to the future, that the determination shall be made here by us, as it has been in England, that every child born on American soil shall learn to read and write. [Applause.]

But there is a great deal more to be taught than that. There is a great deal which the common school does not teach and cannot teach, when it teaches men to read. We not only want to teach them to read, but we want to teach them what is worth reading. And we want to instil the principles by which the nation lives. We have got to create in those who came from the other side of the water the same loyalty to the whole of American Principles that each man feels to his native country.

What is this Constitution for which we have been fighting, and which must be preserved? It is a most delicate mutual adjustment of the powers and rights of a nation, among and because of the powers and rights of thirty or forty States. It exists because they exist. That it may stand, you need all their mutual rivalries, you need every sentiment of local pride, you need every symbol and laurel of their old victories and honors. You need just this homestead feeling which to-night we are cherishing.

But that balance is lost, that whole system is thrown out of gear, if the seven million people of foreign parentage here are indifferent to the record of New York as they are to that of Illinois, to that of Illinois as to that of Lousiana, to that of Louisiana as to that of Maine; if they have no local pride; if to them the names of Montgomery, of John Hancock, of Samuel Adams, have no meaning, no association with the past. [Applause.] Unless they also acquire this local feeling, unless they share the pride and reverence of the native American for the State in which he is born, for the history which is his glory, all these delicate balances and combina-

tions are worthless, all your revolving planets fall into your sun! It is the national education in the patriotism of the Fathers, an education addressing itself to every man, woman, and child from Katahdin to the Golden Gate—it is this, and only this, which will insure the perpetuity of your republic. [Applause.]

Now, gentlemen, if you would like to try an experiment in this matter, go into one of your public schools, next week, and ask what Saratoga was, and you will be told it is a great watering-place where people go to spend money. You will find there is not one in ten who will be able to tell you that there the Hessian was crushed, and foreign bayonets forever driven from the soil of New York. [Applause.] Ask about Brandywine, the place where Lafayette shed his young blood, where a little handful of American troops were defeated, yet, although they were defeated, broke the force of the English army for one critical year. Put the word Brandywine in one of your public schools, and you will see that the pupils laugh at the funny conjunction of the words "brandy" and "wine," but they can tell you nothing about the history which made the name famous. It seems to me it is dangerous to have your children growing up in such ignorance of the past. [Applause.] How much did they know here about the day when, a short time since, you celebrated the battle of Haarlem Heights, where the British were shown that to land on American soil was not everything? Is it quite safe for your children to grow up in ignorance of your past, while you are looking down upon the century of the future? The great institution we are hoping for in the future is to carry this New England culture above the mere mathematics of life, and to incorporate into all education that nobler culture which made the men who made the Revolution, which made the men who have sustained this country. [Applause.] We shall ask for the solid assistance of all the Forefathers' stock in the country to carry out this great work of national education, and I am quite sure, from what I have seen here to-night, that we shall not ask in vain. [Applause.]

I ought to apologize for speaking so long. I am conscious of the fact that I am a fraud, and I am nothing but a fraud. [Laughter.] The truth is, gentlemen (I say this as I am

sitting down), I have no business to be here at all. I am not a Pilgrim, nor the son of a Pilgrim, nor the grandson of a Pilgrim; there is not one drop of Pilgrim blood in my veins. I am not the son of a forefather. I had one father; most men have [laughter]; I have two grandfathers, I have four great-grandfathers, but I have not fourfathers. [Laughter.] I want to explain, now, how all this happened, because something is due to me before you put me out of the room. Like most men, I had eight great-great-grandfathers—so have you; so have you. If you run it up, I have got sixty-four great-grandfathers of the grandfathers of my grandfathers, and I have sixty-four great-grandmothers of the grandmothers of my grandmothers. There were one hundred and twenty-eight of these people the day the "Mayflower" sailed. There were one hundred and twenty-eight of them in England eager to come over here, looking forward to this moment, gentlemen, when we meet here at Delmonico's, and they were hoping and praying, every man of them and every woman of them, that I might be here at this table to-night [laughter], and they meant me to be; and every one of them would have come here in the "Mayflower" but for Miles Standish, as I will explain. The "Mayflower," you know, started from Holland. They had to go to Holland first to learn the Dutch language. [Laughter.] They started from Holland, and they came along the English Channel and stopped at Plymouth in England. They stopped there to get the last edition of the London "Times" for that day, in order that they might bring over early copies to the New York "Tribune" and New York "World." These ancestors of mine, the legend says, were all on the dock at Plymouth waiting for them. It was a bad night, a very bad night. It fogged as it can only fog in England. [Laughter.] They waited on the wharf there two hours, as you wait at the Brooklyn and Jersey ferries, for the "Mayflower" to come along. Methinks I see her now, the "Mayflower" of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospect of a fertile State and bound across an unknown sea. Her dark and weather-beaten form looms wearily from the deep, when the pilot brings her up at the Plymouth dock, and a hundred and twenty-eight of my ancestors press forward. They were handsome men and fair women. When they all

pressed forward, Miles Standish was on hand and met them. He was on board and looked at them. He went back to the governor, and said, "Here are one hundred and twenty-eight of as fine emigrants as I ever saw." "Well," Governor Carver said, "the capacity of the vessel, as prescribed in the emigrant act, is already exceeded." Miles Standish said, "I think we could let them in." The Governor said, "No, they cannot come in." Miles Standish went back to the gangway, and said, "You are handsome men, but you can't come in"; and they had to stand there, every man and every woman of them. [Laughter.]

That is the unfortunate reason why I had no ancestors at the landing of the Pilgrims. [Laughter.] But my ancestors looked westward still. They stayed in England, praying that they might come, and when Winthrop, ten years afterwards, sailed, he took them all on board, and if the little State of Massachusetts has done anything to carry out the principles of the men who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620, why, some little part of the credit is due to my humble ancestry. [Laughter and applause.]

BOSTON

[Speech of Edward Everett Hale, D. D., at the first annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, December 21, 1880. The President, Benjamin D. Silliman, in proposing the toast, "Boston," said: "We are favored with the company of a typical and eloquent Bostonian, identified with all that is learned and benevolent in that ancient home of the Puritans, and familiar with all its notions. In response to the toast, we call on the Rev. Edward Everett Hale."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—I am sure that there is not a Boston boy who hears me to-night who does not recollect that when he went out to his first Pilgrim dinner, or to see Fanny Kemble or to any other evening dissipation of fifty years ago, the last admonition of his mother was, "We will leave the candle burning for you, John, but you must be sure and be home before twelve o'clock!" I am sure that the memory of this admonition is lingering among our friends now,

that we are entering on the small hours, and that I must only acknowledge your courtesy and sit down. I feel, indeed, all along in your talk of hoar antiquity, that I owe my place here only to your extreme hospitality. In these aged cities you may well say to me, "You Bostonians are children. You are of yesterday," as the Egyptians said to the Greek traveler. For we are still stumbling along like little children, in the anniversaries of our quarter-millennium; but we understand perfectly well that the foundations of this city were laid in dim antiquity. I know that nobody knows when Brooklyn was founded. Your commerce began so long ago that nobody can remember it, but I know that there was a beaver trap on every brook in Kings County, while Boston was still a howling wilderness. These noble ancestors of yours had made themselves at home on Plymouth Rock before we had built a flatboat on any river in Massachusetts Bay. [Applause.]

It is only as the youngest daughter, quite as a Cinderella, that we of Boston have any claim on your matchless hospitality. But, as Cinderella should, we have done our best at home to make ready our sisters when they should go to the ball. When my brother Beecher, just now, closed his speech with a Latin quotation, I took some satisfaction in remembering that we taught him his Latin at the Boston Latin school. And I could not but remember when I listened with such delight to the address of Mr. Secretary Evarts, which you have just now been cheering, that the first time I heard this persuasive and convincing orator, was when he took the prize for elocution, a boy of thirteen, on the platform in the great hall in our old schoolhouse in School Street. Nay, I confess also, to a little feeling of local as well as national pride, when the President of the United States [Rutherford B. Hayes] was speaking. Just as he closes this remarkable administration, which is going to stand out in history, distinguished indeed among all administrations from the beginning, so pure has it been, so honorable and so successful—just as he closes this administration he makes here this statement of the principles on which are based the success of an American statesman, in a few fit words so epigrammatic that they will be cited as proverbs by our children and our children's children. I heard that masterly definition of the laws which have governed the

New Englander, I took pride in remembering that the President also was a graduate of our law school. These three are the little contributions which Cinderella has been preparing in the last half-century, for the first dinner-party of the Brooklyn Pilgrim Society. [Applause.]

I read in a New York newspaper in Washington the other day that something done in Boston lately was done with the "usual Boston intensity." I believe the remark was not intended to be a compliment, but we shall take it as one, and are quite willing to accept the phrase. I think it is true in the past, I hope it will be true in the future, that we go at the things which we have to do with a certain intensity, which I suppose we owe to these Puritan Fathers whom to-night we are celebrating. Certainly we have gone at this business of emigration with that intensity. It is perfectly true that there are in Brooklyn to-day more people than there are in Boston, who were born in Boston from the old New England blood. Not that Brooklyn has been any special favorite. When I met last year in Kansas, a mass meeting of twenty-five thousand of the old settlers and their children, my daughter said to me: "Papa, I am glad to see so many of our own countrymen." She certainly had never seen so many before, without intermixture of people of foreign races. Now it is certainly our wish to carry that intensity into everything. If the thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing thoroughly. What we do we mean to do it for everybody. You have seen the result. We try, for instance, if we open a Latin school at all, to have it the best Latin school in the world. And then we throw it open to everybody, to native and heathen, to Jew and to Greek, to white and black and red, and we advise you to go and do likewise. [Applause.]

You recollect the old joke, I think it began with Preston of South Carolina, that Boston exported no articles of native growth but granite and ice. That was true then, but we have improved since, and to these exports we have added roses and cabbages. Mr. President, they are good roses, and good cabbages, and I assure you that the granite is excellent hard granite, and the ice is very cold ice. [Laughter and applause.]

MURAT HALSTEAD

OUR NEW COUNTRY

[Speech of Murat Halstead at the 126th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 20, 1894. Alexander E. Orr, President of the Chamber, in proposing this toast, said: "I now have the honor of introducing to you that eminent journalist, the Hon. Murat Halstead, who will respond to the toast, 'Our New Country.'"]

Mr. President:—In the Orkney Islands there is a cathedral described by the guide as of two parts—the old and the new. The story is glibly told that when it had stood for five hundred years a storm beat down the tower and did other damage, making reconstruction necessary; and that tempest was six hundred years ago. On the road from Geneva to Chamonix there is a point of which Bædeker says: "The rocks on the left are seven thousand feet high." In the Orkneys a tower six hundred years old is new, and in the Alps a precipice seven thousand feet high is a moderate bit of scenery. The standards of the measurement of time and space may be exact, and yet are comparative, affected by the atmosphere of history and the scale of landscapes.

In that portion of this country which was the West a generation ago, a farm was old when the stumps had rotted in the fields, and the land was improved when the trees were cut. New ground was that which had not been plowed. Once a man of varied experiences accounted to a pious woman for an unhappy bit of profanity by saying that when a boy he had plowed new ground, and the plow caught in the roots, and the horses balked, and his feet were torn with splinters and thorns, and the handles of the plow kicked and hurt him, until depravity was developed. The lady said she would pray for his forgiveness, if he never would do so any more, and he promised, and I am told he did not keep that promise.

Daniel Boone's new country, when he lived on the Yadkin,

in North Carolina, was Kentucky, and afterwards it was Missouri. Washington's new country was first Ohio, and then Indiana. Lincoln's new country, when he was a child, was Indiana, and then Illinois. Beyond the Alleghany Mountains was the land of promise of the original States; beyond the Mississippi was the new world of those who moved west in wagons, before the Mexican War and the railroads broadened our dominions, and we were bounded east and west by the oceans. It was for the new country of their ages that Columbus and the Puritans and Captain John Smith set sail. In the new country there is always, at least, the dream of liberty and the hope that the earth we inherit may be generous in the bounties it yields to toil.

The march of manhood westward has reached the shores of the seas that look out on ancient Asia. We have realized the vision of the Genoese—finding in the sunset the footsteps of Marco Polo. We have crossed the mountain ranges and followed the majestic rivers, have traced the borders of the great lakes, whitened by the sails and darkened by the smoke of a commerce that competes in magnitude with that of the salted sea; and Texas, our France, confronts the Mediterranean of our hemisphere.

We have crushed the rocks and sifted the sand that yielded silver and gold, and the soil is ours that is richer than gold mines, whether we offer in evidence South Carolina, whose Sea-Island cotton surpasses the long staple of Egypt; or the Dakotas, matchless for wheat; or the lands of the cornstalk in the Mississippi Valley, that could feed all the tribes of Asia; or Nebraska, whose beets are sweeter with sugar than those that were the gift of Napoleon to Germany.

We have found the springs that yield immortal youth, not in bubbling waters in a flowery wilderness, but in the harvests of the fields and the stored energies of inexhaustible mines, not for the passing person who perishes when his work is done, but for the imperishable race.

All this in our country, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," but with the clothing of life on the ribs, and new in the evolution of conditions by the works of man that make the nations of the earth a family—achievements wonderful in scope, splendid in promise, marvelous in the renown that is

of peace; in the fame of the genius that is labor, the spell-binder that gathers and builds, creates and glorifies.

Within the historic record of this Chamber of Commerce of New York, the waters of Lake Erie have been carried through our canals and rivers to the Atlantic, making the Hudson River what Henry Hudson thought it was when he sailed through the beautiful gate of the incomparable continent—the road from the east to the west around the world; and the statue of Thomas Benton points westward from the great cross of the rivers in the heart of the continent—the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi—and the inscription reads: "There is the road to India."

How familiar is the construction of the Pacific railroad; of the telegraph lines across the continent and through the oceans; the record of steamers of ten thousand tons, five hundred knots a day; the miraculous telephone; the trolley, that is with us to stay and to conquer, introducing all the villages to the magic of rapid transit, promoting, with the incessant application of a new force, the American homogeneity of our vast and various population—blending them for one destiny. One is not venturing upon disputed ground—there is no prohibited politics in it to say that slavery is gone—for all classes and sections of our common country will agree it is well. The earth has grown both small and great for us. Its gigantic mysteries are no more. Its circumnavigation is commonplace. The kinetoscope comes to aid the phonograph to make pictures of action and lasting records of music and of speech. The people of coming generations are to hear the voices that have charmed or awed, persuaded, bewitched or commanded, in departed centuries. There will be libraries of rolls, storing for all time these treasures; rolls not unlike those cylinders preserved in the Babylonish deserts. Photography is bringing to us, as on parchment leaves painted with sunlight, the secrets of the depths of the seas and the skies; it is finding new stars, and with the telescopic camera likenesses may be snatched across spaces inpenetrable by the naked eye. The aristocracy of intelligence becomes a democracy for the diffusion of the knowledge of the history of the day, which is the most important chapter that has been written, impartial, instantaneous, and is becoming universal.

This is more than a new country; it is a new world. Our own farmers are in competition with those of Egypt, India, Russia and Argentina. Australia with her wool and beef and mutton, Egypt and India with cotton and wheat, South America, Africa and Asia, made fruitful with resources, seek the same markets with our producers; and the mills of Old England are within a few cents and hours, in cost of transportation and time, as cheap and nigh as those of New England to New York. Once, a war between Japan and China would have been so remote that, as they say in the newspapers, there could have been no news in it; but it means matter of business for us now. With the novel conditions, there come upon us new and enormous problems for solution, and responsibilities that cannot be evaded. Once, we were an isolated nation. There was no trouble about becoming involved in the "entangling alliances" that were the cause of alarm to the Father of his Country. Now, the ends of the earth are in our neighborhood, and we touch elbows with all the races of mankind, and all the continents and the islands are a federation. The newspapers are, to continue the poetic prophecy, "the parliament of man."

The drift of human experience is to increase aggregations, to concentration and to centralization. This mighty city, in her martial grandeur, and, we may trust, her moral redemption, stands for forty-six indestructible States and one indivisible nation. Her lofty structures far surpass already the palaces of the merchant prices of Tyre and Venice and Liverpool, and we behold, in these imperial towers, the types of the magnificence of the coming time. There never was so fair and superb, ample and opulent a bride as she, in the wholesome arms of the ocean that embrace these islands, adorned with the trophies of the wealth of the world, and whose rulers, the slavery of crime abolished, are the sovereign millions. These are new developments of authority, new growths of responsibility.

The Congress, forty years ago, was a body insignificant in its relations with the masses of the people, in comparison with what it is to-day. It grapples, of necessity, with the new conditions, and the character of the public service is of enlarged consequence, for it is to all the communities and common-

wealths far more comprehensive and penetrating in its influence than in other days; and it is well the citizens of the Republic are aroused to appreciation of their added requirements in the care that public life must give the general welfare.

During the recent popular experience of Christian Science applied to practical politics, that resulted, among other things, in the intimacy of representative men of the Bowery and the Fifth Avenue, that allows the citizens of each locality to walk into the other locality at bedtime and select their sleeping-rooms, without asking whether the folks are at home, and to depart with or without leaving the P. P. C. cards, one of the speakers, noting in his audience evidences of dissent, said: "If I am speaking in a way that is prerogatory, while I want to go on, I am willing to quit." He honored his nativity by his modesty, and was allowed to go on; but he preferred to sit down, though his theme seemed to him to expand under treatment, and with his new word he retired. I quote him as a precedent and example for immediate imitation. It is more than a joke, though, that Fifth Avenue and the Bowery have got together, and we may hope they will work well for the good of this new country. [Prolonged applause.]

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

THE FOURTH OF JULY

[A biographical notice of Mr. Hammond will be found in volume IV of "Modern Eloquence" where another of his speeches is given. Mr. Hammond was appointed by President Taft as special Ambassador and Representative of the President to the Coronation of King George V in 1911. The speech which follows was given in connection with this mission at a dinner of the American Society in London, July 4, 1911.]

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the American Society and Fellow-Englishmen:—Will you permit me to avail myself of this the first opportunity I have had of doing so publicly, to express to our distinguished Ambassador and to the obliging and efficient members of his Embassy, the sincere gratitude of my staff and myself for the many courtesies they have extended to us, and for their valuable and untiring coöperation for the success of our special mission?

To attempt to-night to reply to the toast assigned me, namely, "The Special Representative," would be quite as perplexing as the commission given to the learned naturalist to write a treatise on "The Snakes of Ireland," for the reason that there is now no such official as a Special Representative; he who filled that office has some days since severed his official connection with this world. And I am sure that upon a festive occasion such as this, you would not wish to hear an obituary of a departed dignitary from the lips of the official corpse. The custom of responding to a toast specifically is one that has become more and more honored in the breach than in the observance, and in conformity with this now established precedent of elasticity, I would request your permission to speak upon a subject of far greater importance and very much more interest: The President of the United States.

It is my privilege to have known President Taft and to have lived on intimate terms with him since those days now distant

when we sat together upon the fence under the elms of dear old Yale. I shall speak of William Howard Taft as I know him, and as he is known to all men to whom he has given his confidence and his friendship. In so speaking I shall say no word that will not be comprehended in sympathy and approval by the entire American public. What I shall say may indeed reflect some color of my profound personal feeling and admiration for the man, but, in so far as I may command the judicial spirit, there shall be no suggestion of bias, and, above all, no partisan motive. Least of all would I obtrude a discordant note upon an occasion when Americans have come together to felicitate themselves upon historic events dear alike to all, and I need not go deeper into history than to add here that the day we celebrate is a day as proper to be honored and cherished by men of British blood as by Americans.

This is briefly my characterization of our President:—All honest and fair-minded Americans, irrespective of political bias, recognize and respect President Taft's integrity of purpose. This universal recognition is an indication of a better discernment on the part of the American people, a higher plane of political morality, and a nobler national purpose than has characterized our history in the past. A remarkable mental poise, a rare judicial temperament, lies at the foundation of his character, and this fact was recognized by the American people long before he was called to the chief Magistracy. Events since then have impressed upon his fellow-countrymen and upon the world that other and dominating traits are inflexibility of purpose, straightforwardness in the doing of things and absolute frankness in public and private expression. To these qualities those who know him well would add entire subordination of personal interests and motives, and no less the subordination of partisanship to the general welfare of the nation. Then he has in a conspicuous degree the courage of his convictions, a great and abiding optimism, and a charity towards men only to be matched in the character of the immortal Lincoln. Preëminently, President Taft is a man of open mind; and to a readiness to hear the other side of the case he adds a generous and delicate consideration for the opinions of those with whom he may differ. Do I need to say that to the qualities I have named, all under the discipline of a truly

wonderful intellectual balance, he combines a sincere geniality and a charm of manner that win admiration and friendship even from those who may be called his political enemies?

It has not been left to me to exploit the fact that President Taft's dearest hope is that out of his service to his country something may come tending to the solution of the supreme problem of world peace. In all things a practical man, he does not expect to attain perfection at a bound. No man knows better than he that steps in social and political advancement must be slow if they would be sure, and it is because his enthusiasms are tempered by judgment that he has been able during his term of office to make such definite and notable progress in the sphere of beneficent legislation.

Where some have hoped, where others have agitated, William Howard Taft has achieved. I will not weary you with a recital of facts, but with confidence I point you to the record. Mr. Taft came to the Presidency singularly equipped for his high duties. He had already won fame as a Judge, as a scholar, and as an administrator, and it was upon the foundation of a repute long sustained among the American people that he came to the Presidential Chair. His distinguished services at home, in Cuba, in the remote Philippines, at the American Isthmus, and as Secretary of War, are known to every student of American affairs.

When I reread the life of Lincoln—and it is a noble record from which every American and every Englishman, indeed, men of all nationalities, may draw inspiration—I find myself more and more impressed by the conviction that there has been no other President since Lincoln who could with such certainty and intellectual skill and moral powers have guided our ship of state through the tortuous and treacherous passages which, leading through stress of passions and bloodshed, have brought us to our present happy and united condition. Mr. Taft's inflexible honesty, his unfailing judgment, his knowledge of things military, his industry in essential routine, his patience, his firmness, his unfailing courtesy, his commanding personality, would have qualified him for the task which fell to our revered Lincoln or for any task which calls for a man clear of purpose, clear of mind, a man without fear and without reproach. Let nobody imagine that because the graces of char-

acter sit happily upon our President that he lacks the fighting quality. No man, it is true, has less taste for a fight, but once in it, with mind and spirit roused and fixed upon a high purpose, there is in all this world no man more resolute or more dauntless. Mr. Taft carries no chip on his shoulder; his ways are those of conviction and persuasion when these methods may be made to serve, but under the velvet glove, when the welfare of the nation demands, there is unfailingly the iron hand. And in coming to his purpose no man is truer than he in the broad creed of universal fellowship and universal justice.

I have referred to Mr. Taft's singleness of purpose. Now let me say plainly that he is doing the work which falls to his hand without regard to the possibility of a renomination for the Presidency, and that he is carrying out systematically the policy which he set forth in direct words to me at Augusta, Georgia, just before his inauguration in 1909: "I am not going," he said, "to give any thought to the question of a second term. I shall have my hands full if I occupy myself with questions of the hour. I shall endeavor to make good as President of the entire country. If the country shall then desire my reëlection, that alone will ensure a renomination. If the country does not so wish, it would be futile to be renominated." Here is the keynote of whatever there may be that is personal in William Howard Taft's policy as President of the United States.

Now, in conclusion, may I add a word addressed to Britons and to Americans alike? It is with reference to a thing precious to both. It is this, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: If the thing we are proud to call Anglo-Saxon civilization is to hold its place in the forefront of human life and of human progress; if Anglo-Saxon civilization is to go on conquering and to conquer, carrying with it the spirit of liberty and blessings on mankind, it must be cherished and sustained, not by a divided English-speaking people, but by those in all parts of the world who have a common reverence for its traditions and a common determination to maintain its standards.

WARREN G. HARDING

WARREN G. HARDING

CITIZENSHIP

[A message sent by President Harding to the Rotarians of the United States, along with other messages on Citizenship by Speaker Gillett and Attorney General Daugherty, February 19, 1923.

These messages were used in addresses to schools, industrial plants, civic organizations, &c., and were broadcast from thousands of radio stations and formed the subjects of talks at every Rotary meeting during the week.

The first Rotary club was organized in Chicago, Feb. 23, 1906. There are now 1,325 Rotary clubs with a membership of about 90,000 in twenty-seven countries. The clubs are organized to spread the principles of service through the adoption of codes of ethical practice in all lines of business, through work among boys to prepare them for citizenship and by aiding worthy causes for the good of the communities in which the clubs are established.]

To the Members, Rotary International:—The individual citizen's responsibility for executive government begins with the selection of the executive. This implies the duty of every voter to vote; a duty that many millions of them regularly fail to perform. Before that, it implies the duty to vote intelligently, to make the vote represent a deliberate decision based on the claims of the opposing parties and candidates.

Finally, the executive being duly selected, it implies the obligation to give him the support of all good citizens in every effort of administration of the law. That citizen who regards himself as a model of the civic proprieties, because his present conduct is impeccable, but who does not coöperate with the civil authorities or exert his influence in behalf of the best possible administration of the law, greatly overrates his own usefulness as a citizen. The responsible officers of government, whether it be municipal, State or national, need and are entitled to the full and effective support of all citizens in the enforcement of laws.

If the effort of Rotary should be effective in impressing this conception of the citizen's duty it will have performed a most useful service.

ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

[Address of the President Monday evening, February 12th, 1923 at the Lincoln Day dinner tendered by friends of Lincoln Memorial University.]

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GUESTS:—No human story surpasses the fascination and the inspiration of that of Abraham Lincoln. The republic pays tribute to-night, and most of the world is doing him reverence, because in his unshaken faith the world finds its own hopes mightily strengthened. Our words are all feeble, because we are dealing with the Master Martyr, the supreme leader in a national crisis, the surpassing believer in a fulfilled destiny, and a colossal figure among the hero-statesmen of all the ages.

Turning over, in the last few days, the promise I had made to add my own to the testimonies that here are to be spoken, I have been impressively reminded of the greatly revived interest in everything concerning Lincoln, which has marked the past few years, notably the last two. I have been thinking of how many times, in the recent years of the world's trial and travail, I have received books, letters, articles, published literally all over the world, about Lincoln. One can not but have observed how greatly the thoughts of people have turned to this man of vision, the great emancipator, who spoke with the voice of the common people for truth and for freedom. One cannot have failed to note that as the fortunes of mankind have confronted tribulation and distress, the minds of men have turned to this son of the yearning, eager, earnest, simple people, and have sought in the story of his life for guidance in the hour of humanity's trial. To me, this has been a portent of hope, a justification of faith, a reason for confidence that men will not only guide the bark of civilization through the storms which beset it, but will at last bring it into the port of a better and happier day.

It does not seem hard to understand why in times like these in which we live there should be such a renascence of sentiment for Lincoln, of renewed interest in the great lessons of his life. For men have come to think of him as they have

not thought of others among the merely human characters of history. Lincoln has appealed to them as one who manifestly was brought forth with the destiny or consecrated by an infinite hand to render a particular service, to save a nation, to emancipate a people, to preserve in the world the fruits of the American experiment in and for democracy. Surely it is not strange that the eyes and the interest of a world should turn to him now, when all mankind feels the need for such leadership and service and direction as he gave. A world, a civilization, an epoch,—all these are facing the bitter need for the moral purpose, the noble aspirations, the high courage, that he interpreted to our America in the days of its crisis. More, humanity itself needs to drink of the cup of unfailing confidence which enabled him to stand erect and unshaken amid discouragements and criticism which would have crushed any less than a master heart and soul.

The world to-day sees civilization brought to its supreme test. Its trial came when it might least have been expected. At the very apex of material advances, when science and industry and invention and culture seemed to have united in justifying man's proudest estimate of his destiny, there came among the nations such a clash of ambitions, such a confusion of ideals, such a crash of conflicting aims and aspirations, as it had never known before. It brought bewildering confusion, and overwhelming amazement to those who had been esteemed the wisest among their kind, and who in the folly of their wisdom had been most certain that such a thing could never happen. And in the very face of havoc wrought, of the utter futility of it all, we still wonder that it could have been.

But the sobering and destroying realization has come at last, that in its eagerness to harness and dominate the material forces of the world, humanity had lost its anchorage to the ultimate things of the higher, the nobler, the spiritual universe. Turning now, in the midst of the wreckage, to seek for whatever can be trusted as safe and strong and lasting, it is not to be wondered that people turn anew the pages of Lincoln's story. In very truth, his soul is marching on. To him it has been given to leave a living inheritage of vital power and supreme inspiration to the race. Out of Lincoln came the proof

that lofty achievement is not in ideals alone, but in that spiritual and material justice which is the wholesome blending of infinite purpose and man's capacity for fulfillment.

I spoke a moment ago of the multiplicity of present day writings about Lincoln. They embrace everything from the genealogist's delvings into his ancestry, to the psychologist's and the moralist's searchings into his innermost motives and objectives. Nothing that might possibly reveal any phase of his life and work has been accounted trivial. We are coming year by year to a more truthful and understanding appraisal of him. But all the researches of scholars and efforts of students have brought us little store of real understanding, have taught us wellnigh nothing concerning the supreme providential purpose which permits such a light to shine now and then upon a generation of men. We know not whence come such great souls, such simple wisdom, such capacity for sacrifice and service. But we do know that as men contemplate this strange career and study its wonders and its lessons, they are at least planting in their minds and hearts a certain vague realization of what Lincoln was and meant; a consciousness of his personal significance to them; and with all this, a keen aspiration for some little participation in such a bestowal of selflessness, sacrifice and service as was the life of Lincoln. That aspiration, I firmly believe, is fixed in a greater number of human hearts to-day than it ever was before. It may be somewhat vague and unformed, yet we readily recognize that it represents something like the aspirations of a race for a new incarnation of the spirit and the leadership of Lincoln.

Doubtless it is vain to hope that another such as he will be given to us and to our time. But to the extent that we shall prove ourselves worthy of such a leader, to that extent we shall be the better able to save ourselves without him. The task which men face throughout the world now is one with which they must cope as God intended. Their hope, their salvation, their destiny, must at last be in their own hands. They will save themselves if they will forget themselves. Probably the task would be less difficult if humanity would get a little nearer to God. In times like these, the fullest, truest service that any nation or any society can render to itself, will be the service which is conceived in unselfishness

and rendered without thought of immediate gain, or even of ultimate personal advantage.

We drink from memory, we find inspiration in example, we are exalted by the eternal truths which Lincoln saw and proclaimed, but the highest usefulness in these things is their practical preservation, so as to reveal to all the people a true understanding of Lincoln's transcending eminence. His supreme gift was not in construction, his was the master preservation. And the call of the world to-day is for preservation for the preserved civilization which is the best judgment of human intelligence since the world began.

Our coming together to-night is due, in large part, to the interest of the sponsors for such an institution as Lincoln would have loved. The Lincoln Memorial University has truly been called a living memorial to the emancipator. It was founded in pursuance of his expressed desire that the light of learning might be carried to the people of that strangely sequestered, mountain community of which his own forbears were members. These people of the southern Appalachian empire number now some six millions. They constitute one of the world's greatest reservoirs of purest Anglo-Saxon stock. Pioneers from the day of the first colonial movement away from the tide-water country, they passed over into the mountains to make their homes, and there they and their descendants have lived, curiously, almost unaccountably aloof from the sweeping tide, the quickening life of those mighty migrations which subdued the continent and made our country. Remote from the outside world, wellnigh forgotten in the activities of the generations that laid down our highways of steel, they have been at times almost a mystery to us. Sturdy, hardy, independent and self-sufficient, they have lived generation after generation almost to themselves. But not quite; for it stands to the everlasting credit of these men and women of the mountains, that in every time of national need they have been instant in response and magnificent in loyalty. Their sons have stood in thousands against the barbarians of our own wilderness, they battled for Lincoln's concept of union and nationality and with equal steadfastness they have taken their place on battlegrounds of Europe and contributed their heroic part that a world civilization might live. The na-

tion owes to them a vast balance of obligation, and the Lincoln Memorial University represents one installment which devout and unselfish people are paying upon that debt.

It is a strange circumstance that in the rush and eagerness of our continental conquest, such a people as this should, almost by accident, have drifted into the backwaters, and there remain while the surging currents of settlement and development left them generation after generation wellnigh untouched and forgotten. To-day they number a population double that of the thirteen colonies on the day when they declared independence; the greatest single reserve in all the land, of untainted, unmixed, pure and pristine American stock. Out of the loins of this community came to us Lincoln, in limb and lineament, in physical and moral power, in moral and mental ruggedness, a very prototype of his own people. From the nation which owes to them its debt for Lincoln and for a myriad of humbler heroes, now most of them forgot, it is due that the nation should light the way, should fire the beacons to guide this people into the ways of ample education and of ripened opportunity to make their full contribution to the national advancement. It has been told that nowhere in our country is illiteracy among Anglo-Saxons so prevalent, so dominant as among these people of the mountains. To state the fact is to confess remissness. It is a condition which must not be permitted to continue. For the sake of Lincoln, who loved them as his own people; for the sake of ourselves, who will be the equal beneficiaries of their advancement; for the sake of these splendid, loyal unquestioning Americans of the truest strain our nation knows, it is our duty to hold up the hands of the men and women who are carrying on this work of education, who have lighted this lamp of inspiration and leadership for the men and women who have already given and may give again immeasurably to American greatness and the growing glory of the republic.

BENJAMIN HARRISON

THE UNION OF STATES

[Speech of Benjamin Harrison at the thirteenth annual dinner of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, December 22, 1893. In proposing the first toast, "The President of the United States," the Chairman, Charles Emory Smith, said: "Gentlemen, I ask you to join me, at this time, in drinking a toast to the health of the illustrious patriot, who is as greatly respected and honored in private life as he was in the Presidency—General Benjamin Harrison, whom I now have the pleasure of presenting to you."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society of Pennsylvania:—When my good friend and your good neighbor and President, Mr. Charles Emory Smith, invited me to be present to-night, I felt a special demand upon me to yield to his request. I thought I owed him some reparation for appointing him to an office the emoluments of which did not pay his expenses. [Merriment.] Your cordial welcome to-night crowns three days of most pleasurable stay in this good City of Philadelphia. The days have been a little crowded; I think there have been what our friends of The Four Hundred would probably call "eight distinct functions"; but your cordiality and the kind words of your presiding officer quite relieve my fatigue and suggest to me that I shall rightly repay your kindness by making a very short speech. ["No, no!"] It is my opinion that these members of the New England Society are very creditable descendants of the Forefathers. I'm not quite sure that the Forefathers would share this opinion if they were here; but that would be by reason of the fact that, notwithstanding the load of substantial virtues, which they carried through life, their taste had not been highly cultivated. [Laughter.]

I dread this function which I am now attempting to discharge more than any other that confronts me in life. The after-dinner speaker, unlike the poet, is not born,—he is

made. I am frequently compelled to meet in disastrous competition about some dinner-table gentlemen who have already had their speeches set up in the newspaper offices. They are given to you as if they were fresh from the lip; you are served with what they would have you believe to be "impromptu boned turkey"; and yet, if you could see into the recesses of their intellectual kitchen, you would see the days of careful preparation which have been given to these spontaneous utterances. The after-dinner speaker needs to find somewhere some unworked joker's quarry, where some jokes have been left without a label on them; he needs to acquire the art of seeming to pluck, as he goes along in the progress of his speech, as by the wayside, some flower of rhetoric. He seems to have passed it and to have plucked it casually,—but it is a boutonnière with tin foil round it. [Laughter.] You can see, upon close inspection, the mark of the planer on his well-turned sentences. Now, the competition with gentlemen who are so cultivated is severe upon one who must speak absolutely upon the impulse of the occasion. It is either incapacity or downright laziness that has kept me from competing in the field I have described.

It occurred to me to-day to inquire why you had to associate six States in order to get up a respectable Society. My friend Halstead [Murat Halstead] and I have no such trouble. We are Ohio-born, and we do not need to associate any other State in order to get up a good Society, wherever there is a civil list of the Government. If you would adopt the liberal charter method of the Ohio Society, I have no doubt you could subdivide yourselves into six good societies. The Ohio Society admits to membership everybody who has lived voluntarily six months in Ohio. No involuntary resident is permitted to come in. [Laughter.]

But the association of these States and the name of "New England" is a part of an old classification of the States which we used to find in the geography, and all of that classification has gone except New England and the South. "The West" has disappeared and "the Middle States" cannot be identified. Where is "the West"? Why, just now it is at the point of that long chain of islands that puts off from the Alaska coast; and, if I am to credit what I read (for I have no sources of

information now except the not absolutely reliable newspaper press), there are some who believe there are wicked men who want to hitch the end of that chain into an island farther out in the sea. [Applause.] If that is to be done, the West would become the East, for I think the Orient has generally been counted to be the East.

I would not, however, suggest a division of the New England Society. It is well enough to keep up an association that is one, not only of neighborhood and of historical association, but of sentiment. Let the New England Society live, and I fancy it will not be long until you enjoy the distinction of being the only great subdivision of the States; for, my fellow-citizens, whatever barriers prejudice may raise, whatever obstruction the interests of men may interpose, whatever may be the outrages of cruelty to stay the march of men, that which made the subdivision called "the Southern States," and all that separated them from the States of the West and of the North, will be obliterated. [Cheering.]

I am not sure, though the story runs so, that I have a New England strain. The fact is that I have recently come to the conclusion that my family was a little overweighted with ancestry, and I have been looking after posterity. [Merriment.]

One serious word, gentlemen. The New England character and the influence of New England men and women have made their impress upon the whole country; for, even in the South, during the time of slavery, educated men and women from New England were the tutors and instructors of the youth of the South in the plantation home. The love of education, the resolve that it should be general, the love of home with all the pure and sacred influences that cluster about it, are elements in the New England character that have a saving force which is incalculable in this great nation in which we live. Your civil institutions have been free, high and clean. From the old town-meeting days till now, New England has believed in and practiced the Free Election and the Fair Count. But, gentlemen, I cannot enumerate all of your virtues—time is brief, the catalogue long. Will you permit me to thank you and your honored President for your gracious reception of me to-night? [Long-continued cheering.]

GEORGE HARVEY

CONFIRMING AN AMBASSADOR

[Address by Mr. George Harvey, American Ambassador to Great Britain, at a dinner in his honor given by the Lotos Club, April 30, 1921. Mr. Harvey began by addressing the Chairman, Mr. Chester S. Lord.]

My Lord and Gentlemen:—I take it to be a fair inference from what your Chairman has said that the reason for my occupying this honored place on his right is that I have been designated by the President to represent our Country abroad. The appointment, I understand, now requires only confirmation by the Lotos Club to make it effective. I shall leave to others, if they feel so inclined, the task which, frankly, would be appalling to me, of presenting for your consideration facts and arguments designed to influence your minds in rendering a favorable decision. The utmost that I can say on my own behalf is that I have been a member of this Society for thirty-odd years, and that in the pride arising from that circumstance I find due and sufficient reason for your most gracious forbearance.

I have never been an Ambassador before. Consequently I am unable to depict with any degree of accuracy the obligations which, with becoming humility, I am about to assume. Happily, thanks to Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, I am relieved of the necessity of trying. "An Ambassadure, Hinnessy," said Mr. Dooley years ago, "is a man that's no more use abroad than he would be at home." Another way of putting it more concretely in the present instance is to be found in the astute observation of a friendly commentator, to the effect that I have yet to demonstrate my fitness for the position, if I have any—"an undeniable proposition," in the words quite commonly affected by Mr. Henry James, and analogued most aptly by our old friend, Mark Twain, when he remarked that

our jury system would be perfect but for the difficulty of finding twelve men who knew nothing and could not read.

Other allusions bearing more directly upon the case now before your court I might adduce in profusion from the public prints, to say nothing of reports of Congressional debates duly presented by our venerable friend the Congressional Record. Nevertheless I am frank to admit, if not indeed to boast, that if I had been assigned the interesting task of recapitulating the imperfections of this appointment I could easily have surpassed in convincingness and variety any of the endeavors along that line which have been brought to my attention. But, for obvious reasons, I have come to appreciate the impropriety of criticizing critics and I reluctantly refrain.

I may, however, confess unblushingly that I have been favored to a degree by friends and acquaintances, and others, with abundance of recommendations. These written and verbal communications have taken the form, partly of criticism, and partly of suggestion. Those of the former class have resolved generally into disapproval of one expressing or at times even of holding convictions. With such I cannot fully concur.

By way of helpful hints perhaps the most striking that has reached me during the entire week of my career as a Diplomat, arose from a disagreement between two rugged sons of Vermont, one of whom asserted that the safest course for an Ambassador was to "set and think," while the other, with yet greater prudence, insisted that the sure way to succeed was to "just set." The wisdom of these sage admonitions, as you will note presently, wins my complete acquiescence.

There are a few things, however, which I think I may say to you without evoking special disapprobation.

When last week, for example, I waited upon the President, conformably to custom, to receive final instructions, I was requested to remember that all partisanship should be abandoned at the water's edge. Inasmuch as I have voted four times for Democratic candidates and four times for Republican candidates for the Presidency, compliance with this injunction did not seem difficult. I might, in fact, have remarked in passing that formerly I was a Cleveland Democrat, and quite probably would be now, if that sturdy statesman were still

alive and well, but that, in the existing circumstances, I am a Harding Republican,—a distinction, I beg you to observe, in party label only, without noticeable difference in American policy.

In any case, I am wholly unable to perceive why a citizen of the United States cannot represent his country without appearing as either a sycophant or a swashbuckler, nor how, as guest, he can fail to evince appreciation of the exceptional hospitality invariably extended by a hostess such as we all know England to be.

So far as the position of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's is concerned, it is a great honor, of course; but like all other public offices, it is only what the holder makes of it; an opportunity, not a realization.

What is needed by the two countries now, as I interpret the situation, is less of tentative compromise that is so commonly considered desirable than of durable agreement,—and I feel by no means certain that the latter is not quite as easy of attainment.

Mutual respect, mutual confidence, mutual tolerance—those are the essentials of that genius for coöperation which has already won for our President the hearts of our own people and is destined, I sincerely believe, to fetch the entire English-speaking race into harmonious relationship so nearly perfect, both materially and spiritually, that all mankind will realize in the near future that there is more power and glory in "Lead, kindly light," than in all the fighting anthems of the world.

My heart goes out to you, my friends of the dear old Lotos Club. I cannot thank you enough for this splendid tribute. I shall not try. I hold you to be my sponsors. I shall do my best to justify your kindly expectancy in the earnest hope that when I return, as now when I leave, I shall continue to be *persona grata* in your gracious estimation. Again, my Lord and Gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

JOHN HAY

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

[A speech delivered by John Hay, Secretary of State (born Salem, Indiana, 1838; died 1905), before the Chamber of Commerce of New York, November 19, 1901.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I need not dwell upon the mournful and tragic event by virtue of which I am here. When the President lay stricken in Buffalo, though hope beat high in all our hearts that his life might be spared for future usefulness to his country, it was still recognized as improbable that he should be able to keep the engagement he had made to be with you to-night, and your Committee did me the honor to ask me to come in his place. This I have sometimes done in his lifetime, though always with diffidence and dread; but how much more am I daunted by the duty of appearing before you when that great man, loved and revered above all even while living, has put on the august halo of immortality. [Applause.] Who could worthily come into your presence as the shadow of that illustrious Shade?

Let me advert, but for a moment, to one aspect of our recent bereavement, which is especially interesting to those engaged, as you are, in relations whose scope is as wide as the world. Never, since history began, has there been an event which so immediately, and so deeply, touched the sensibilities of so vast a portion of the human race. The sun, which set over Lake Erie while the surgeons were still battling for the President's life, had not risen on the Atlantic before every capital of the civilized world was in mourning. And it was not from the centers of civilization alone that the voices of sorrow and sympathy reached us; they came as well from the utmost limits of the world, from the most remote islands of the sea; not only from the courts in Christendom, but from

the temples of strange gods and the homes of exotic religions. Never before has the heart of the world throbbed with a sorrow so universal. Never before have the kingdoms of the earth paid such homage at the grave of a citizen. [Applause.] Something of this was naturally due to his great office—presiding, as he did, over the government of a nation holding in fee the certainty of illimitable greatness. But no ruler can acquire the instinctive regard and esteem of the world without possessing most unusual qualities of mind and character. This dead President of ours possessed them; he was strong, he was wise, he was gentle. With no external advantages beyond the mass of his fellow citizens, he rose by sheer merit and will to the summit of distinction and power. With a growth as certain and gradual as that of an oak, he grew stronger and wiser with every year that he lived. Confronted continually with new and exacting situations, he was never unequal to them; his serenity was never clouded; he took the storm and the sunshine with the same cheery welcome; his vast influence expanded with his opportunities. Like that Divine Master whom he humbly and reverently served, he grew continually "in favor with God and man." [Applause.]

One simple reason why the millions of this country mourned him as if they had buried a brother, and why all the nations of the earth felt that his death was a loss to humanity at large, was that he loved his fellowmen. There were literally no bounds to his lavish good will. In political genius, in wisdom for government, in power of controlling men, he was one of the elect of the earth—there were few like him; but in sentiment and feeling he was the most perfect democrat I ever met. [Applause.] He never knew what it meant to regard another man as his inferior or as his superior. [Applause.] Nothing human was alien to him. Even his death was in that sense significant. He was slain in the moment when with that delightful smile we knew so well—which seemed like the very sunshine of the spirit—he was stretching forth a generous hand to greet the lowest and meanest unit in that crowd of many thousands. He made no demagogical parade of his sympathy with the masses, but this sympathy was a part of his life. He knew no interest which was not theirs; their welfare was as dear to him as the blood in his own veins; and, in spite

of calumny and falsehood, the people knew it, and they loved him in return. [Applause.]

Others will rise and labor and do good service to the Republic. We shall never lack good men when the emergency calls for them. Thank God! We do not lack them now. [Applause.] But it may well be doubted if in any century of the glorious future before us there will ever appear two such sincere, high-minded, self-respecting lovers of the people as the last fifty years have shown us in Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley. [Great applause.]

But the world must go on, though the greatest and best beloved fall by the way. I dare to come to you, because you have asked me, and he would have wished it, for he held that our personal feelings should never be considered when they conflicted with a public duty. And if I fall immeasurably below the standard to which he has accustomed you, the very comparisons you draw will be a tribute to his memory. [Applause.]

I am asked to say something about our diplomacy. You want from me nothing but the truth, and yet, if I confine myself to the truth, I cannot help fearing I shall do my profession a wrong [laughter] in the minds of those who have been in the habit of considering diplomacy an occult science as mysterious as alchemy, and as dangerous to the morals as municipal politics. [Laughter.] It must be admitted that this conception of the diplomatic function is not without a certain historical foundation.

There was a time when diplomacy was a science of intrigue and falsehood, of traps and mines and countermines. The word "machiavellic" has become an adjective in our common speech, signifying fraudulent craft and guile; but Machiavelli was as honest a man as his time justified or required. [Laughter.] The King of Spain wrote to the King of France after the massacre of St. Bartholomew congratulating him upon the splendid dissimulation with which that stroke of policy had been accomplished. [Laughter.] In the last generation it was thought a remarkable advance and straightforward diplomacy when Prince Bismarck recognized the advantage of telling the truth even at the risk of misleading his adversary. [Applause.] It may be another instance of that naïve credulity

with which I have often been charged by European critics when I say that I really believe the world has moved onward in diplomacy as in many other matters. In my experience of diplomatic life which now covers more years than I like to look back upon, and in the far greater record of American diplomacy which I have read and studied, I can say, without hesitation, that we have generally told squarely what we wanted, announced early in negotiation what we were willing to give, and allowed the other side to accept or reject our terms. During the time in which I have been prominently concerned in our foreign relations I can also say that we have been met by the representatives of other powers in the same spirit of frankness and sincerity. [Applause.] You, as men of large affairs, will bear me out in saying there is nothing like straightforwardness to beget its like. [Applause.]

The comparative simplicity of our diplomacy methods would be a matter of necessity if it were not of choice. Secret treaties, reserved clauses, private understandings are impossible to us. No treaty has any validity until ratified by the Senate; many require the action of both Houses of Congress to be carried into effect. They must, therefore, be in harmony with public opinion. The Executive could not change this system, even if he should ever desire to. It must be accepted, with all its difficulties and all its advantages, and it has been approved by the experience of a hundred years.

As to the measure of success which our recent diplomacy has met with, it is difficult, if not impossible, for me to speak. There are two important lines of human endeavor in which men are forbidden even to allude to their success—affairs of the heart and diplomatic affairs. [Laughter.] In doing so one not only commits a vulgarity which transcends all questions of taste, but makes all future success impossible. For this reason the diplomatic representatives of the government must frequently suffer in silence the most outrageous imputations upon their patriotism, their intelligence and their common honesty. To justify themselves before the public they would sometimes have to place in jeopardy the interests of the nation. They must constantly adopt for themselves the motto of the French Revolutionist, "Let my name wither rather than my country be injured." [Applause.]

But if we are not permitted to boast of what we have done, we can at least say a word about what we have tried to do, and the principles which have guided our action. The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule. [Applause.] With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong.

Speaking first of our relations to our neighbors on this Hemisphere, I think I may say that our sister republics to the south of us are perfectly convinced of the sincerity of our attitude. They know we desire the prosperity of each of them, and peace and harmony among them. We no more want their territory than we covet the mountains of the moon. We are grieved and distressed when there are differences among them, but even then we should never think of trying to compose any of those differences unless by the request of both parties to it. Not even our earnest desire for peace among them will lead us to any action which might offend their national dignity or their just sense of independence. We owe them all the consideration which we claim for ourselves. [Applause.] To critics in various climates who have other views of our purposes we can only wish fuller information and more quiet consciences. [Laughter.]

As to what we have tried to do, what we are still trying to do, in the general field of diplomacy, there is no reason for doubt on the one hand or reticence on the other. President McKinley in his messages during the past four years has made the subject perfectly clear. We have striven, on the lines laid down by Washington, to cultivate friendly relations with all powers, but not to take part in the formation of groups or combinations among them. A position of complete independence is not incompatible with relations involving not friendship alone, but concurrent action as well in important emergencies. [Applause.] We have kept always in view the fact that we are preëminently a peace-loving people; that our normal activities are in the direction of trade and commerce; that the vast development of our industries imperatively demands that we shall not only retain and confirm our hold on our present markets, but seek constantly, by all honorable means, to extend our commercial interests in every practicable direction. [Applause.] It is for this reason we have negotiated

the treaties of reciprocity, which now await the action of the Senate—all of them conceived in the traditional American spirit of protection to our own industries, and yet mutually advantageous to ourselves and our neighbors. [Applause.] In the same spirit we have sought, successfully, to induce all the great powers to unite in a recognition of the general principle of equality of commercial access and opportunity in the markets of the Orient. We believe that a "fair field and no favor" is all we require, and with less than that we cannot be satisfied. [Applause.] If we accept the assurances we have received as honest and genuine, as I certainly do, that equality will not be denied us, and the result may safely be left to American genius and energy. [Applause.]

We consider our interests in the Pacific Ocean as great now as those of any other power, and destined to indefinite development. [Applause.] We have opened our doors to the people of Hawaii; we have accepted the responsibility of the Philippines which Providence imposed upon us; we have put an end to the embarassing condominium in which we were involved in Samoa, and while abandoning none of our commercial rights in the entire group, we have established our flag and our authority in Tutuila, which gives us the finest harbor in the South Sea. [Applause.] Next in order will come a Pacific cable and an Isthmian canal, for the use of all well disposed peoples [applause], but under exclusive American ownership and American control [great applause], of both of which great enterprises President McKinley and President Roosevelt have been the energetic and consistent champions. [Great applause.]

Sure as we are of our rights in these matters, convinced as we are of the authenticity of the vision which has led us thus far and still beckons us forward, I can yet assure you that so long as the administration of your affairs remains in hands as strong and skillful as those to which they have been and are now confided, there will be no more surrender of our rights than there will be violation of the rights of others. [Great applause.] The President to whom you have given your invaluable trust and confidence, like his now immortal predecessor, is as incapable of bullying a strong power as he is of wronging a weak one. [Applause.] He feels and knows—for has he not tested it in the currents of the heady fight as

well as in the toilsome work of administration?—that the nation over whose destinies he presides has a giant's strength in the works of war as in the works of peace. [Applause.] But that consciousness of strength brings with it no temptation to do injury to any power on earth, the proudest or the humblest. We frankly confess we seek the friendship of all the powers; we want to trade with all peoples; we are conscious of resources that will make our commerce a source of advantage to them and of profit to ourselves. But no wantonness of strength will ever induce us to drive a hard bargain with another nation because it is weak, nor will any fear of ignoble criticism tempt us to insult or defy a great power because it is stronger or even because it is friendly. [Loud applause.]

The attitude of our diplomacy may be indicated in a text of Scripture which Franklin, the first and greatest of our diplomats, tells us passed through his mind when he was presented at the Court of Versailles. It was a text his father used to quote to him in the old candle shop in Boston when he was a boy: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings." Let us be diligent in our business and we shall stand—stand, you see, not crawl, nor swagger—stand, as a friend and equal, asking nothing, putting up with nothing but what is right and just, among our peers in the great democracy of nations. [Great applause.]

OMAR KHAYYAM

[Speech of John Hay, American Ambassador to Great Britain, at a dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club, London, December 8, 1897. Henry Norman, President of the Club, took the chair and in introducing Colonel Hay, as the guest of the evening, spoke of him as soldier, diplomatist, scholar, poet and Omarian.]

GENTLEMEN:—I cannot sufficiently thank you for the high and unmerited honor you have done me to-night. I feel keenly that on such an occasion, with such company, my place is below the salt, but as you kindly invited me it was not in human nature for me to refuse. Although in knowledge and

comprehension of the two great poets whom you are met to commemorate I am the least among them, there is no one who regards them with greater admiration, or reads them with more enjoyment than myself. I can never forget my emotions when I first saw Fitzgerald's translation of the Quatrains. Keats, in his sublime ode on Chapman's Homer, has described the sensation once for all:—

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

The exquisite beauty, the faultless form, the singular grace of those amazing stanzas, were not more wonderful than the depth and breadth of their profound philosophy, their knowledge of life, their dauntless courage, their serene facing of the ultimate problems of life and of death.

Of course the doubt did not spare me, which has assailed many as ignorant as I was of the literature of the East, whether it was the poet or his translator to whom was due this splendid result. Was it, in fact, a reproduction of a new song, or a mystification of a great modern, careless of fame and scornful of his time? Could it be possible that in the eleventh century, so far away as Khorassan, so accomplished a man of letters lived, with such distinction, such breadth, such insight, such calm disillusion, such cheerful and jocund despair? Was this Weltschmerz, which we thought a malady of our day, endemic in Persia in 1100? My doubt lasted only till I came upon a literal translation of the Rubaiyat, and I saw that not the least remarkable quality of Fitzgerald's was its fidelity to the original. In short, Omar was a Fitzgerald before the latter, or Fitzgerald was a reincarnation of Omar. It is not to the disadvantage of the later poet that he followed so closely in the footsteps of the earlier. A man of extraordinary genius had appeared in the world; had sung a song of incomparable beauty and power in an environment no longer worthy of him, in a language of narrow range; for many generations the song was virtually lost; then by a miracle of creation, a poet, a twin-brother in the spirit to the first, was born, who took up the forgotten poem and sung it anew with all its original melody and force, and all the accumulated refinement of ages of art. [Cheers.]

It seems to me idle to ask which was the greater master: each seems greater than his work. The song is like an instrument of precious workmanship and marvelous tone, which is worthless in common hands, but when it falls, at long intervals, into the hands of the supreme master, it yields a melody of transcendent enchantment to all that have ears to hear. If we look at the sphere of influence of the two poets there is no longer any comparison. Omar sang to a half barbarous province; Fitzgerald to the world. Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, the Rubaiyat has taken its place as a classic. There is not a hill-post in India, nor a village in England, where there is not a coterie to whom Omar Khayyam is a familiar friend and a bond of union. In America he has an equal following, in many regions and conditions. In the Eastern States his adepts form an esoteric sect; the beautiful volume of drawings by Mr. Vedder is a center of delight and suggestion wherever it exists. In the cities of the West you will find the Quatrains one of the most thoroughly read books in every Club library. I heard Omar quoted once in one of the most lovely and desolate spots of the High Rockies. We had been camping on the Great Divide, our "roof of the world," where in the space of a few feet you may see two springs, one sending its water to the Polar solitudes, the other to the eternal Carib summer. One morning at sunrise as we were breaking camp, I was startled to hear one of our party, a frontiersman born, intoning these words of somber majesty:—

> "'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest
> A Sultan to the realm of death addressed.
> The Sultan rises and the dark Ferrash
> Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

I thought that sublime setting of primeval forest and pouring cañon was worthy of the lines; I am sure the dewless, crysttalline air never vibrated to strains of more solemn music.

Certainly our poet can never be numbered among the great popular writers of all times. He has told no story; he has never unpacked his heart in public; he has never thrown the reins on the neck of the winged horse, and let his imagination carry him where it listed. "Ah! the crowd must have emphatic warrant." Its suffrages are not for the cool, collected observer,

whose eye no glitter can ever dazzle, no mist suffuse. The many cannot but resent that air of lofty intelligence, that pale and subtle smile. But he will hold a place forever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd, and allegiance to the arrogant authority, sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine and a benevolence untrammeled by creed, too wise to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise. [Loud cheers.]

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

NATIONAL SENTIMENTS

[Speech of Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, at the first annual banquet of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, December 21, 1880. The President of the Society, Benjamin D. Stillman, in introducing him, said: "Gentlemen, we are honored this evening by the presence of an illustrious descendant of New England, the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. [Cheers.] He is about retiring from his high position, with the respect, admiration and the gratitude of the people for the great wisdom, the pure purpose, the steady will and the unwavering firmness with which he has administered the government, preserved its honor and secured its property. [Loud cheers.] I propose to you, as our first toast, 'The President of the United States.'"]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—We have often heard, we often hear, the phrase "New England ideas." It is said, and I think said truly, that these ideas have a large and growing influence in shaping the affairs of the people of the United States. It is not meant, I suppose, that the principles referred to in this phrase, are peculiar to New England, but merely that in New England they are generally accepted, and that perhaps there they had their first practical illustration. These ideas, these principles generally termed New England ideas, and New England principles, it seems to me, have had much to do with that prosperity which we are now enjoying, and about which we are perhaps apt to be too boastful, but for which it is certain we cannot be too grateful. [Applause.]

The subject, New England ideas, is altogether too large a one for me, or anybody, to discuss this evening. If it were to be done at length, in protracted speaking, we have our friends here, able and with a reputation for capacity in that way. Our friend, Mr. Evarts, for example [applause], Mr. Beecher [applause], and I am confident that I shall be excused for naming in this connection, above all, our friend General Grant. [Loud applause.]

Leaving then to them the discussion of the larger topic, I must content myself with the humbler duty of merely naming the New England ideas to which I refer.

New England believes that every man and woman, under the law ought to have an equal chance and an equal hope with every other man and woman [applause], and believes that in a country where that is secured individuals and society will have their highest development and the largest allotment of human happiness. [Applause.] New England believes that equal rights can be best secured in a country where every child is provided freely with the means of education. [Applause.] New England believes that the road—the only road, the sure road—to unquestioned credit and a sound financial condition is the exact and punctual fulfillment of every pecuniary obligation, public and private [applause], according to its letter and spirit. [Applause.] New England believes in the home, and in the virtues that make home happy [cries of "Good!"], and New England will tolerate, so far as depends on her, no institutions and no practices in any state or territory which are inconsistent with the sacredness of the family relation. [Cries of "Good!"] New England cherishes the sentiment of nationality and believes in a general government strong enough to maintain its authority, to enforce the laws and to preserve and to perpetuate the Union. [Applause.]

Now, with these New England ideas everywhere accepted and prevailing—to repeat, with just and equal laws, administered under the watchful eyes of educated voters; with honesty in all moneyed transactions; with the New England home and the New England family as the foundation of society; with national sentiments prevailing everywhere in the country; we shall not lack that remaining crowning merit of New England life which lends to every peopled landscape its chief interest and glory, the spires pointing heavenward that tell to every man who sees them that the descendants of the Pilgrims still hold to and cherish, and love that which brought their fathers to this continent, which they here sought and here found—freedom to worship God. [Long-continued applause.]

JOB ELMER HEDGES

BIRTHDAY OF DR. KANE

[No after-dinner speaker is surer to excite both laughter and applause than Job Hedges. He was born in Elizabeth, N. J., in 1862, graduated from Princeton in 1884 and Columbia Law School in 1886. Since then he has practiced law in New York City and was Republican candidate for Governor in New York State in 1912. Mr. Hedges is a prominent Mason. The following address was given in celebration of the Birthday of Dr. Elisha Kane, the Arctic Explorer. The exercises were held in the Kane Lodge Room, Masonic Hall, New York, March 30, 1920. Mr. Hedges spoke as a senior deacon of New York Lodge.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—For the first time in some years on the platform I feel embarrassed. Possibly I ought to have had that feeling oftener. To-night as I have listened and reflected on the evening's entertainment many ideas, new and suggestive, have been brought to mind. My good friend, Bishop Burch, has given me great hope. When he remarked that so much had been said that there was nothing left for him to say, my heart sank. My despair continued until his remarks were illuminated by that delightful touch of human life to which he referred, the "Snake Dance" of Admiral Peary, which brought me back at once into the realm of everyday human experience and furnished courage. It comforts one to know that a man who wisely and consistently wears the cloth, can still enjoy human experiences. With the Bishop and with Admiral Glennon I have had many enjoyable functions. They are not the only ones who participate frequently at luncheons and dinners. Admiral Glennon told the truth when he denied any real instinct for the discovery of ice. I do not know that he has an antipathy to ice, but I have seen him push away a glass with ice the only thing therein contained.

This meeting is a delight in that it furnishes us enjoyment while paying our respects to the purposes for which we gathered.

I cannot feel that Elisha Kent Kane is inadequately monumented. A man who leaves five hundred men in active association, daily bearing testimony to their esteem for him, is a well monumented man, Brother Lovejoy.

Not for the purpose of differing, I do not believe that republics as such are necessarily ungrateful. Often men do not think outside of their own personal sphere. Sometimes they are unintelligent because specifically preoccupied. Frequently men evidence outwardly interior thinking, without having the result fructify into a real idea. What discourages a man is that the general public does not appear to recognize the specific idea which chiefly interests him. The small man rarely gets beyond his own idea,—therefore, if his idea is not recognized, feels that he has been overlooked because he synchronizes himself with the idea. The big man with a real idea is more interested in having his idea accepted than himself recognized. So it is if the republic at large recognizes a mental contribution, the individual can wait for his reward.

It is wonderful in life to have been so circumstanced that in the minds of all we stood for a great enterprise, a great idea or a great undertaking. The purpose of this meeting is to pay our respects to two men, and to a great idea, to draw some conclusions from the evening which will benefit our later reflections, this despite the warm atmosphere and a somewhat protracted entertainment.

It is frequently my function to be the burnt offering at the end of a meeting. Whether I am left the last on the theory that the committee does not care what happens to a tailender, or whether they think that the audience will be patient of the young man doing the best he can with abler competitors, I do not know. Differing from some previous experiences, I am flattered by your continued presence, and your hearty reception.

We cannot all be discoverers or leaders, or chairmen of executive committees, or movers of important resolutions. We all can play our part, and in a modest way advantage from our immediate environment. I have wondered to-night what it was that made a great man. I have known men from natural instinct to think they were great. I have known them to contemplate themselves until they became convinced

that they were what they hoped people would think they were. Sometimes that self-contemplation results in confusion as to what a man actually is. I have known men to divide human society into two classes, themselves and the rest. Often men enjoy the martyrdom of considering themselves unappreciated. It is a common practice for men to have press agents to record their slightest activities, their early expressions, what they thought and said when they were twelve or fifteen years old before they thought anything, and how they gave promise of greatness. This can be done without fear of discovery because no one could prove what they did not think years before. Yet men who have done real things like those we are talking about to-night must have been real men. Their time was so occupied with their purpose for accomplishment that they had no hours left for self-contemplation. Neither Kane nor Greeley nor Peary, I am sure, ever gave a thought while in the midst of his work as to how he would be received when he returned home. They never thought as to whether they would be appreciated, or doubted their success in their work. They had a purpose. They dedicated themselves to it, and left the result to inscrutable providence.

It is a rare fortune for a man to have a real idea entirely engrossing. It is a great thing to have the opportunity to be a hero, and yet some of the big heroes never have been discovered. Some of the greatest tragedies are performed unknown to the public. What was Greeley's thought and Peary's and Kane's when they were alone with their ideas and their problems, not knowing whether they would return alive, but figuring only whether they had enough strength to go forward? That was their mental test. That mental test gave them strength for accomplishment. It is much easier to be good when you are watched than when unobserved. It is not difficult to be moral when you are not tempted. There is no difficulty about going forward when it is convenient, and there is no trouble about being appreciated if you have the means to hire a claque.

These three men mentioned to-night will live longer than the average person would suppose. Representing an idea, and ideas do not die, they will live in memory as long as there is human interest in the field of activity where they served.

Their reward in public esteem will be continuing. It was not necessary for them, while alive, to personally discuss their own greatness. On the other hand, I have known men to almost choke themselves to death burning their own incense. I have never known a big man who was not modest. I have never known a real generous man who discussed his generosity in terms of how much the other man did not give. It is a great pleasure to revivify the memories of these three men, with their distinct purposes, directed along distinct lines, without the confusion of collateral conditions.

I should like to organize this audience to-night into an expedition of discovery. There are many things that can be discovered right in these United States. There are many things that people insist are not here because, if they admit human enjoyment, they place themselves out of business as protestants. I should like to have some one in this audience discover another person who is moderately comfortable and tell him to enjoy what he has without being disturbed by what he has not. I should like to organize a squad of discoverers who will ascertain and proclaim that this is a good country and does not require abuse to emphasize its qualities. I should like to have some man or woman here to-night get hold of the typical soapbox orator, breathing the doctrine of hatred and despair, and tell him "If you don't like this country leave it." I should like to establish a route from here to Peary's North Pole and send the professional discontented along their journey. It would be less expensive than sending them home, and they would probably remain where sent. I should like to have some one discover the fact and proclaim it that this is the most prosperous country in the world and not the worst. Think of it, really prosperous, and a lot of good people in this country are so worried about its future that they cannot enjoy its present. I should like to have some one discover and proclaim that it is not undesirable to be respectable. I should like to have it made plain that to be ordinary, everyday, honest and wholesome, without braggadocio, and without demanding a reward for not having violated the penal code, is commendable, upright conduct.

It delighted me when Bishop Burch recently felt called upon in the course of his duties to distinguish between the

Pilgrim Fathers and some other people. He did it well and truthfully. In this hall to-night there is the only live American who has ever seen the North Pole, and he sits over yonder [indicating a colored man who stands up] and he is Admiral Peary's boy, Admiral Peary's companion. [Very great applause.] My remarks at this moment are receiving more applause than all the other speakers received together. I am the only one in this room who has discovered something, and what I have discovered is alive [pointing to the colored man.]

Before we disburse with the joy and edification furnished by the evening bear with me a moment, while I offer you some reflections which may prove of value. It is very tiring to me personally, as a man endeavoring to be an intelligently useful citizen, to live in the present day atmosphere when nothing seems right, when so much is proclaimed wrong, and so much alleged to be going to the dogs. It is charged that the Government is wrong, that the people are wrong, that the State is wrong, that human relationships are out of joint, that there seems no place where one can normally enjoy himself. One cannot talk to another on the street but what that other will tell you something that is wrong. You cannot read a column in the newspaper without absorbing the tale of something that is alleged to be wrong. You cannot hire apartments but what the price is wrong. You cannot sell anything but what the purchaser claims it to be wrong because the price is inconvenient. You cannot talk about the Government because that is wrong. You cannot talk about Germany, even if you wanted to, because that is wrong. You cannot talk about the League of Nations because that is *not*. There seems to be nothing that any one can discuss that is admittedly right.

Let us try to discover the reason for this. The difficulty is not with those outside the realm of activity but with ourselves. The difficulty is not in the subject matter but in our attitude of mind. The whole situation resolves itself into a plain, ordinary, vulgar, hypocritical conceit, of the ordinary garden variety. We endeavor to disclose our intelligence by launching into realms of criticism, rather than admitting what is. There is nothing intellectually exciting about admit-

ting that something is decent. There is nothing novel in asking a man "Are you well?" as indicating your interest in his physical and mental comfort. When we tell a man he looks ill and what he ought to do to benefit his health, or that he is unhappy and what he ought to do to become happy, we subconsciously are trying to give the impression that we know more than he thinks we do about him. We are just indulging in conversation to create the impression of mentality. We make ourselves discontented because we are not thinking about facts but trying to discover something which will take the place of a fact. We lose ourselves in the crowd and thereby lose our sense of keen responsibility.

There was no compelling reason why Elisha Kent Kane had to seek the Franklin Expedition. There was no law which ordered it, and no punishment could have been administered had he not gone. Of course he was connected with the Government, but he could have resigned that connection. He went because he felt he had an idea whereby he could be useful to some one else. To merge one's personality at the expense of his life in an enterprise which may be of more use to others than to one's self marks a high point of greatness. The modern passion is to do something for some one who has not asked you to. The present day tendency is to save the public from something to which it is not exposed, and prevent its enjoying what it has. To save people who do not need to be saved but only need to be helped may be an old pastime, but it misses many times and makes many unhappy. To lift up an alleged sufferer who is reasonably comfortable, and twist his joints to the point of pain to find if there is something you can do for him, that, speaking half seriously, is what is going on before our eyes. We are all attending to every one's else business in the hope that they will think we are what we would like to have them think we are, and then do for us, as a consideration for that, what we ordinarily would not acquire on our own merits.

Speaking by and large, daily in this city, with almost no poverty in it, and by the grace of God the most prosperous place in the world, there are countless men offering themselves upon the altar for the common people, urging them to some violent change, when what the common people want is

a few hours now and then for undisturbed enjoyment of what they now have. Why have we classes arrayed against classes? Who has the intellectual right to divide the American people between employer and employee? No one. There is no provision for it in law. There is no necessity for it in morals. There is no requirement for it in commercial life. Then why is it done? Largely to organize groups, to be one of a group, and by competition between groups obtain what we would not ordinarily acquire individually, and claim reward for services no one sought from us.

This game of life between grown-ups is no different from the game of life between boys. The motive and the procedure are the same, with a little dignity from added years. There are orators who absolutely torture the eye and ear to the point of physical exhaustion, evoking great rounds of applause without articulating a sentence which contains an idea. I am seeking at this moment merely to restore plain, ordinary, everyday common sense to normal men and women, big enough intellectually and morally to apply themselves to the ordinary discussions of life without seeking applause, willing to take a chance on being understood by the Almighty, and who I hope will get their main pleasure in duty conscientiously performed without the excitement of applause.

Were Kane, and Greeley, and Peary in this room to-night in bodily form they would be the three most important persons here, of course, and yet they would be embarrassed to hear themselves talked about. They would enjoy the applause; that would be human. Their reasoning faculties would say to them that they had performed their duty in ordinary manner, without demonstration, and without thinking of other than their own tasks. To me the situation is plain. What is my duty first, then what is yours. Have I done all I could without waiting to find out what you have overlooked? If I have done my duty you have been influenced by that. If you have done your duty I have been influenced by that, and we can have no quarrel as to motives. Right motives are a preliminary step to faith, and faith in righteousness and good things is as essential as blood is to the human body. To rob a man of his faith is to destroy his moral life. It is like opening an artery, causing the blood to escape and leaving the

body without vitality. Many otherwise intelligent Americans are to-day vieing with each other for the applause of the unintelligent, at the expense of the intellect and moral welfare of the crowd whom they pretend to serve. They substitute their vocalizings for actual facts.

Next week I am invited to discuss at the Economic Club the subject of free speech, its dangers and advantages. I can understand both these dangers and advantages. What I would like to discover is a way to compel men who have real ideas to courageously tell them to other people without waiting to find out whether the process is popular or leads to majority coöperation.

A few days since we were all terribly, awfully excited because some people were not allowed to take their seats in the Assembly. People rushed here and there, and the Bar Association passed resolutions. It was charged that men were excluded from the Legislature because they belonged to a party, because they had ideas; that they were about to be thrown out of the Legislature without being told the charges against them. The difficulty was, in being consistent, that they had been told the reason their seats were denied them, and as a matter of fact they were not charged with what was alleged to have been the case. They were told of the charges against them and that no one could take his seat in the Assembly who believed in overthrowing this Government by force. I want to help discover that the time has gone by in this country when a man can traduce its honor and remain respectable. I want to discover the moment when men may discuss and argue as they will, but likewise discover that the moment they incite to riot and the destruction of that very structure, the foundations of which were laid by the great God Himself, that that moment the man who attacks it with a view to its overthrow has forfeited the right of human association and possibly his life. I want to discover the moment when intelligent men cannot play at dice with the ignorant who lack information, with a view to leading them away from their moorings. I want to discover the moment and place where it can be preached in this country that next to man's relationship to the God that made him his duty is to the country furnished by the same God as a place to worship.

I want to have it established finally somehow, somewhere, that no man can substitute his judgment for a providential dispensation, and in saying this I do not care who the man may be or whence he comes. I am tired personally of a stated disbelief in an overpowering providence, for the mere purpose of superseding a temporary agent, and that is what much of this talk amounts to.

What attracts me in Masonry is the fact that before you are accepted into its mysteries and advantages you must admit that there is something bigger than you are; that there is a spirit to which you must bear allegiance before you can be recognized as a part of the Masonic body. It is only within recent years that there has come from the other side of the water to this country the present unsound philosophy, a substitute mental dilletantism for faith that made science take the place of prayer, that in place of a human heart substituted some kind of a mathematical problem, and in place of a palpitating human being substituted the statue. In the place of a heart it substituted an illogical Bolshevism. This tide of thought as well as men must be turned back to the point whence it started.

The three men who have been the subject of our thought to-night achieved great results through great suffering. I do not believe that the human mind and soul or body can conceive and accomplish big things in the midst of undue physical comfort. I believe that from somewhere, to get the big vision, come pain, distress, separation from our ordinary everyday associations. The great big, permeating, lasting thoughts of martyrdom have come just before the final dissolution. The great prayers that have been repeated through the ages have come when pain and suffering broadened the vision until it reached from earth to the Throne itself. Is this nation so big that it cannot be spiritual? Is it so successful it cannot think except in figures? Are there so many of us that individually we have no joint duties? There are the problems.

Masonry is organized charity, conceived behind closed doors and carried out without self-created applause. So with patriotism. It may be marked by tears and resolutions. It may be evidenced in overt conduct, but it starts in the heart.

Patriotism is a prayer. Patriotism started with the birth of civilization. America did not begin in these United States. America started wherever there was a human being with an aspiration for a better life, wherever there was a rebellion against the wrong. Those protesting thoughts migrated from their several starting points, meeting here; and America thus grew from the soil of suffering, nourished by the hope and aspiration for better things, until this crystallized Government of ours stands, for the moment at least, as reflecting the progress of the ages. America is the hope and prayer of the world. We cannot be America if we cannot pray. We have wasted much of 143 years in cheers. Prayers without overt conduct are not necessarily of value. Don't let us think, however, that we are the only nation that is furnishing results for a progressive civilization. We are doing what we can in our way. To think ourselves exclusive as well as excluded is to divert our strength.

I close with a question. What are we going to do about it? I hope through meetings such as this, I hope through congregations of our people, we will keep alive our sense of duty and express it in our visible conduct.

At Princeton we use Washington's Birthday as a midyear opportunity for Alumni return. This year I attended and I leave with you my impressions. In old North College, where formerly the Continental Congress met, and in the faculty room, the Alumni gathered. The President of the institution conferred degrees on the young men who had gone to war and had returned with time lost in an academic life. These young men, returned soldiers and admitted heroes, were given degrees as of the time when they would have graduated in due course. They were still continuing in the university to complete actual study for the degrees they will receive in June. From this room the visitors went into another room between that and the doors of the building. This new room had been refinished as a memorial. Its walls had been made into marble, and on that marble were engraved the names of every Princeton man who lost his life in the service. No Princeton man can pass through that room without having before his eyes the names of Princeton men who died for their convictions. From this room these young men stood in front of the Old North College and their

pictures were taken. As if by common consent and without prearrangement, visitors moved a few yards away so that these soldier boys could be exclusive in the picture which was to be a part of college record. I stood at the window, looking out upon the fallen snow, and the whole scene brought to me what it meant to be an American citizen. Later I stood at a distance and watched these boys as their pictures were being taken, boys in years but men in experience. I looked at that picture and I thought of Princeton. I thought of the necessity somewhere in the world for educated men. I had seen the degrees conferred, I recalled the room in which I had been, I thought of the sacrifice that followed the education, and just as the photographer's instrument clicked I saw a dove literally come out from behind a balustrade in the front of the building and it circled around and it perched finally upon the peak over the door, immediately below the American flag, concluding the exercises with the benediction of peace. I thought then as I think now, there is no peace without service, there is no Masonry without service, there is no Kane, no Greeley, no Peary without service, and I say it reverently, there is no hereafter without service.

OHIO, THE PRESIDENCY AND AMERICANISM

[This speech was made before the 34th Annual Banquet of the Ohio Society of New York at the Waldorf-Astoria January 6, 1920. Mr. George Perkins presided and the preceding speakers had been Warren Harding and Nicholas Murray Butler, who at that time were both candidates for the Republican nomination for President. The diners greatly enjoyed Mr. Hedges' chaffing of the presidential candidates.]

MR. TOASTMASTER:—I will not be charged, I hope, with intellectual conceit, if I talk over the heads of this audience. [Laughter.] As we are all voters, I have no desire to make a differentiation [laughter], and in these days of politics, which of course is not here to-night [laughter], you will bear with me. Never before have I been in as close proximity to three of them. [Laughter.] I have just had a careful talk with Davison as

to what his policies should be. [Laughter.] I connected with Senator Harding the other night, and I have terms of intimacy with Dr. Butler, which will justify me in believing that my petition need not be too long. [Laughter.] We both believe in practical civil service. [Laughter.]

I was not born in Ohio; I never married any one from Ohio or any other place [laughter], and I can stand upon my own feet. [Laughter.] I little thought, some years ago, when my good old friend, John McCook, endorsed me to Mr. Strong for secretary, and Mr. Strong weakened and appointed me [laughter], that I would ever be here on such an occasion as this. You never can tell what comes out of politics. [Laughter.] I never thought in 1912 that George Perkins would introduce me to anybody. [Laughter and applause.] And I don't believe he ever thought he would. [Laughter.] But we are a unit on one proposition; we are both sorry for what he did. [Laughter and applause.]

We have all been benefited, up to this moment [laughter], by being here to-night. We have heard distinguished speakers, and we know what ought to be done [laughter]; but no one has yet told us how to do it. [Laughter.] The relationship of the monkey wrench to machinery is sometimes proximate and sometimes to be anticipated. [Laughter.] I look forward with great faith—the faith of youth—to the time when the American people will catch up with their Constitution. [Laughter.] I have no doubt this talk of Americanism will induce many intelligent citizens to read that work. [Laughter.] I sincerely hope they will; and if they do they will be benefited. Dr. Butler and the Senator and I have read it. [Laughter.] It is not safe to assume that Dr. Butler, because he is President of a great University, has not read it. [Laughter.]

When I was in college, not many years ago [laughter], when we could not tell what a thing was we defined it by a process of elimination and by telling what it was not, and by accurately describing every possible relationship that it bore to anything else, we found out what it was. I know what Americanism is not. [Laughter.] It would help some if more people knew what it was not. And it would help some if some people who thought they were really Americans, on reflection found there was something wanting. I read the other day with some disturb-

ance of mind—temporary—of a distinguished divine in this city, who got mixed up on the Pilgrim Fathers and on their vessel. [Laughter.] It was headed in a different direction from whence the Pilgrim Fathers came. Men can utter most anything, if they indulge in self-contemplation long enough. When the process of ratiocination centers on a man's own brain he thinks he is thinking closely [laughter], when as a matter of fact he has not yet been measured, and there is no demand for the commodity. [Laughter.] Some of these gentlemen have said [taking a clipping from his pocket and reading or consulting it] in some of their pronunciamentoes, that "We hate religion because it consoles the spirit with lying phrase, and takes away courage and faith in the power of men, faith in the triumph of justice here on earth and not in a chimerical heaven. We desire war upon all gods and religious fables."

Either he had not read about this bunch, or he never heard of the Pilgrim Fathers, I don't know which. [Laughter and applause.] To give the benediction of the cloth to ordinary everyday vulgar murderers is a desecration [voices: hear, hear; applause], so intense and so vulgar, that should he ever be exported he should be sent in a vessel alone, lest he contaminate the rest of the bunch. [Applause.]

I was out with another divine the other night [laughter], of a different faith, and he said the way to Americanize the foreigner and to make him really breathe the atmosphere of this great country [looking upward], was to meet him at the pier when he landed, and fold him to our breast, and win him with loving kindness. But having followed Dr. Butler in his pursuit of facts I suggested that we search him first [applause and laughter], and the meeting broke up at that point. [Laughter.]

Academic Americanism never much appealed to me. I am old fashioned. I believe in the Ten Commandments, but I am on speaking terms with the Fourteen Points. [Laughter and applause.] They have a conversational advantage [laughter], that is, more or less, because when not applied nothing happens. [Laughter and applause.] And you can believe in the Fourteen Points, and not change your mode of life [laughter]; but you cannot practice the Ten Commandments without some inconvenience to yourself. [Laughter.] And as per-

sonal inconvenience is one of the providential means of developing character, as an orthodox Presbyterian, believing in predestination, in some matters [Laughter] I try to develop on that line. It is a weird thing to me, however, that it has taken nearly a hundred and fifty years to develop this passion for Americanism in this country. We had quite a fit about it in the early '60's, when we decided that if we separated from each other there would not be so many of us in any one place [Laughter], and therefore as a nation we would be less efficient. I am inclined to think that we are taking it up now as a kind of tribute to our lack of forethought.

Not being a candidate [Laughter] I do not have to be quite as general in my articulation. [Laughter.] When I looked to my left, I was not looking at Senator Harding; I was looking at Perkins, to see if we were really on terms again. [Laughter.] It didn't sound to me on the level [Laughter], when Perkins referred to me as a Receiver [Laughter], and then gave as an illustration what I had received. [Laughter and applause.] There is nothing about the job I now hold that would cause one to be commercially conceited. [Laughter.] Nor is it one in which at the present moment I am receiving an undue amount of official assistance. [Laughter and applause.] A man said to me the other day, "Why, Job, I am glad you have got it. You must be rich by this time." [Laughter.] I said, "How? tell me." He said, "Why, these fellows you are now traveling with must have told you how to make money in the market." I said, "My God, do you suppose if they knew, they wouldn't be doing it and let me go?" [Laughter.] In this case the only thing they gave away was a memory. [Laughter.] All of which naturally leads me up to the subject of Americanism. [Laughter.] And while you good people paid the degree of attention which the previous speakers were entitled to, in view of what they gave us, in all sincerity I am compelled to believe that many of the things that remain lasting in the memory, come through good temper and good nature.

Sometimes men dare not smile. Sometimes they cannot smile. Sometimes if they did smile an audience might have a stroke. [Laughter.] I want to say for my friend Nicholas Murray Butler, however—and I am strong for him—that he

does not deserve to be classed publicly as a College President. [Applause and cheers.] The Doctor is just a kind, normal human, one with whom you can associate, who would not look surprised if you did mix a metaphor, or if you got your prepositions wrong. I am for him for President. I am also for Harding. [Laughter.] I am also for Davison [Laughter]—providing, if any of them get there, they will admit that they were elected, and not *called*. [Laughter and applause.] It takes a real brain to be normal. You have not confidence in yourself when you have to give fictitious reasons for what you are.

The only thing that might make me waver as to Senator Harding was his proposition that Americanism started with Ohio. [Laughter.] There have been an awful lot of good Americans come from Ohio, but there are other places. [Laughter.] What he meant to say, if I understood him rightly, and I think I do—what matters it whether he understands me or not? [Laughter.] I have known candidates to change after being elected. [Laughter.]

Americanism did not start in Ohio. Americanism did not start in the United States. Americanism did not start in any one place in the world, exclusively. It started wherever there was a human being with a higher aspiration than his immediate vicinity permitted him to achieve. [Applause.] Americanism is the union here, not an exclusive essence, but of the best purposes of men brought together for the purpose of a common government.

I am not as close a student as Dr. Butler or the Senator; I have had neither the experience nor the opportunity; but if we ever get caught up with the Constitution [Laughter] so there is time to read it without spending half our time expurgating it, we will find out that the method is there prescribed for most of these things. And one of the methods is this: That every human being while he lives here in this world, in these United States, shall follow out what is laid down in the Constitution for him either to do or not to do, and one of those things is to recognize that he is a component part of all the rest. Very simple. And that before he can consider himself or his interests—just phrasing it differently, that is all—he has got to think in terms of the entire nation. That is simple.

I don't know so much about this League of Nations as many people do. [Laughter.] I don't know so much about it as Rabbi Wise did Sunday night—and he knows most everything. [Laughter.] He knows more things that are not so, however. [Laughter.] He said that the trouble about this League of Nations is, that while it is an open and debatable question, and there are many weaknesses in it, and men can differ upon it, the Republicans were only opposed to it because President Wilson is for it. [Laughter.] Good, wide, broad, wholesale reasoning. [Laughter.] A real refined spirit in which to approach this great problem. It just leads you right back where you started from. I am not so certain myself that the President is crazy about it. [Laughter.] I think he would rather talk about what would have happened had we had it, than what may happen if we get it. [Laughter.] I know this about it —and I respect the people who are for it—that if we get it we will get it good. But if we really get it as planned, we have had the last American election in the United States on exclusively American topics [applause]; and that will mark the high water mark of Americanism.

Now it is getting late, and notwithstanding this audible demand on your part [laughter] for me to continue [laughter; Voices "go on, go on"; applause]—you have had all you deserve to-night, and if you can live up to what Dr. Butler and Senator Harding have said, you don't need me. But they don't know everything [laughter]; at least Perkins thinks so, or he wouldn't have invited me. [Laughter and applause.]

Is Americanism worth while? Is it a duty? Is it a pleasure? Is it a necessity? Does it make for efficiency? Will it do what we claim it will if it is carried out? What relationship does it bear to Government? And who will be the Government under the highest test of Americanism? And is Government represented exclusively in theory and practice under our system only by the men who hold public office? No. The theory of that Constitution, not always adequately carried out, is that every voter is intelligent enough to understand what is going on, and that they are ready, willing, and able to vote yes or no on every proposition put up to them. That would be true, were it so. [Laughter.] Unfortunately it is not so, because they are not; and they never can be; and it

was never intended that they should be. They are given a veto power at the polls for what does not please them, as to what happened between elections; that is all. But of course during election time, we appeal to the American people to do something affirmatively. What we mean is that they will gently carve our opponents. [Laughter.]

Now, under our present system—not referring to any theories of anybody at this table, past or present—I don't mean Davison, or Harding, or Butler, or anybody in particular [laughter]—under the theory of a direct primary, for instance—it is very hard for me to get that out—it is a crime for two men to get together openly and confer upon any topic. What you have got to do is to wait for the spirit to move you or somebody else, and then if it moves in the right way, and you have been careful about getting the right way, then you stand up and say, without a smile, that the people have selected you—only they haven't. You have selected the people [laughter] and they don't know about it for quite a while [laughter], and then the crime is done while they are finding it out.

No, my Americanism is very simple. I do not want this audience to disperse without thinking that I can have my mind work even in the penumbra of candidates. I believe in a Providence. I do not know all about it, but I know that somewhere, somehow, it has always been recognized by everybody in all the world, that there was something that mortal man could not handle all alone.

I believe that when the Fathers planned the Constitution they did it with a degree of unselfishness and a degree of impersonality that made them think in terms of the highest spiritual and moral beliefs. [Applause.] I believe that in that unselfish attitude they thought great truths, so great that even with one hundred and forty odd years of this great nation's great history, we are just beginning to appreciate them. I believe that all these things that have been so beautifully and logically argued to-night, will come out of that Constitution when we can get the people to think of Americanism as that altruistic thing which binds human beings so closely together in society that the enjoyment of one is the pleasure of the other, and that selfishness in its intelligent practice can be turned into efficient altruism. [Applause.]

I believe there is no such thing as a community in which a man can wisely think of its relationship to him without his contact with it. I believe there is no such thing in the concept of this nation or our theories or our laws, that enables a man to lead his social life unmindful of a civic duty, and that civic righteousness and social righteousness are the twin sisters of moral progress. [Applause.]

I believe that the final stability of this great nation rests, not in its brain power, but in the emotions that spring from a God fearing heart, that makes one think of himself as a part of a great plan, placed here to work out his individual work.

I believe that America can no more live alone in the world's life [applause]; that it would be unintelligent and utterly beyond the precepts of human experience if with the modern achievements of science, and otherwise, she had endeavored to segregate herself. I do not believe that America can reorganize and revamp either her vision or spirit by telling herself that she has done it. It has got to be the result of contemplation.

I believe that the people who come to our shores are to be kept within the channel of Americanism by the example of people who know it and practice it, rather than by a statute, as necessary as that may be. [Applause.]

I believe in the efficacy of prayer; but you can stay on your knees so long you get muscle bound. I would rather be able to respond to a quick cry for help, and not be discovered in rendering assistance, than be found in an attitude of prayer while a man was being murdered. It is better to be able to live alone with your own conscience and not be nervous, than to enjoy the seduction of applause when people are so busy they cannot investigate you. [Laughter.] I do not believe in the anæmic virtue which explains to the other man how he can lead a better life, while you are not interrupted in your own activities. [Laughter.]

I do not believe that Americanism can be passed from hand to hand as a mere matter of education. Education helps, but while you pronounce the words you have got to know what they mean. And I do not believe you can think Americanism while you are explaining it in a foreign language, either.

I like to think of my country, not placed upon the mountain

tops of our own rhetoric. I like to think of her as not segregated to our own purposes. I like to think of her as not measuring her place in the world's history continually. I like to think of her as not believing even that we are especially chosen. I like to think of ourselves as a great composite that represents the unions and aspirations and higher thoughts of the human race as to its progress. I like to think of us as the home of every kind of thought that is right, and of great opportunity for each one. I like to think of our doors being open to the world. I like to think of ourselves as able to protect ourselves when those doors are passed. I like to think of America as one great glorious chorus of the human race, temporarily sung here, where every person can have a heart beat and a hope, and can shed a tear for what is wrong.

I like to think of us as sympathizing with the world, but administering to it as best we can within our own lights.

I like to think of America as a benediction and a prayer. I like to think of her as she ought to be, an inspiration to the world. I like to think of her so that when we vocalize our thoughts and sound our deliberations, every auditor and every speaker will have had an added heart beat. I like to think of America as having done her duty, in the care of Providence, to every cause that she may owe; and I want to take my seat with just one word more:

We are Americans when we can say, and when we can believe, and when we will die for the right to say and the right to believe, "My country *is* the sweet land of liberty." [Applause and cheers, standing.]

A. BARTON HEPBURN

BUSINESS EDUCATION

[Speech delivered at the dinner to President Hibben of Princeton at the Lotos Club, March 16, 1912.]

I HAD a momentary heart failure as I glanced at some of the other bankers here when President Hibben announced that this Club was the clearing house for ideas, and wondered whether their coming in destroyed your credit. Away back in '65 Chester Lord and myself were fellow students up in a country seminary struggling with the incipient stages of Latin and Greek. After many years and encountering many vicissitudes when I came to New York I found Chester's calling and election assured, enthroned as he was as Treasurer of the Lotos Club. Through our boyhood friendship I managed to get through the portals of the Club and attended some of their dinners to great men. The dinners were something to be enjoyed and remembered, and the speeches were all brilliant, the speakers generally roasting each other with keen debate without getting into trouble.

I used to pass by the Club and glance up to the building with all reverence and the strongest hope that I might some day be a member of the Club which assumed the social responsibility of the whole town by extending hospitality to the distinguished men of this land and in fact of all lands. And surely New Yorkers owe a debt of gratitude to the Lotos Club for the hospitalities that they do extend to distinguished men. I still pass by the Club with awe and reverence, but on the other side of the street, having learned by dear experience that the inexorable accounting which nature demands is in no one thing more in evidence than in a systematic diet.

Now, Gentlemen, I like a man who knows when he has got a good thing and sticks to it. I like a Club that knows when it has got a good thing and sticks to him. Our friend the

President has demonstrated anew that the outside of a horse is the best thing for the inside of a man, and that a ride in the crisp morning air will support one throughout the day and the evening thereof, and that the pace that kills seizes only upon those who surrender discretion and judgment in the mad scramble in which we live.

I am proud to join to-night in paying honor to the President of Princeton University and the great University of which he is President. We in New York feel very near to Princeton, not only topographically but in the better sense of the word. There are so many of her alumni here. President Hibben's ability as a thinker has preceded him, and his scholarly and literary attainments are all amply proven in his past experience, and if his digestion will hold out and meet the demands that are being and will hereafter be made upon it, he undoubtedly will achieve that great measure of success for which we all pray.

Everything in this country, whether it be commercial or literary begins with a lunch and ends with a dinner. Those who approve of athletics or physical culture in connection with higher education fully remember that a sound mind is valuable only when domiciled in a strong and robust body. I never fully appreciated the meaning of that expression "carving his own fortune," until recently. Eating his way to success, I think would perhaps be the better way to put it.

The most gratifying fact in the evolutionary period in which we live is the fact that public sentiment is more and more inclined to go to our leading educators for direction. Expert knowledge is coming to be more and more recognized and followed. In 1896, when the Republican party dared finally to put the word "gold" in their national platform, and all the silver Republicans withdrew from the convention, Republican editors and writers were dazed. The campaigners were amazed at the position of the party on the standard values, and were unable to answer the arguments put forth by the Democrats or reply to the demand for reasons for turning away from silver at the old ratio, and the managers of the Republican party said, "We must supply those arguments and those answers," and they turned to the professors.

We here in New York in the Chamber of Commerce are

making a determined effort in behalf of commercial education. The courses of study in our public schools seem to have been constructed with the idea of children going to college. Whereas at least ninety per cent. leave school at the age of fourteen years or under, and comparatively few go to college. During the last twenty-five years the curriculum in colleges have not been materially changed; they have scientific courses, commercial courses and elective courses, which have been lately introduced, and certainly the same principle should be observed in framing the course of study in the public schools. By commercial study we mean the acquisition of modern languages, French, Spanish and German. Commerce in this country is struggling under three awful handicaps. For 119 years the importation of vessels built abroad for commercial use has been prohibited in this country. That is the element of protection. In 1792 when the law was passed denying American register to foreign built vessels over eighty-eight per cent. of the freighting business was done in American vessels. In 1910 less than nine per cent. was done. If there is any reason for the continuance of that law I have been unable to discover it.

It costs forty per cent. more to build in this country than abroad, and hence an American line of steamers must be capitalized for forty per cent. more than when it is built abroad. The great commercial banking power in this country represented by our national bank system, under the banking laws under which they must do business in this country, can have no branches and no agencies at home or abroad. It is impossible that they can compete with the great banks of the world that have agents all over the world in the transaction of foreign business. And that means that our foreign business must be financed by foreign bankers, our rivals, who fix the rate of interest as the foreign vessels fix the rate for freight.

Again, business done in any other country must be done in the language of that country, and in many things according to the customs and uses of the country. In America we speak but one language and are said to speak that badly. And when we do business abroad we must employ interpreters, and pay our rivals to make our trades for us and do business for us.

Now, we hope in the Chamber of Commerce to help overcome this handicap by creating an opportunity first for obtaining a commercial education including these languages, and then by issuing certificates of proficiency as the result of examinations, which will possess a value in obtaining positions at home and abroad.

There are great problems of education to be met and solved, as well as problems of government. There is certainly no position more honorable, and under the circumstances I believe there is no position more responsible and more desirable for good than the Presidency of a great University.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

RIGHTEOUSNESS

[Address delivered by President Hibben of Princeton University at the dinner of the Holland Society, New York, January 15, 1914.]

Mr. President, His Excellency, the Minister from the Netherlands, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am going to take, if I may be allowed, some liberty with this toast. I remember as a boy in my old home church we had an old-fashioned minister who always used to announce his text and then say that he would preach to and from it, as he expressed it; and I am going to take the liberty to speak to and from this text; and, in the first place, perhaps, wandering somewhat far afield from the text.

Following the example of the Honorable Collector of the Port, a story has been suggested to my mind by the Coat-of-Arms of William the Silent, illustrating one of the conspicuous Dutch traits of taciturnity. There was a Dutch emigrant who came to this country a few years ago who fell in love with a very pretty Irish maid; and, one evening, when all the circumstances and conditions seemed favorable, he managed to ask her a question, "Katie, do you luff me?" And she replied, with Celtic alacrity, "I do"; and the next question was, "Will you marry me?" And she said "I will"; and then there was silence for a long time; and finally the girl looked up into his face and said, "Yacob, why don't you say something more?" And he says, "I tinks I have said too much already." [Laughter.]

I have only one criticism of this delicious feast that you have spread before us to-night,—that there was a certain dish called "Hutspot," evidently intended to be a Dutch dish with an alleged Spanish ancestry, but, when it came before us to my personal observation and experimentation, it proved to be a good old-fashioned Irish Stew. [Laughter.] This was no

doubt planned by your Committee to-night as a very gracious compliment to our distinguished Irish guest. [Laughter.]

I am exceedingly interested in the coat-of-arms behind me and particularly in the upper left-hand quarter of the coat-of-arms, representing the "House of Nassau." As you know, Princeton College is very often referred to by those of us who love it as Nassau Hall. [Applause.] (I see we have some good patriotic Princetonians in the gallery at least.) It was called Nassau Hall because of our oldest building, which still stands to-day in the center of our campus and holds a central place in our affections,—Nassau Hall.

It was suggested at first, when that building was erected in 1754, that it should bear the name of the then Governor of the Colony of New Jersey. He rejoiced in the name of Belcher, and he had rare good common sense, inasmuch as he said, "I object to having my name given to that building; it will not do to have it go down into history as Belcher Hall"; and I must confess that it would have been a great drain upon our patriotic devotion and to our sentiment to twine our thoughts and affections around the words "Belcher Hall." And it was Governor Belcher, who also proposed the name of Nassau Hall. He was not a Dutchman himself; and the question is very naturally asked why should this old Scotch-Irish college bear the name of Nassau, and its principal building be Nassau Hall? And the answer which Governor Belcher gave to the Trustees at that time who asked this question of him was this, that there was one figure that stands out in modern history above all others, William of the House of Nassau, the man who stands for the love of truth, and for intellectual liberty, for civil liberty and for religious liberty. And in an institution that had as it has to-day, and I pray God that it may have for all future, the one aim of training young men in the love of truth, in touching their conscience and preparing them to serve faithfully and well their day and generation, could there have been a more inspiring figure to hold up before them for all time than that of William of the House of Nassau? [Applause.]

And, if I may make a statement in passing, which I think will be of interest to you all, and many of you know it already, and yet I always delight in repeating it, that this

Nassau Hall was at one time the Capitol of the United States.

After the War of the Revolution you may remember that our Congress rather ignominiously fled from Philadelphia because it was impossible to pay the Pennsylvania troops the money due them for the later months of service in the war, and the troops of Pennsylvania encamped about the old State House in Philadelphia. Consequently Congress adjourned at night, and the next morning the Congress assembled in Nassau Hall and was there for seven or eight months. It was in this building that Washington received the thanks of the American people for his services in the War of Independence; and, Mr. Minister, it was in the room where to-day our Faculty meets, the central room of Nassau Hall, that the first Minister from Europe accredited to the United States, the Minister from the Netherlands, was officially received. [Great applause.]

Gentlemen, there are two things which I should like to emphasize, as all Americans must emphasize very gratefully, when they think of Holland and of what Holland has given to the world, and particularly what Holland has given to the United States.

Those old Dutchmen had great ideas. That was the first thing. And the second thing was that they dared to stand for them and to fight for them, and, if need be—and the need was often very evident in those old days—if need be, to die for them. The strength of the Dutch mind, perhaps psychologists to-day would tell us, was due to the native brain tissue. Whatever it was, the Dutch mind had a wonderful grasp of fertile and fertilizing ideas. They had the power to an unusual degree, it seems to me, of intellectual discernment. The Dutchman was not content to skim upon the surface of thought. He had a deeply penetrating mind. The ideas which he has given to the world are profound ideas. They go down to the foundations of the things; and all that is stable and all that is permanent in our political institutions, social institutions and religious institutions to-day in our country is built upon this foundation laid by the Dutch thinkers.

It is a remarkable thing,—and, to us in our country to-day, it is a most encouraging thing,—that this nation that had made

a reputation around the whole civilized world for its great commercial activity, dealing in a masterly manner with material things, that this nation was also a nation of thinkers; and it proves for all time that material prosperity may go hand in hand with spiritual insight. We hear it to-day said on all sides that our nation has been given too much to the development of the material resources of our country; that, because the task has been laid upon the past generations in the progress of our history to develop these resources, therefore, necessarily, it must follow that we are a material people. This I deny; and, if you ask me my reason, I can state it in one word: "The Dutch have proved for all time that man can develop the God-given resources of nature and deal, day in and day out, with material things and yet maintain a spiritual vision and, while having their feet fast upon the earth, may lift up their eyes and look unto God, and this stands before us, as expressing, by an historical example, the intellectual and spiritual possibilities of our country.

We ask ourselves now more particularly as to what were the great ideas, or, perhaps I can put it, what was the great idea that the Dutch people gave to the world? And it again can be put in a word: It is the fundamental law of righteousness. That was the idea that took possession of their thought and also of their hearts, an appeal to their conscience. The law of righteousness was taken up as an idea by three great minds in Holland. As interpreted in the light of its bearing upon law and upon legislation and from the standpoint of jurisprudence, we have the great work of Grotius. Interpreted from the standpoint of the system of morals and the standards of daily conduct, we have the ethics of the Jew of Amsterdam, Spinoza; and, as interpreted as the law of righteousness, which, at the same time, is the law of the eternal God, we have it in the scholarly erudition of the great Dutchman Erasmus. From these channels touching upon the three great spheres of life,—of law, which must be the foundation of all our political institutions,—of the standards of conduct and everyday life, which must be the foundation of all our social institutions,—of the religious interpretation of law, which must be the foundation of all of our religious institutions,—we have there a comprehensive philosophy of life, that

is not interesting merely as a theory, but is suggestive and inspiring also as practice.

All of these ideas were not confined to the University of Leyden or the other universities of Holland, or to the great writers; but the peculiar characteristic of these great ideals was this, that they became the possession of the common people; and I believe most profoundly that it is the particular service of great men like Grotius, Spinoza and Erasmus, and of great institutions like the University of Leyden, that they put their thought in such a way that the common people can grasp it; and I believe, gentlemen, that the more profound the thought, the simpler it will be. Profound thoughts and ruling thoughts in the destinies of men are not complex and abstruse; they are simple, so that almost a child can understand them; and I believe that it is the peculiar function of our schools, and particularly of our universities to-day, that these controlling thoughts that are calculated to sway the minds and the consciences of men should be put in such a form that they have become here in our midst the possession of the masses and not merely the theoretical studies to busy and entertain the few.

But not only has Holland given us these great ideas, but it has given us an example in the spirit of the men who were willing to sacrifice, to suffer and to die for them. We are willing to listen to-day to great ideas, and we like to think that we possess them, but we are all of us somewhat afraid of allowing great ideas to possess us. Those old Dutchmen did not have these ideas merely in their minds, put away as in a storehouse; they did not possess them, but these ideas took possession of their souls, and they were willing to go out and fight for them. And the reason of it was that these ideas of fundamental righteousness had touched their consciences; they had made an appeal to the soul; and, when they stood, in their great struggle for civil and religious liberty, at the last analysis, it meant the rights of conscience, so that every man may stand before his God and appeal to that Supreme Court, the court of last appeal, namely, his own individual soul. And so, these men fought for freedom of thinking and for a free press and for free speech, and they won in this great cause of liberty.

We to-day, gentlemen, rejoice in the freedom of thinking. But how many in our country are availing themselves of the privilege of thinking? I thank God that we have evidences that have come to us in the last few years of the thought of this country being awakened; that concerning these great political, social, moral and religious problems the young men, particularly of our country—and by young men I mean in the generic sense—I do not wish to exclude young women at all—the youth of the country are awakening; their thought is being touched, and I believe that you are going to reach the consciences of our citizens through their minds. It is not an emotional appeal merely, for the great questions of to-day are argued before tribunals of thought. If we can get, throughout the length and breadth of our country, the young people thinking and discussing these great themes, and not shrinking from what may be the outcome of it as regards the past or as regards the present, but with our eyes upon the future, our destiny, I believe, is assured.

I would take only one exception to what Mr. Malone has said, if he will allow me to quote one expression of his. He said that everything changes; I would make one exception. Everything changes but certain fundamental laws of right and of justice. [Applause.] The application of those laws may change, but the laws themselves stand; there is something immutable about them because they are eternal. And, while we see the fashions of the day changing, and while we see that the necessities of the present can not be met by the old rules and practices, yet, when we come to the fundamental principles, they are the same, they are our guiding star. We must follow them, and although I believe with all my heart and soul, that as we as a nation are committed to a progressive policy, nevertheless as we go forward in our progress, let us also take something of the past with us and not leave it wholly behind; and, to be completely specific, that part of the past that I would have us take with us as our most precious possession is the Dutch past, and all that it meant to Holland, what it meant to England and what it meant to us at the beginning of our national history. [Prolonged applause.]

FRANK PIERCE HILL

THE LIBRARIAN TO-DAY

[Speech by Frank P. Hill, Chief Librarian of the Brooklyn Public Library at a Luncheon of the Library Association.]

The librarian of a generation or more ago had many advantages over his successor. He was always with and among his books, his desk was in the midst of them, and his work directly in touch with them. He had little to do with the details of the management of the library. In those days the initiative in all progressive schemes was taken by the board of trustees or committees of the board, and it usually happened that a policy would be adopted, or action taken without consultation with the librarian. In some libraries, even in large cities, the librarian did not attend the board or committee meetings. He was merely a "keeper of books," and being thus permitted to pursue his studious ways, his character and mind were enriched from his long and intimate association with books, and he became, as some one has described him, "a living catalog and a walking encyclopaedia."

The modern librarian, from the standpoint of personal gain, has undoubtedly lost much of the joy of being a librarian. He has a private office away from the collection, or he may be ununfortunate enough to have his office altogether outside of the library building where the good smell of old books never reaches him.

The present-day librarian has taken on duties formerly borne by the trustees, and through force of circumstances rather than inclination, he is obliged to devote much of his time and attention to the business management of the institution.

The increase in the appropriations made to libraries, and the amount of work which an up-to-date library is expected to perform have made it necessary for a librarian to become more of a business manager than his predecessor. He must see that

the income of the library is wisely and economically expended, and that the needs of the institution are so represented to trustees and the city officials as to secure sufficient money to carry on the work. He must keep in contact with the busy workers and professional men of the community, so that he may be prompt in seizing every opportunity for extending the usefulness of the library.

SAMUEL REYNOLDS HOLE

MY GARDEN

[Address by S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester (born December 5, 1819), delivered at the annual festival of the Royal Gardeners' Benevolent Society, held in London, May 18, 1900. The Duke of Portland was in the chair.]

YOUR GRACE, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN:—I have passed eighty milestones on the journey of life, being now, as the old gardener described himself, an octo-geranium [laughter], and my route has gone up to the highest summits and to the lowest depths. I have dined in a royal palace with the best queen that ever sat upon a throne, and I have taken tea—they said it was tea—with paupers in cottages of mud. I have lived with peasants and with princes, with millionaires and mechanics. I have had many famous men for my friends—statesmen and judges, and generals, and admirals, authors and artists—and there is no greater artist than the man who beautifies the land on which he lives. [Cheers.] I have been intimate with all sorts and conditions of men. I have been a friend to famous men, and I have tried to be a friend to infamous men—for I have been in a thieves' kitchen. High and low, rich and poor, with all sorts and conditions of men I have lived my life.

I have had a large amount of work, and I have had a large amount of play. They are not incongruous; they are inseparable from success. I sat one night by the side of my friend Mr. Thackeray, at a "Punch" dinner, and opposite to us sat Tom Taylor, who had just brought out two dramas, one at St. James's and the other at the Haymarket Theater, and he was in a silent and gloomy mood. Thackeray said to me, "All play and no work makes Tom a dull boy." [Laughter.] I have had a very varied experience of recreation, and I would rather speak of this to-night than of business and duty.

I took out a certificate for game when I was seventeen years of age, and I repeated that process for half a century. I have been very fond of all sorts of games, beginning with the grandest game of all, cricket. [Hear, hear.] I have seen Lillywhite bowling to Fuller Pilch. But all my life I have loved a garden. The instinct may be suppressed. It is too often suppressed by the cares and more exciting pleasures of this life, but it is born in us all. It takes us with delight to the banks on which the violets grow, to the woods of the primrose, to the old hedges which used to be, before modern farming began, bowered over with wild roses, and to the buttercups and cowslips of the mead; and I have found this—after fourscore years I maintain this—that there is no recreation which brings so much happiness and brightness into a man's life as the recreation of horticulture. [Cheers.]

The love of a garden, like love itself, like charity, never fails. The time comes when the horseman deviates from the stiff timber and the flowing brook and seeks peace and safety through the gate into the lane. [Laughter.] The time comes to the gunner when the erratic jacksnipe, the nimble cony, the driven partridge and pheasant elude his aim; the time comes when the batsman arrives too late, and is run out, panting and breathless; or when, missing a catch, he is insulted with a question having reference to the price of butter [laughter]; but the joys of horticulture never fail, from the time when the baby tries to grip the artificial flower from its nurse's bonnet to the time of the octo-geranium [laughter], until the time when a man stands before his friends, as now, with snow on his head but with summer always in his heart. [Cheers.] I stand here to return thanks for horticulture.

There is not a gardener here to-night who won't join in the general thanksgiving and for the special mercies which are vouchsafed to us of this generation. First let me speak of the grand additions which have been made to horticulture through the zeal and enterprise of the importer (it is impossible to mention that word without thinking of our friend Harry Veitch), and through the skill of the cultivators—the gardeners, the working gardeners, to whom we owe so much, and to whom we are invited to-night to give help in their time of need. On Wednesday next let every one go and see in the Temple Gar-

dens the magnificent demonstrations of progress, from the orchids at five hundred pounds to the little rock-plants at sixpence. Do you know which is the most beautiful?—I don't.

Again, I think we are to be congratulated on the great improvement which has been made in our garden literature. There never was a time when there was such abundant and able information from our horticultural press. Never since the days of Hooker, Loudon, and Paxton have there been works more helpful to the gardener than "The Flower Garden" of William Robinson, "The History of Gardening," by Miss Amherst, and the fascinating works by Miss Jekyll on "Wood and Garden." I welcome the sentimental element which has been introduced into the works on gardening, that element which appeals to the intellect and to the imagination. I have known so many young persons, anxious for information about the garden, who have been deterred by the dullness and monotony of those books which are written to instruct them. I even venture to plead for occasional gleams of humor.

Half a century ago it seemed to me that the garden promoted the greatest joy and usefulness of my life, and I tried to communicate to others the happiness which I had found myself. I wrote accordingly to the "Gardeners' Chronicle" and to "The Florist," and although I was denounced as frivolous by a few stolid philosophers, I received such encouragement on the whole that I spread my wings and took a higher flight, and in a little book which I wrote about roses [cheers] I have, from that time to this, achieved the influence which I most desired to possess.

I think that we have great reason to be thankful, and to congratulate each other that not only has the love of gardening increased, but there is a far more refined ambition as to the arrangement of the garden. Some people say that it is a retrograde movement; but I say, when you go back to our old style, the English or the natural style, it may be retrograde, but it is the return of the vagabond to the right way. I do not depreciate for a moment the value of the introduction of half-hardy plants. I think there are places in which they are most appropriate. I do not fail to admire their combination with stonework around the palace, the castle, or other spacious mansion. These form a beautiful frame, but this

arrangement is not a garden; a garden is a place of seclusion, of meditation and restful peace. A garden is a place in which you collect the most beautiful things that you can procure, and in which you arrange them to be as like nature as ever you can make them.

I will direct your attention to one point more. This horticulture, this beautiful blessing with which God has enriched your life and mine, should not be restricted to the rich or even to the middle classes, but it should be offered to the working man. [Cheers.] I rejoice in the efforts which are being made by the great landed proprietors and by the county councils to promote this object. I will only say of it, from long experience, that if you can once get a man to see that he can grow things pleasant to the eye and good for food, and at the same time teach, as the county councils in many instances are trying to teach, his wife how to cook them, you will have more to keep that man from the public house than by any other process. [Hear, hear.] Your Grace, my lords, and gentlemen, I thank you for this expression of your sympathy. I knew that I should have it, for it never fails in our brotherhood, and in grateful acknowledgment I wish from my heart that you may have the blessing which has been given to me—the life, the happy life of a gardener. For—

He wanders away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sings to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seems long,
Or his heart begins to fail,
She will sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

DOROTHY Q.

[Speech of Oliver Wendell Holmes at the banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association at Boston, Mass., May 23, 1884, in honor of the Hon. John Lowell.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—It was my intention when I accepted the public invitation to be with you this evening, to excuse myself from saying a word. I am a professor emeritus, which means pretty nearly the same thing as a tired-out or a worn-out instructor. And I do seriously desire that, having during the last fifty years done my share of work at public entertainments, I may hereafter be permitted, as a post-prandial emeritus, to look on and listen in silence at the festivals to which I may have the honor of being invited—unless, indeed, I may happen to wish to be heard. [Applause.] In that case I trust I may be indulged, as an unspoken speech and an unread poem are apt to "strike in," as some complaints are said to, and cause inward commotions. [Applause.] Judge Lowell's eulogy will be on every one's lips this evening. His soundness, his fairness, his learning, his devotion to duty, his urbanity,—these are the qualities which have commended him to universal esteem and honor. [Applause.] I will not say more of the living; I wish to speak of the dead.

In respectfully proposing the memory of his great-great-grandmother [laughter] I am speaking of one whom few if any of you can remember. [Laughter.] Yet her face is as familiar to me as that of any member of my household. She looks upon me as I sit at my writing-table; she does not smile, she does not speak; even the green parrot on her hand has never opened his beak; but there she is, calm, unchanging, in her immortal youth, as when the untutored artist fixed her features on the canvas. To think that one little word from the lips of Dorothy Quincy, your great-great-grandmother, my great-

grandmother, decided the question whether you and I should be here to-night [laughter], in fact whether we should be anywhere [laughter] at all, or remain two bodiless dreams of nature! But it was Dorothy Quincy's "Yes" or "No" to Edward Jackson which was to settle that important matter—important to both of us, certainly—yes, Your Honor; and I can say truly, as I look at you and remember your career, important to this and the whole American community. [Applause.]

The picture I referred to is but a rude one, and yet I was not ashamed of it when I wrote a copy of verses about it, three or four of which this audience will listen to for the sake of Dorothy's great-grandson. I must alter the pronouns a little, for this occasion only:—

Look not on her with eyes of scorn—
Dorothy Q. was a lady born;
Ay! since the galloping Normans came
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift (we) owe to you!
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring—

All (our) tenure of heart and hand,
All (our) title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered "No!"
When forth the tremuluous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill—
Should (we) be (we), or could it be
One-tenth (two others) and nine-tenths (we)?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,

And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, now faint and far
Your images hover—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone—
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own—
A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable whispered so long ago.

[Applause prolonged.]

I give you: "The memory of Dorothy Jackson, born Dorothy Quincy, to whose choice of the right monosyllable we owe the presence of our honored guest and all that his life has achieved for the welfare of the community." [Great applause and cheers.]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

LAW AND THE COURT

[Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court was born in Boston in 1841 and graduated from Harvard College in 1861. He served throughout the Civil War being three times wounded and promoted from Lieutenant to Lieutenant-Colonel. When he was mustered out he entered the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1867. He was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1902. The following speech was made at the dinner of the Harvard Law School Association, February 15, 1913.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—Vanity is the most philosophical of those feelings that we are taught to despise. For vanity recognizes that if a man is in a minority of one we lock him up, and therefore longs for an assurance from others that one's work has not been in vain. If a man's ambition is the thirst for a power that comes not from office but from within, he never can be sure that any happiness is not a fool's paradise—he never can be sure that he sits on that other bench reserved for the masters of those who know. Then too, at least until one draws near to seventy, one is less likely to hear the trumpets than the rolling fire of the front. I have passed that age, but I still am on the firing line, and it is only in rare moments like this that there comes a pause and for half an hour one feels a trembling hope. They are the rewards of a lifetime's work.

But let me turn to more palpable realities—to that other visible Court to which for ten now accomplished years it has been my opportunity to belong. We are very quiet there, but it is the quiet of a storm center, as we all know. Science has taught the world skepticism and has made it legitimate to put everything to the test of proof. Many beautiful and noble

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reverences are impaired, but in these days no one can complain if any institution, system, or belief is called on to justify its continuance in life. Of course we are not excepted and have not escaped. Doubts are expressed that go to our very being. Not only are we told that when Marshall pronounced an Act of Congress unconstitutional he usurped a power that the Constitution did not give, but we are told that we are the representatives of a class—a tool of the money power. I get letters, not always anonymous, intimating that we are corrupt. Well, gentlemen, I admit that it makes my heart ache. It is very painful, when one spends all the energies of one's soul in trying to do good work, with no thought but that of solving a problem according to the rules by which one is bound, to know that many see sinister motives and would be glad of evidence that one was consciously bad. But we must take such things philosophically and try to see what we can learn from hatred and distrust and whether behind them there may not be some germ of inarticulate truth.

The attacks upon the Court are merely an expression of the unrest that seems to wonder vaguely whether law and order pay. When the ignorant are taught to doubt they do not know what they safely may believe. And it seems to me that at this time we need education in the obvious more than investigation of the obscure. I do not see so much immediate use in committees on the high cost of living and inquiries how far it is due to the increased production of gold, how far to the narrowing of cattle ranges and the growth of population, how far to the bugaboo, as I do in bringing home to people a few social and economic truths. Most men think dramatically, not quantitatively, a fact that the rich would be wise to remember more than they do. We are apt to contrast the palace with the hovel, the dinner at Sherry's with the working man's pail, and never ask how much or realize how little is withdrawn to make the prizes of success (subordinate prizes—since the only prize much cared for by the powerful is power. The prize of the general is not a bigger tent, but command). We are apt to think of ownership as a terminus, not as a gateway, and not to realize that, except the tax levied for personal consumption, large ownership means investment, and investment means the direction of labor towards the production of the greatest re-

turns—returns that so far as they are great show by that very fact that they are consumed by the many, not alone by the few. If I may ride a hobby for an instant, I should say we need to think things instead of words—to drop ownership, money, etc., and to think of the stream of products; of wheat and cloth and railway travel. When we do, it is obvious that the many consume them; that they now as truly have substantially all there is, as if the title were in the United States; that the great body of property is socially administered now, and that the function of private ownership is to divine in advance the equilibrium of social desires—which socialism equally would have to divine, but which, under the illusion of self-seeking, is more poignantly and shrewdly foreseen.

I should like to see it brought home to the public that the question of fair prices is due to the fact that none of us can have as much as we want of all the things we want; that as less will be produced than the public wants, the question is how much of each product it will have and how much go without; that thus the final competition is between the objects of desire, and therefore between the producers of those objects; that when we oppose labor and capital, labor means the group that is selling its product and capital all the other groups that are buying it. The hated capitalist is simply the mediator, the prophet, the adjuster according to his divination of the future desire. If you could get that believed, the body of the people would have no doubt as to the worth of law.

That is my outside thought on the present discontents. As to the truth embodied in them, in part it cannot be helped. It cannot be helped, it is as it should be, that the law is behind the times. I told a labor leader once that what they asked was favor, and if a decision was against them they called it wicked. The same might be said of their opponents. It means that the law is growing. As law embodies beliefs that have triumphed in the battle of ideas and then have translated themselves into action, while there still is doubt, while opposite convictions still keep a battle front against each other, the time for law has not come; the notion destined to prevail is not yet entitled to the field. It is a misfortune if a judge reads his conscious or unconscious sympathy with one side or the other prematurely into the law, and forgets that what seem to him

to be first principles are believed by half his fellow-men to be wrong. I think that we have suffered from this misfortune, in State courts at least, and that this is another and very important truth to be extracted from the popular discontent.

When twenty years ago a vague terror went over the earth and the word socialism began to be heard, I thought and still think that fear was translated into doctrines that had no proper place in the Constitution or the common law. Judges are apt to be naïve, simple-minded men, and they need something of Mephistopheles. We too need education in the obvious—to learn to transcend our own convictions and to leave room for much that we hold dear to be done away with short of revolution by the orderly change of law.

I have no belief in panaceas and almost none in sudden ruin. I believe with Montesquieu that if the chance of a battle—I may add, the passage of a law—has ruined a state, there was a general cause at work that made the state ready to perish by a single battle or a law. Hence I am not much interested one way or the other in the nostrums now so strenuously urged. I do not think the United states would come to an end if we lost our power to declare an Act of Congress void. I do not think the Union would be imperiled if we could not make that declaration as to the laws of the several States. For one in my place sees how often a local policy prevails with those who are not trained to national views and how often action is taken that embodies what the Commerce Clause was meant to end. But I am not aware that there is any serious desire to limit the Court's power in this regard. For most of the things that properly can be called evils in the present state of the law I think the main remedy, as for the evils of public opinion, is for us to grow more civilized.

If I am right it will be a slow business for our people to reach rational views, assuming that we are allowed to work peaceably to that end. But as I grow older I grow calm. If I feel what are perhaps an old man's apprehensions, that competition from new races will cut deeper than working men's disputes and will test whether we can hang together and can fight; if I fear that we are running through the world's resources at a pace that we cannot keep, I do not lose my hopes. I do not pin my dreams for the future to my country or even

to my race. I think it probable that civilization somehow will last as long as I care to look ahead—perhaps with smaller numbers, but perhaps also bred to greatness and splendor by science. I think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it never has seen but is to be—that man may have cosmic destinies that he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

The other day my dream was pictured to my mind. It was evening. I was walking homeward on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury, and as I looked beyond Sherman's Statue to the west the sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. But, like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the sky line there came from little globes the pallid discord of the electric lights. And I thought to myself the Götterdämmerung will end, and from those globes clustered like evil eggs will come the new masters of the sky. It is like the time in which we live. But then I remember the faith that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought and more than thought inside of it, and as I gazed, after the sunset and above the electric lights there shone the stars.

THE CLASS OF '61

[An address delivered at the Fiftieth Anniversary of Graduation, June 28, 1911. Published with the kind permission of author and of the Publishers, Little, Brown & Co.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN OF THE ALUMNI:—One of the recurring sights of Alaska, I believe, is when a section of the great glacier cracks and drops into the sea. The last time that I remember witnessing the periodic semi-centennial plunge of a college class was when I heard Longfelllow say "Morituri salutamus." If I should repeat that phrase of the gladiators soon to die, it would be from knowledge and reason, not from feeling, for I own that I am apt to wonder whether I do not

dream that I have lived, and may not wake to find that all that I thought done is still to be accomplished and that life is all ahead—But we have had our warning. Even within the last three months Henry Bowditch, the world-known physiologist, and Frank Emmons, the world-known geologist, have dropped from the class, leaving only the shadow of great names.

I like to think that they were types of '61, not only in their deeds, but in their noble silence. It has been my fortune to belong to two bodies that seemed to me somewhat alike—the 20th Massachusetts Regiment and the class of '61. The 20th never wrote about itself to the newspapers, but for its killed and wounded in battle it stood in the first half-dozen of all the regiments of the North. This little class never talked much about itself, but graduating just as the war of secession began, out of its eighty-one members it had fifty-one under arms, the largest proportion that any class sent to that war.

One learns from time an amiable latitude with regard to beliefs and tests. Life is painting a picture, not doing a sum. As twenty men of genius looking out of the same window will paint twenty canvasses, each unlike all the others, and every one great, so, one comes to think, men may be pardoned for the defects of their qualities if they have the qualities of their defects. But, after all, we all of us have our notions of what is best. I learned in the regiment and in the class the conclusion, at least, of what I think the best service that we can do for our country and for ourselves: To see so far as one may, and to feel, the great forces that are behind every detail—for that makes all the difference between philosophy and gossip, between great action and small; the least wavelet of the Atlantic Ocean is mightier than one of Buzzard's Bay—to hammer out as compact and solid a piece of work as one can, to try to make it first rate, and to leave it unadvertised.

It was a good thing for us in our college days, as Moorfield Storey pointed out a few years ago in an excellent address, that we were all poor. At least we lived as if we were. It seems to me that the training at West Point is better fitted to make a man than for a youth to have all the luxuries of life poured into a trough for him at twenty. We had something of that discipline, and before it was over many of us were in barracks learning the school of the soldier. Man is born a pre-

destined idealist, for he is born to act. To act is to affirm the worth of an end, and to persist in affirming the worth of an end is to make an ideal. The stern experience of our youth helped to accomplish the destiny of fate. It left us feeling through life that pleasures do not make happiness and that the root of joy as of duty is to put out all of one's powers toward some great end.

When one listens from above to the roar of a great city, there comes to one's ears—almost indistinguishable, but there —the sound of church bells, chiming the hours, or offering a pause in the rush, a moment for withdrawal and prayer. Commerce has outsoared the steeples that once looked down upon the marts, but still their note makes music of the din. For those of us who are not churchmen the symbol still lives. Life is a roar of bargain and battle, but in the very heart of it there rises a mystic spiritual tone that gives meaning to the whole. It transmutes the dull details into romance. It reminds us that our only but wholly adequate significance is as parts of the unimaginable whole. It suggests that even while we think that we are egotists we are living to ends outside ourselves.

SONS OF HARVARD WHO FELL IN BATTLE

[Speech of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the "Autocrat," at the Harvard Alumni Dinner, at Cambridge, June 25, 1884.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni:—Another day than this has been consecrated to the memories of the war. On that day we think not of the children of the university or the city, hardly, even, of the children whom the State has lost, but of a mighty brotherhood whose parent was our common country. To-day the college is the center of all our feeling, and if we refer to the war it is in connection with the college, and not for its own sake that we do so. What then did the college do to justify our speaking of the war now? She sent a few gentlemen into the field, who died there becomingly. I know of nothing more. The great forces which ensured the North success would have been at work even if those men had been absent. Our means of raising money and troops would not have been less, I dare say. The great qualities of the race, too, would still have been there. The greatest qualities, after all, are those of a man, not those of a gentleman, and neither North nor South needed colleges to learn them.

And yet—and yet I think we all feel that, to us, at least, the war would seem less beautiful and inspiring, if those few gentlemen had not died as they did. Look at yonder portrait * and yonder bust † and tell me if stories such as they commemorate do not add a glory to the bare fact that the strongest legions prevailed. So it has been since wars began. After history has done its best to fix men's thoughts upon strategy and finance, their eyes have turned and rested on some single

* The portrait referred to is that of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, killed at Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 18, 1863.

† The bust is that of General Charles Russell Lowell, who died October 20, 1864, of wounds received at Cedar Creek, Va., October 19.

romantic figure—some Sidney, some Falkland, some Wolfe, some Montcalm, some Shaw. This is that little touch of the superfluous which is necessary. Necessary as art is necessary, and knowledge which serves no mechanical end. Superfluous only as glory is superfluous, or a bit of red ribbon that a man would die to win.

It has been one merit of Harvard College that it has never quite sunk to believing that its only function was to carry a body of specialists through the first stage of their preparation. About these halls there has always been an aroma of high feeling not to be found or lost in science or Greek—not to be fixed, yet all-pervading. And the warrant of Harvard College for writing the names of its dead graduates upon its tablets is not in the mathematics, the chemistry, the political economy which it taught them, but that, in ways not to be discovered, by traditions not to be written down, it helped men of lofty natures to make good their faculties. I hope and I believe that it will long give such help to its children. I hope and I believe that long after our tears for the dead have been forgotten, this monument to their memory will still give such help to generations to whom it is only a symbol—a symbol of man's destiny and power for duty, but a symbol also of that something more by which duty is swallowed up in generosity, that something more which led men like Shaw to toss life and hope like a flower before the feet of their country and their cause. [Cheers.]

THE JOY OF LIFE

[Speech of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, at a banquet in his honor given by the Suffolk Bar Association Boston, March 7, 1900, upon his elevation to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Justice Holmes, upon rising to the toast of the presiding officer, was received with cheers, the entire company rising.]

GENTLEMEN OF THE SUFFOLK BAR:—The kindness of this reception almost unmans me, and it shakes me the more when taken with a kind of seriousness which the moment has for me. As with a drowning man, the past is telescoped into a minute,

and the stages are all here at once in my mind. The day before yesterday I was at the law school, fresh from the army, arguing cases in a little club with Goulding and Beaman and Peter Olney, and laying the dust of pleading by certain sprinklings which Huntington Jackson, another ex-soldier, and I managed to contrive together. A little later in the day, in Bob Morse's, I saw a real writ, acquired a practical conviction of the difference between assumpsit and trover, and marveled open-mouthed at the swift certainty with which a master of his business turned it off.

Yesterday I was at the law school again, in the chair instead of on the benches, when my dear partner, Shattuck, came out and told me that in one hour the Governor would submit my name to the council for a judgeship, if notified of my assent. It was a stroke of lightning which changed the whole course of my life.

And the day before yesterday, gentlemen, was thirty-five years, and yesterday was more than eighteen years, ago. I have gone on feeling young, but I have noticed that I have met fewer of the old to whom to show my deference, and recently I was startled by being told that ours is an old bench. Well, I accept the fact, although I find it hard to realize, and I ask myself, what is there to show for this half lifetime that has passed? I look into my book in which I keep a docket of the decisions of the full court which fall to me to write, and find about a thousand cases. A thousand cases, many of them upon trifling or transitory matters, to represent nearly half a lifetime! A thousand cases, when one would like to study to the bottom and to say his say on every question which the law ever has presented, and then to go on and invent new problems which should be the test of doctrine, and then to generalize it all and write it in continuous, logical, philosophic exposition, setting forth the whole corpus with its roots in history and its justifications of expedience, real or supposed!

Alas, gentlemen, that is life. I often imagine Shakespeare or Napoleon summing himself up and thinking: "Yes, I have written five thousand lines of solid gold, and a good deal of padding—I, who have covered the milky way with words which outshine the stars!" "Yes, I beat the Austrians in Italy and elsewhere; I made a few brilliant campaigns, and I ended in

middle life in a *cul-de-sac*—I who had dreamed of a world monarchy and of Asiatic power!" We cannot live in our dreams. We are lucky enough if we can give a sample of our best, and if in our hearts we can feel that it has been nobly done.

Some changes come about in the process: changes not necessarily so much in the nature as in the emphasis of our interest. I do not mean in our wish to make a living and to succeed—of course, we all want those things—but I mean in our ulterior intellectual or spiritual interests, in the ideal part, without which we are but snails or tigers.

One begins with a search for a general point of view. After a time he finds one, and then for a while he is absorbed in testing it, in trying to satisfy himself whether it is true. But after many experiments or investigations, all have come out one way, and his theory is confirmed and settled in his mind; he knows in advance that the next case will be but another verification, and the stimulus of anxious curiosity is gone. He realizes that his branch of knowledge only presents more illustrations of the universal principle; he sees it all as another case of the same old ennui, or the same sublime mystery—for it does not matter what epithets you apply to the whole of things, they are merely judgments of yourself. At this stage the pleasure is no less, perhaps, but it is the pure pleasure of doing the work, irrespective of further aims, and when you reach that stage you reach, as it seems to me, the triune formula of the joy, the duty and the end of life.

It was of this that Malebranche was thinking when he said that, if God held in one hand truth and in the other the pursuit of truth, he would say: "Lord, the truth is for thee alone; give me the pursuit." The joy of life is to put out one's power in some natural and useful or harmless way. There is no other. And the real misery is not to do this. The hell of the old world's literature is to be taxed beyond one's powers. This country has expressed in story—I suppose because it has experienced it in life—a deeper abyss of intellectual asphyxia or vital ennui, when powers conscious of themselves are denied their chance.

The rule of joy and the law of duty seem to me all one. I confess that altruistic and cynically selfish talk seem to me

about equally unreal. With all humility, I think "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," infinitely more important than the vain attempt to love one's neighbor as one's self. If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have all your will in a focus, you must not be thinking about yourself, and, equally, you must not be thinking about your neighbor; you must be living in your eye on that bird. Every achievement is a bird on the wing.

The joy, the duty, and, I venture to add, the end of life. I speak only of this world, of course, and of the teachings of this world. I do not seek to trench upon the province of spiritual guides. But from the point of view of the world the end of life is life. Life is action, the use of one's powers. As to use them to their height is our joy and duty, so it is the one end that justifies itself. Until lately the best thing that I was able to think of in favor of civilization, apart from blind acceptance of the order of the universe, was that it made possible the artist, the poet, the philosopher, and the man of science. But I think that is not the greatest thing. Now I believe that the greatest thing is a matter that comes directly home to us all. When it is said that we are too much occupied with the means of living to live, I answer that the chief work of civilization is just that it makes the means of living more complex; that it calls for great and combined intellectual efforts, instead of simple, uncoördinated ones, in order that the crowd may be fed and clothed and housed and moved from place to place. Because more complex and intense intellectual efforts mean a fuller and richer life. They mean more life. Life is an end in itself, and the only question as to whether it is worth living is whether you have enough of it.

I will add but a word. We are all very near despair. The sheathing that floats us over its waves is compounded of hope, faith in the unexplainable worth and sure issue of effort, and the deep, sub-conscious content which comes from the exercise of our powers. In the words of a touching negro song: "Sometimes I's up, sometimes I's down, sometimes I's almost to the groun'," but these thoughts have carried me, as I hope they will carry the young men who hear me, through long years of doubt, self-distrust and solitude.

They do now, for, although it might seem that the day of trial was over, in fact it is renewed each day. The kindness which you have shown me makes me bold in happy moments to believe that the long and passionate struggle has not been quite in vain. [Applause.]

JULIA WARD HOWE

TRIBUTE TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

[Speech of Julia Ward Howe at the breakfast in celebration of the seventieth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes, given by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly,* Boston, Mass., December 3, 1870. Mrs. Howe sat at the right of Mr. Howells, then the editor of the *Atlantic,* who presided at one of the tables, with Mr. Emerson on his left. Dr. Holmes sat on the right of Mr. Houghton, who presided at the other end of the table, with Mrs. Stowe on his left. Mrs. Howe was called up by the toast, "The girls we have not left behind us."]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—One word in courtesy I must say in replying to so kind a mention as that which is made, not only of me, but those of my sex who are so happy as to be present here to-day. I think, in looking on this scene, of a certain congress which took place in Paris more than a year ago, and it was called a congress of literary people, *gens de lettres.* When I heard that this was to take place I immediately bestirred myself to attend its sittings and went at once to the headquarters to find how I might do so. I then learned to my great astonishment that no women were to be included among these *gens de lettres,* that is, literary people. [Laughter.] Now, we have thought it a very modest phrase sometimes to plead that, whatever women may not be, they are people. [Laughter and applause.] And it would seem to-day that they are recognized as literary people, and I am very glad that you gentlemen have found room for the sisterhood to-day, and have found room to place them so numerously here, and I must say that to my eyes the banquet looks very much more cheerful than it would without them. [Applause.] It looks to me as though it had all blossomed out under a new social influence, and beside each dark stem I see a rose. [Laughter and applause.] But I must say at once that I came here entirely unprovided with a speech, and, not dreaming of one, yet I came provided with something. I considered myself invited

as a sort of grandmother—indeed, I am, and I know a grandmother is usually expected to have something in her pocket. [Laughter and applause.] And I have a very modest tribute to the illustrious person whom we are met to-day to honor. With your leave I will read it. [Applause.]

Thou metamorphic god!
Who mak'st the straight Olympus thy abode,
Hermes to subtle laughter moving,
Apollo with serener loving,
Thou demi-god also!
Who dost all the powers of healing know;
Thou hero who dost wield
The golden sword and shield,—
Shield of a comprehensive mind,
And sword to wound the foes of human kind;

Thou man of noble mold!
Whose metal grows not cold
Beneath the hammer of the hurrying years;
A fiery breath doth blow
Across its fervid glow,
And still its resonance delights our ears;

Loved of thy brilliant mates,
Relinquished to the fates,
Whose spirit music used to chime with thine,
Transfigured in our sight,
Not quenched in death's dark night,
They hold thee in companionship divine.

O autocratic muse!
Soul-rainbow of all hues,
Packed full of service are thy bygone years;
Thy wingèd steed doth fly
Across the starry sky,
Bearing the lowly burthens of thy tears.

I try this little leap,
Wishing that from the deep,
I might some pearl of song adventurous bring.
Despairing, here I stop,
And my poor offering drop,—
Why stammer I when thou art here to sing?

CLARK HOWELL

OUR REUNITED COUNTRY

[Speech of Clark Howell at the Peace Jubilee Banquet in Chicago, October 19, 1898, in response to the toast, "Our Reunited Country: North and South."]

Mr. Toastmaster, and My Fellow Countrymen:—In the mountains of my State, in a country remote from the quickening touch of commerce, and railroads and telegraphs—so far removed that the sincerity of its rugged people flows unpolluted from the spring of nature—two vine-covered mounds, nestling in the solemn silence of a country churchyard, suggest the text of my response to the sentiment to which I am to speak to-night. A serious text, Mr. Toastmaster, for an occasion like this, and yet out of it there is life and peace and hope and prosperity, for in the solemn sacrifice of the voiceless grave can the chiefest lesson of the Republic be learned, and the destiny of its real mission be unfolded. So bear with me while I lead you to the rust-stained slab, which for a third of a century—since Chickamauga—has been kissed by the sun as it peeped over the Blue Ridge, melting the tears with which the mourning night had bedewed the inscription:—

"Here lies a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

The September day which brought the body of this mountain hero to that home among the hills which had smiled upon his infancy, been gladdened by his youth, and strengthened by his manhood, was an ever memorable one with the sorrowing concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his shot-riddled body to the grave. And of that number no man gainsaid the honor of his death, lacked full loyalty to the flag for which he fought, or doubted the justice of the cause for which he gave his life.

Thirty-five years have passed; another war has called its roll of martyrs; again the old bell tolls from the crude latticed tower of the settlement church; another great pouring of sympathetic humanity, and this time the body of a son, wrapped in the stars and stripes, is lowered to its everlasting rest beside that of the father who sleeps in the stars and bars.

There were those there who stood by the grave of the Confederate hero years before, and the children of those were there, and of those present no one gainsaid the honor of the death of this hero of El Caney, and none were there but loved, as patriots alone can love, the glorious flag that enshrines the people of a common country as it enshrouds the form that will sleep forever in its blessed folds. And on this tomb will be written:—

"Here lies the son of a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

And so it is that between the making of these two graves human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that has baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Sturdy sons of the South have said to their brothers of the North that the people of the South had long since accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed. And likewise the oft-repeated message has come back from the North that peace and good will reigned, and that the wounds of civil dissension were but as sacred memories. Good fellowship was wafted on the wings of commerce and development from those who had worn the blue to those who had worn the gray. Nor were these messages delivered in vain, for they served to pave the way for the complete and absolute elimination of the line of sectional differences by the only process by which such a result was possible. The sentiment of the great majority of the people of the South was rightly spoken in the message of the immortal Hill, and in the burning eloquence of Henry Grady—both Georgians—the record of whose blessed work for the restoration of peace between the sections becomes a national heritage, and whose names are stamped in enduring impress upon the affection of the people of the Republic.

And yet there were still those among us who believed your course was polite, but insincere, and those among you who assumed that our professed attitude was sentimental and unreal. Bitterness had departed, and sectional hate was no more, but there were those who feared, even if they did not believe, that between the great sections of our greater government there was not the perfect faith and trust and love that both professed; that there was want of the faith that made the American Revolution a successful possibility; that there was want of the trust that crystallized our States into the original Union; that there was lack of the love that bound in unassailable strength the united sisterhood of States that withstood the shock of Civil War. It is true this doubt existed to a greater degree abroad than at home. But to-day the mist of uncertainty has been swept away by the sunlight of events, and there, where doubt obscured before, stands in bold relief, commanding the admiration of the whole world, the most glorious type of united strength and sentiment and loyalty known to the history of nations.

Out of the chaos of that civil war had risen a new nation, mighty in the vastness of its limitless resources, the realities within its reach surpassing the dreams of fiction, and eclipsing the fancy of fable—a new nation, yet rosy in the flesh, with the bloom of youth upon its cheeks and the gleam of morning in its eyes. No one questioned that commerical and geographic union had been effected. So had Rome reunited its faltering provinces, maintaining the limit of its imperial jurisdiction by the power of commerical bonds and the majesty of the sword, until in its very vastness it collapsed. The heart of its people did not beat in unison. Nations may be made by the joining of hands, but the measure of their real strength and vitality, like that of the human body, is in the heart. Show me the country whose people are not at heart in sympathy with its institutions, and the fervor of whose patriotism is not bespoken in its flag, and I will show you a ship of state which is sailing in shallow waters, toward unseen eddies of uncertainty, if not to the open rocks of dismemberment.

Whence, was the proof to come, to ourselves as well as to the world, that we were being moved once again by a com-

mon impulse, and by the same heart that inspired and gave strength to the hands that smote the British in the days of the Revolution, and again at New Orleans; that made our ships the masters of the seas; that placed our flag on Chapultepec, and widened our domain from ocean to ocean? How was the world to know that the burning fires of patriotism, so essential to national glory and achievement, had not been quenched by the blood spilled by the heroes of both sides of the most desperate struggle known in the history of civil wars? How was the doubt that stood, all unwilling, between outstretched hands and sympathetic hearts, to be in fact dispelled.

If from out the caldron of conflict there arose this doubt, only from the crucible of war could come the answer. And, thank God, that answer has been made in the record of the war, the peaceful termination of which we celebrate to-night. Read it in every page of its history; read it in the obliteration of party and sectional lines in the congressional action which called the nation to arms in the defense of prostrate liberty, and for the extension of the sphere of human freedom; read it in the conduct of the distinguished Federal soldier who, as the chief executive of this great Republic,* honors this occasion by his presence to-night, and whose appointments in the first commissions issued after war had been declared made manifest the sincerity of his often repeated utterances of complete sectional reconciliation and the elimination of sectional lines in the affairs of government. Differing with him, as I do, on party issues, utterly at variance with the views of his party on economic problems, I sanction with all my heart the obligation that rests on every patriotic citizen to make party second to country, and in the measure that he has been actuated by this broad and patriotic policy he will receive the plaudits of the whole people: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Portentous indeed have been the developments of the past six months; the national domain has been extended far into the Caribbean Sea on the south, and to the west it is so near the mainland of Asia that we can hear grating of

* William McKinley.

the process which is grinding the ancient celestial empire into pulp for the machinery of civilization and of progress.

In a very short while the last page of this war will have been written, except for the effect it will have on the future. Our flag now floats over Porto Rico, a part of Cuba, and Manila. It must soon bespeak our sovereignty over the island of Luzon, or possibly over the whole Philippine group. It will, ere long, from the staff on Havana's Morro, cast its shadow on the sunken and twisted frame of the Maine—a grim reminder of the vengeance that awaits any nation that lays unholy hands on an American citizen or violates any sacred American right. It has drawn from an admiring world unstinted applause for the invincible army, that under tropic suns, despite privations and disease, untrained but undismayed, has swept out of their own trenches and routed from their own battlements, like chaff before the wind, the trained forces of a formidable power. It has bodily stripped the past of luster and defiantly challenged the possibilities of the future in the accomplishment of a matchless navy, whose deeds have struck the universe with consternation and with wonder.

But speaking as a Southerner and an American, I say that this has been as naught compared to the greatest good this war has accomplished. Drawing alike from all sections of the Union for her heroes and martyrs, depending alike upon north, south, east and west for her glorious victories, and weeping with sympathy with the widows and the stricken mothers wherever they may be, America, incarnated spirit of liberty, stands again to-day the holy emblem of a household in which the children abide in unity, equality, love and peace. The iron sledge of war that rent asunder the links of loyalty and love has welded them together again. Ears that were deaf to loving appeals for the burial of sectional strife have listened and believed when the muster guns have spoken. Hearts that were cold to calls for trust and sympathy have awakened to loving confidence in the baptism of their blood.

Drawing inspiration from the flag of our country, the South has shared not only the dangers, but the glories of the war. In the death of brave young Bagley at Cardenas, North Car-

olina furnished the first blood in the tragedy. It was Victor Blue of South Carolina, who, like the Swamp Fox of the Revolution, crossed the fiery path of the enemy at his pleasure, and brought the first official tidings of the situation as it existed in Cuba. It was Brumby, a Georgia boy, the flag lieutenant of Dewey, who first raised the stars and stripes over Manila. It was Alabama that furnished Hobson—glorious Hobson—who accomplished two things the Spanish navy never yet has done—sunk an American ship, and made a Spanish man-of-war securely float.

The South answered the call to arms with its heart, and its heart goes out with that of the North in rejoicing at the result. The demonstration lacking to give the touch of life to the picture has been made. The open sesame that was needed to give insight into the true and loyal hearts both North and South has been spoken. Divided by war, we are united as never before by the same agency, and the union is of hearts as well as hands.

The doubter may scoff, and the pessimist may croak, but even they must take hope at the picture presented in the simple and touching incident of eight Grand Army veterans, with their silvery heads bowed in sympathy, escorting the lifeless body of the Daughter of the Confederacy from Narrangansett to its last, long rest at Richmond.

When that great and generous soldier, U. S. Grant, gave back to Lee, crushed, but ever glorious, the sword he had surrendered at Appomattox, that magnanimous deed said to the people of the South: "You are our brothers." But when the present ruler of our grand republic on awakening to the condition of war that confronted him, with his first commission placed the leader's sword in the hands of those gallant confederate commanders, Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, he wrote between the lines in living letters of everlasting light the words: "There is but one people of this Union, one flag alone for all."

The South, Mr. Toastmaster, will feel that her sons have been well given, that her blood has been well spilled, if that sentiment is to be indeed the true inspiration of our nation's future. God grant it may be as I believe it will.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE "ATLANTIC" AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS

[Speech of William Dean Howells, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, at the dinner given to John Greenleaf Whittier, at Boston, Mass., December 17, 1877, in celebration of the poet's seventieth birthday, and in celebration also of the twentieth year of the magazine.]

Gentlemen, Contributors and Friends of the "Atlantic Monthly":—The serious moment has approached which sooner or later arrives at most banquets of the dinner-giving Anglo-Saxon race—a moment when each commensal, like the pampered sacrifice of the Aztecs, suddenly feels that the joys which have flattered him into forgetfulness of his fate are at an end, and that he must now gird himself for expiation. It is ordinarily a moment when the unprepared guest abandons himself to despair, and when even the more prophetic spirit finds memory forsaking it, or the treacherous ideas committed to paper withering away till the manuscript in the breast-pocket rustles sere and sad as the leaves of autumn. But let no one at this table be under a fearful apprehension. This were to little purpose an image of the great republic of letters, if the mind of any citizen might be invaded, and his right to hold his peace denied. Any gentleman being called upon and having nothing to say, can make his silent bow and sit down again without disfavor; he may even do so with a reasonable hope of applause. Reluctant orators, therefore, who are chafing under the dread of being summoned to stand and deliver an extorted eloquence, and who have already begun to meditate reprisals upon the person or the literature of the present speaker, may safely suspend their preparations; it shall not be his odious duty to molest them.

We are met, gentlemen, upon the seventieth birthday of a man and poet whose fame is dear to us all, but whose modesty

at first feared too much the ordeal by praise, to consent to his meeting with us. But he must soon have felt the futility of trying to stay away, of endeavoring to class himself with the absent, who are always wrong. There are renowns to which absence is impossible, and whether he would or no, Whittier must still have been in every heart. Therefore he is here in person, to the unbounded pleasure of those assembled to celebrate this day. I will leave him to the greetings of others, and for my own part will invite the goldenest silence of his sect to muse a fitting tribute to the verse in which a brave and beautiful and lofty life is enshrined.

As to the periodical which unites us all, without rivalry, without jealousy, the publisher has already spoken, and where there is so much for the editor to say he cannot, perhaps, say too little. For twenty years it has represented, and may also be said to have embodied, American letters. With scarcely an exception, every name known in our literature has won fame from its pages, or has added luster to them; and an intellectual movement, full of a generous life and of a high ideal, finds its record there in vastly greater measure than in any or all other places. Its career is not only distinguished among American periodicals, but upon the whole is unique. It would not be possible, I think, to point to any other publication of its sort, which so long retained the allegiance of its great founders, and has added so constantly so many names of growing repute to its list of writers. Those who made its renown, as well as those whose renown it has made or is making, are still its frequent contributors, and even in its latest years have done some of their best work in it. If from time to time a valued "Atlantic" writer ceases to appear, he is sure, finally, to reappear; he cannot even die without leaving it a rich legacy of manuscript. All young writers are eager to ally their names with the great memories and presences on its roll of fame; its stamp gives a new contributor immediate currency; it introduces him immediately into the best public, the best company, the company of those Boston authors who first inspired it with the life so vigorous yet. It was not given us all to be born in Boston, but when we find ourselves in the "Atlantic" we all seem to suffer a sea-change, an æsthetic renaissance; a livelier literary conscience stirs in us; we have its fame at heart; we

must do our best for Maga's name as well as for our own hope; we are naturalized Bostonians in the finest and highest sense. With greater reverence and affection than we can express, we younger and youngest writers for the Atlantic regard the early contributors whom we are so proud and glad to meet here, and it is with a peculiar sense of my own unworthiness that I salute them, and join the publishers in welcoming them to this board.

I know very well the difference between an author whom the "Atlantic" has floated and an author who has floated the "Atlantic," and confronted with this disparity I have only an official courage in turning to invoke the poet, the wit, the savant whose invention gave the "Atlantic" its name, and whose genius has prospered an adventurous enterprise. If I did not name him I am sure the common consciousness would summon Dr. Holmes to his feet. I have felt authorized to hail the perpetual autocrat of all the "Breakfast Tables" as the chief author of the "Atlantic's" success, by often hearing the first editor of the magazine assert the fact. This generous praise of his friend—when in a good cause was his praise ever stinted?—might be spoken without fear that his own part would be forgotten. His catholic taste, his subtle sense of beauty, his hearty sympathy and sterling weight of character gave the magazine an impress which it has been the highest care to his successors to keep clear and bright. He imparted to it above all that purpose which I hope is forever inseparable from it, when in his cordial love of good literature he stretched a welcoming grasp of recognition to every young writer, East, West, North, or South, who gave promise of good work. Remembering his kindness in these days to one young writer very obscure, very remote (whose promise still waits fulfillment), I must not attempt to praise him, lest grateful memories lead me into forbidden paths of autobiography; but when I name Mr. Lowell I am sure you will all look for some response to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton a contributor whose work gave peculiar quality and worth to the members of the magazine, and whose presence here is a grateful reminder of one with whom he has been so long bound in close ties of amity.

HENRY E. HOWLAND

OUR ANCESTORS AND OURSELVES

[Speech of Henry E. Howland, President of the New England Society in the City of New York, at their ninety-fourth annual dinner, New York, December 22, 1899.]

Fellow-Members of the New England Society:—It is my agreeable duty to receive this weary, way-worn band of Pilgrims upon the occasion of their 279th landing upon these bleak and arid shores, and, like Samoset on the occasion of your first arrival, to welcome you to the scanty fare and the privations and sufferings that are incident to this ledge of the old Plymouth Rock. [Applause.]

The traditions of the early entertainment of Massasoit and his warriors at Plymouth, lasting several days, to cement a friendship which was never broken, when heavy drafts were made upon the little stock of New England rum, imported Hollands, bear's meat and Indian corn, have here been renewed to such an extent that, like them, we doubtless feel that the "earth is ours and the fullness thereof." [Laughter.] Though, if Plymouth Rock and the Waldorf-Astoria are synonymous terms of fullness, we should think that the latter was the more synonymous of the two. [Laughter.] The surroundings of the two occasions may differ—velvet carpets, groaning tables, genial temperature and electric lights are an excellent substitute for log floors, a restricted larder, the icy chill and the winter stars. The grim, stern Pilgrim with the austere face and peaked hat, and the lean, wild, loping Indian are here supplanted by a company whose well-rounded figures and genial faces reflect the assurance of the possession of sky-scraping buildings, pipe lines, through lines, warehouses, well-stuffed deposit vaults and comfortable bank accounts [laughter], upon whom smile from the boxes the blessings which, like those of Providence, come from above [applause] and cause

us to echo the sentiment unconsciously expressed by the lady who was distributing tracts in the streets of London. She handed one to a cabman; he glanced at it, handed it back, touched his hat and politely said: "Thank you, lady, I am a married man." [Laughter.] She looked nervously at the title, which was, "Abide with me" [laughter], and hurriedly departed. Under this inspiration we agree with the proverb of the Eastern sage: "To be constant in love to one is good; to be constant to many is great." [Laughter.] But we must remember, while the critical eyes of our households are upon us, that our halos will never be too small for our heads. [Laughter.]

Under these favoring conditions we celebrate the glories of our ancestors, the unparalleled results of their achievements, and ourselves. I hope you will find that the only defect in my perfunctory remarks as the presiding officer will be their brevity.

Remembering some past occurrences on occasions like this, we agree with the pupil who was asked by his teacher, "What is the meaning of elocution?" and he answered: "It is the way people are put to death in some States." (Laughter.) But with this array of speakers before you, full of unwonted possibilities, you will not wonder if I feel like the undertaker in Sixth Avenue who displayed a sign in his window: "It is a pleasure to show goods." (Laughter.)

The Society has shared in the all-pervading prosperity which illumines the land with a prospect of its indefinite continuance. It numbers 1,504 members, and its invested funds aggregate the sum of $108,750. It has been liberal in its charitable contributions; it has resisted all attempts like those made against some of our large life insurance companies to compel it to distribute its surplus [laughter], and, refuting the statement of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who said that the "chief duty of trustees was to commit judicious breaches of trust," it has imitated the stern integrity of that bank cashier who upon a warm day sat down on the neighborly side of a sheet of postage stamps, and had to go home and make a change of clothing before he could get his books to balance [laughter.] And, taking warning from the slogan of the Bryanized Democracy, which caused a quotation from a message of one of our mod-

ern statesmen that "a public office is a public trust," to be met with the cry "Down with the trusts," our treasurer carefully avoids handling United States nickels, for they bear the motto "In God We Trust," and the Society might be met with the same attack and come into disrepute on that account. [Laughter.]

In these days, when the Populist, fusionist, and demagogue are endeavoring, like Mrs. Partington, to sweep back the ocean tide of prosperity with a broom, clogging the wheels of industry and seeking by legislative enactment to reverse the laws of nature and of political economy, which are immutable by Divine decree, we can commend to them the answer of an examiner of a young man who applied for admission to the bar. He failed utterly in questions upon contracts, partnership, corporation law, commercial paper and real estate, and was told so. "Well," he said, "won't you try me on the statutes? I am pretty strong on them."

"Well, what's the use," the examiner replied, "when some d—n fool Legislature may repeal all you know." [Laughter and applause.]

Forty-seven members have died during the year. The list is entirely made up of men distinguished in all the pursuits of life—who wrote their names in bright characters upon the history of the City and State, and whose memory will always remain as a precious legacy and an example to those who succeed them. Fourteen had passed the Psalmist's limit of life, and nine had passed their eightieth year. In it are enrolled the names of William H. Appleton, the honored head of the great publishing house known wherever the English language is spoken, to whose reputation he contributed so much by his clear intelligence, breadth of views and spotless character.

Isaac H. Bailey, for several years the President of this Society, an honorable merchant and a trusted public officer.

William Dowd, the treasurer of the Society for fifteen years; distinguished in finance and the management of large corporate interests, and endeared to a host of friends by the charm of his genial nature.

Gen. George S. Greene, the oldest living graduate of the West Point Military Academy, who rendered valiant and distin-

guished service on many battle-fields of the Civil war, who was the faithful and efficient head of the Croton Aqueduct Board for many years; was represented in the military service of his country by several distinguished sons and, until his death, in his ninety-eighth year, retained all his faculties undimmed —a soldier and a citizen of whom his country was justly proud. [Applause.]

Roswell P. Flower, an honored Governor of this State, eminent as a philanthropist and financier, a leader among strong men.

William H. Webb, a pioneer shipbuilder, with a name famous wherever American commerce extended, a rugged, iron man who stood four square to all the winds of heaven, generous and tender-hearted as a child, who for forty-five years never failed in his attendance at the dinners of this Society, and who left a reputation for philanthropy and public spirit unsurpassed in this city of generous giving.

John G. Moore, John Brooks, Edward H. R. Lyman, Edward A. Quintard, Dr. Charles Inslee Pardee, and all the others to whom the limit of time will not allow a tribute worthy of their honorable lives and work.

We do well to recall upon such occasions as this, as an inspiration, the story of the emigration of our Pilgrim ancestors to America, involving, as it does, the whole modern development, diffusion and organization of English liberty, which lives and breathes and burns in legend and in song. It is unparalleled in the annals of the world, in the majesty of its purpose and the poverty of its means, the weakness of the beginning and the grandeur of the result. It is unparalleled in classic or modern history, in its exhibition of courage, patience, persistence, steadfastness in devotion to principle. Beginning with the hasty flight from Lincolnshire to Holland, the peaceful life in exile, the perilous ocean voyage in a crazy craft in mid-winter, the frail settlement at Plymouth —a shred of the most tenacious life in Europe—floating over the waste of waters and clinging on the bleakest edge of America, beset by Indians, wild beasts and disease, starving, frozen and dying, remote from succor and beyond the knowledge of their kin, like a seed from the Old World floated to the New by ocean currents, containing the elements which, like the

mustard seed, should yield a hundred fold and overspread and dominate a continent, until the prophecy familiar to the Pilgrims should be fulfilled: "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a great nation." [Applause.]

The Archbishop and Ministers of King James, who drove these men and the 26,000 who followed them, the flower of the English Puritans, from England, like Louis XIV, when he sent the Huguenots into exile by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, furnished an example to that master of the school where the Eton system of flogging prevailed. On a Saturday morning the delinquents were called up to be flogged. One of the boys inquired, "What am I to be punished for, sir?" "I don't know, but your name is down on the list, and I shall have to go through with it," and the flogging was administered. The boy made such a fuss that the master looked over his list on his return to his rooms, to see whether he had made a mistake, and found that he had whipped the confirmation class. [Laughter.]

They brought over the foundation of a free people, they converted the wilderness of a continent, they established the New England home, rich only in piety, education, liberty, industry and character, from which has gone out the best inspiration of the Republic they forecast.

There have been times in the later history of the country when the Puritan was not altogether popular, and the feeling entertained toward him and his descendants was expressed like that at a Liberal meeting in Scotland, where the proceedings were being opened by prayer, and the reverend gentleman prayed fervently that "the Liberals might hang a' thegither." He was interrupted by a loud and irreverent "Amen" from the back of the hall. "Not, O Lord," went on the clergyman, "in the sense which that profane scoffer would have ye to understand, but that they may hang thegither in accord and concord." "I dinna care so much what kind of a cord it is," struck in the voice, "sae lang as it is a strong cord." [Laughter.]

Fortunately for them, and perhaps for the world, opinions differed enough to give them a chance. "You can't always tell," said the man, at the end of a discussion, "what one's

neighbors think of him." "I came mighty near knowing once," said a citizen, with a reminiscent look, "but the jury disagreed." [Laughter.] But with the Puritans, when discussion ceased and other arguments began, the result was like that when the lady said to her clergyman, who was paying her an afternoon call, of her little boy, who bore the marks of a struggle: "Johnny has been a bad little boy to-day; he has been fighting and has got a black eye." "So I see," said the clergyman. "Come into the next room with me, Johnny, and I will pray with you." "You had better go home and pray with your own little boy, he has got two black eyes." [Laughter.]

The forty-one families who came in the "Mayflower," and the thousand of English Puritans who came in the next decade, are not entitled to all the credit for the development of the country, for there were others of their kind in Virginia, and, unlike the Boers of the Transvaal, they gave later comers a show. [Laughter and applause.] The process of appropriation by one people of a country, even if they are the first settlers, can be carried too far even for advantage to them or to inspire credulity in its possibility. A returned traveler, relating his adventures, said: "The most remarkable experience I ever had occurred a short time ago in Russia. I was sleighing on the Steppes, miles from my destination, when, to my horror, I found I was pursued by a pack of wolves; I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of them, and, to my relief, saw the others stop to devour him; after doing this, however, they still came on. I repeated the shot, with the same result, and each shot gave me an opportunity to whip up my horses. Finally there was only one wolf left, yet on it came with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good hot supper." "Hold on, there," said a man who had been listening, "by your way of reckoning, that last wolf must have had the rest of the pack inside of him." [Laughter.] "Well," said the traveler, "now I remember it, he did wobble a bit." [Laughter.]

It was wise in our forefathers to welcome those who, like them, were pioneers in the wilderness, to give them equal rights and to assimilate them into American citizenship. The qualities of which we boast in our Pilgrim ancestors still linger

with their descendants, though among 75,000,000 of people there may not be enough to go around. The expectation of it would be what Dr. Johnson said of a man who had married his third wife, as the "triumph of hope over experience." [Laughter.] But we must, on occasions like this, make some assumptions, like the lady of whom a friend said: "She puts on a good deal of style now she has a box at the opera." "Good gracious," said the other lady, "the woman must put on something when she goes to the opera." [Laughter.]

Too many, it is true, deserve to be under the suspicion expressed by the market-man who was exhibiting his array of "newly-laid eggs, fresh eggs, and plain eggs," to a young housekeeper, who finally asked, as to the latter: "Are these eggs really fresh?" "Well, madam," he replied, "we call them Saturday night eggs; they've tried all the week to be good." [Laughter.] And we are so compromising and tender in dealing with doubtful subjects that we follow the advice given to a man who asked how to tell a bad egg: "Well, if you have anything to tell a bad egg you had better break it gently." [Laughter.] Some have that kind of a conscience which was described by a small boy as the thing that makes you feel sorry when you get found out, and their idea of commercial integrity was expressed by the man who said proudly, "At last I can look the world in the face as an honest man. I owe no one anything; the last claim against me is outlawed." Some aim high, but from the result they must have shut their eyes when they fired, and although as a Nation we pride ourselves upon our common sense, so that we can truly say not every man is made a fool of, the observer of men and things might say every man has raw material in him. [Laughter.]

But seriously speaking, we abate in no degree the claim that the best traditions of our forefathers have not degenerated in these modern days. Our hearts beat with a quicker throb at the recollection of the achievements of these last pregnant years; the eye lights with enthusiasm at the sight of the flag whose fluttering folds have witnessed such scenes of danger and inspired such daring deeds, and our voices shout in unison of acclaim the achievements of what a wondering African called "the angry Saxon race." [Applause.]

"No State'll call him noble son,
He ain't no lady's pet;
But let a row start anyhow,
They'll send for him, you bet.
He packs his little knapsack up
And starts off in the van,
To start the fight, and start it right,
The Regular Army man."

The gallant officers who, true to the spirit of the service, stood up on the firing line in Cuba and the Philippines, charging heights, wading rivers and storming the trenches at the head of their men, have shed new glory upon the American Army, and none more illustriously than that splendid soldier Major-General Henry W. Lawton [prolonged applause], who, after a distinguished and brilliant service of nearly forty years in two wars, and continuous Indian fighting, has received the soldier's summons on the field of battle, and given with his life his last pledge of devotion to his country. The flag that covers him never shrouded a finer soldier or a more typical American. [Applause.]

"Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
"As man may he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor—
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever."

Such men have their counterparts in the very pink and flower of the chivalry of England, who face their foe standing, and are now charging full front and fearlessly into the storm of shot and shell that awaits them, deeming it, in the language of young Hubert Hervey, "a grand thing to die for the expansion of the Empire." [Applause.]

The pride of England in its navy, is justly matched by that of every American in his own. [Applause.] Its record, from the days of John Paul Jones to those of Dewey and Sampson [applause and cheers], is unsurpassed in the history of the world. During these hundred glorious years, its whole personnel, from Admiral to blue-jacket, has left upon the pages of history a shining story, stainless, brilliant and

undying, of honor, skill, devotion and daring that stirs the heart because inspiring and ennobling. The English poet might justly say:—

"The spirit of our fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave."

And the American can as justly reply:—

"Know that thy highest dwells at home, there art
And loyal inspiration spring;
If thou would'st touch the universal heart,
Of thine own country sing."

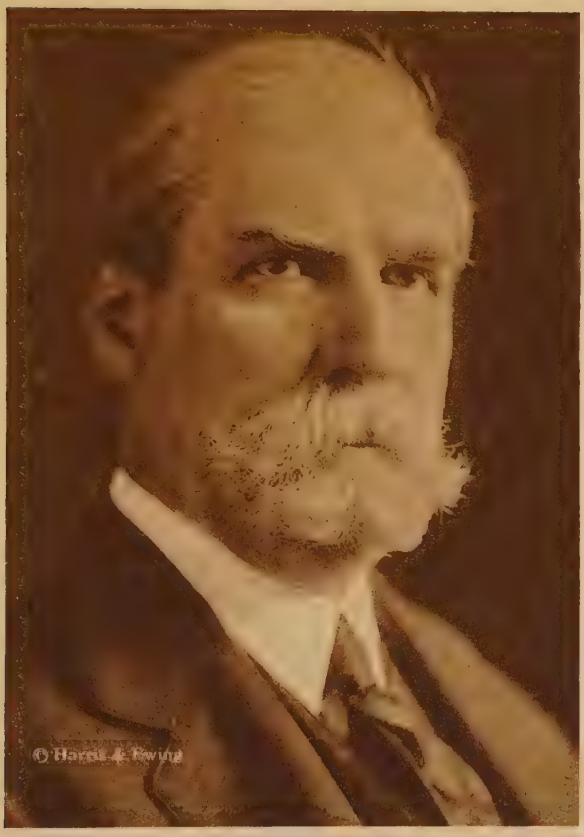
Remembering its glorious past, its happy, peaceful, prosperous present—for it is the happiest land the sun shines upon—and the auspicious omens for the bright opening future, I ask you to pledge with me its representative head, the Commander-in-Chief of its Army and Navy, the President of the United States. [Toast drunk standing.]

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

IN HONOR OF LORD READING

[Address delivered by Charles E. Hughes at the dinner in honor of Lord Reading at the Lotos Club, New York, March 27, 1918. Lord Reading's Speech appears in Volume 3. The time was the darkest period of the War, just after the success of the great German offensive. The Speeches of Lord Reading and Mr. Hughes made it one of the most memorable nights in the history of the Lotos Club. President Lawrence, in introducing the speaker, said: "Gentlemen, you recognize, I am sure, one who is very far from being a stranger to this Club. It was our privilege to receive him when, as the Governor of this State, he was fighting a most valiant fight. It was our privilege to receive him again when he ascended the bench of the Supreme Court, of the United States; and to-night I think we may best greet him as one who typifies as far as any man in the United States, the fine, noble qualities which go to make up the ideal American citizen. I have the privilege to call upon the Honorable Charles E. Hughes."]

Mr. President, Lord Reading, Gentlemen of the Lotos Club:—I am glad of the opportunity to join with you in welcoming the Ambassador of Great Britain. We should extend a very cordial welcome to any one who came to us, particularly at this time, bearing this message of good will and representing here the King of Great Britain. But, however high the dignity of that mission, we count ourselves peculiarly fortunate that Great Britain has honored us by giving her very best. Lord Reading has told you that he is here, not as Lord Chief Justice, but as Ambassador. For the time being he has laid aside the duties of his judicial office. I cannot, however, regard our distinguished guest simply as an Ambassador of Great Britain or as having entirely abandoned the exalted functions of his judicial office. To me at this time he comes with the highest possible dignity as the exponent of the principles of English law and as one voicing the eternal sentiment of liberty and justice, that sentiment which underlies the institutions of Great Britain and our own. He comes here at this



CHARLES E. HUGHES

time representing the principle that is at stake in this vital struggle, for the question in the final analysis is whether force shall be the master of men or the servant of the spirit of justice that is within men.

We extend a hearty welcome, but we are not here simply to voice a welcome,—we are here to plight our faith.

It is a time of anxiety which we cannot ignore, but it is not a time of that foreboding which palsies effort; it is a time of solicitude, but yet a time of inflexible determination. And every foot that the forces of Germany advance means that the end cannot be regarded as in the slightest degree uncertain, for with every foot of advance the determination of America becomes stronger that there shall never be defeat for the sacred cause committed to our keeping.

We say that this is a conflict of antagonistic ideals. We say that it is a struggle between competing principles of government. But it is not a conflict between abstractions. The lesson of this hour and of all hours is that the conflict between light and darkness is a conflict between *men,* and the victory lies with the men who are the more resourceful, the more courageous, the more inflexible in their determination, always having in mind that as between two men with apparently equal resources, the one endowed with the sense of justice and imbued with the divine spirit of right brings to the struggle an invincible character which no apparent equality of resources upon the other side can hope to match. This is the time for testing *men.* To my mind, the most significant thing about the great offensive that the Germans have launched is the fact that they have thought it necessary to launch it. It is quite evident that the slow attrition of continued struggle in the manner in which it was being waged could not be viewed with complacency by the high command in Germany. The fact that it was necessary to resort to this unparalleled sacrifice of life is eloquent of conditions which made it necessary to undertake this great gamble,—with what we know will be a sure loss on the part of the gambler.

Conditions would not permit a mere deadlock, and hence this thrust at—at what? At Paris? At the British and French front? Not alone that, not even chiefly that. It is a thrust at the spirit of France, an attack upon the courage of

Great Britain, an attack upon the determination of America. That is what is meant; and precisely because that is what is meant, it cannot succeed. We read the other day with amazement of a great gun, lodged no one knew precisely where, which managed to throw its shells into Paris. We marveled at this apparent achievement. The gun was aimed at Paris, and the shells reached Paris; but the gun was really aimed at the heart of France,—a target which German skill can never reach.

There is no efficiency in Germany which can contrive any weapon which will reach the indomitable spirit of Great Britain. It is because of the character of the men who are fighting for this principle, and not simply because of the principle itself, that we have confidence at this hour. It is because we know the men of Great Britain, their doggedness, their pertinacity, their inability to yield in the great final test; it is because we know the splendid valor of France, the unity of purpose, the clearness of vision of those children of the French Republic, which have endeared her to all our hearts; it is because we can count upon the united efforts of these undaunted Britons and French that we know the attack upon their morale which has been launched by the Germans will prove utterly fruitless. And we know the men of the United States. We know the stuff of which our country is made. At this time the principle of democracy is confided to men who rise tenfold stronger because they have been struck; men who cannot think of defeat. It is only the fatuous and war-mad, such as are in command in Germany, who can dream of a German victory. To us it is an unthinkable thing; and because it is an unthinkable thing alike with British, with French, and with Americans every blow means new force, new courage, new determination. There is not an American in the United States to-day who, reading this news from abroad, but has a fresh accession of determination that there will never be, as a successor of the Holy Roman Empire, an unholy German Empire established to dominate the world.

I would not underestimate our difficulties. But I am not one of those disposed every twenty-four hours to examine the ledger account to see if I can discover a debit balance. I am looking for credit balances. There are debits; there are se-

rious debits. We must look facts in the face. The study of facts should not be given over exclusively to pessimists. If we are fit to be trusted with this priceless treasure which we are seeking to defend, this treasure of human liberty and the principle of democratic organization, then we are competent to study facts and retain our ability, after looking them in the face, with full understanding of their import, to go forward undaunted to whatever conclusions they demand.

We have a great deal on the credit side of the account. The one thing we need to give an overwhelming credit balance is an appreciation of what we can put on the credit side of the account and a determination to put it there. When Germany launched this offensive, every shell bore the message: "Do you not think we are invincible? What is the use of opposing our skill, our vigor, our efficiency, after years of strife?" Let the response be made with unison and emphasis and in such clear tones that the Kaiser himself cannot fail to understand: "No; you are misled, deceived; you are not invincible. You are throwing away your men and treasure in a vain endeavor to dominate the world. You cannot succeed. Great Britain, France, America and Italy are indissolubly united to make sure that you never will succeed. There is but one issue, let the war last as long as it may, and that issue will be this, 'You will never dominate the world!'"

We have had before our vision the very beautiful picture of a league of nations establishing the foundations of an abiding peace giving security to treaties and to international law. We have dreamed that out of this terrible struggle we might be able to secure international institutions affording an opportunity for the development of international law as a true body of law, opportunity for conferences, for conciliation, for the judicial settlement of disputes. Do we expect to be able to realize that dream?

Now is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation. If there is aught in that beautiful picture, if we can surmount the many difficulties which will at once occur to the analyst, it will be only because that while thinking of a league of nations for the future we put now into effect a league of nations with a true unity of purpose at this time to resist the aggressions of force, to establish the sanctity of treaties and the security of

public law,—because at this time we prove our ability to act without divisions of counsel, without permitting anything to disturb our movement together to the fulfillment of our common purpose.

Let us have, now and for the hereafter, a league—a strong and effective league—of those attached to the same democratic principles; as Lord Reading has said, not for the purpose of aggression, not to further dynastic ambition, not to accomplish any selfish aim, but in order that we may make the world secure in liberty and law. May we have now, and not simply in the future, a true league of nations entitled to call themselves civilized, who are determined to make enduring those principles of justice in international relations without which there is no hope of liberty, without which there is no prospect for free peoples, without which national progress is a delusion, and without which individual liberty itself would be absolutely without protection.

I have read, as you have read, during the last two or three days the announcements from the other side which have disclosed such an appalling waste of life and of treasure in this vain effort of the enemy, but I have had a feeling of gratitude, after all, that this offensive has been launched. If anything were needed to reëstablish our will, if anything were needed to brace us to the furthest limits of exertion, it has now been furnished. Oh, we shall have our troubles, but we shall meet them as the British have met them, as the French have met them!

In welcoming Lord Reading to-night, we welcome opportunity. What is life without opportunity? Life in its routine means but little. It is the supreme moment of test that counts. A republic that could not descry the menace to its essential interests could not endure. A democracy that could not realize the existence of a crisis and the absolute necessity of exerting all its powers for its preservation could not have any hope of permanence.

This is the day of test for America, but it is the day of priceless opportunity, and those who to-day spend their treasure and give their blood in this sacred cause will have their memory perpetuated for all time as the true defenders of free-

dom, the true children of our institutions, those whom our fathers have taught the simple lessons of trust, sincere trust in Almighty God, and in the principles of justice that He has put in the hearts of men.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

SCIENCE AND ART

[Speech of Thomas H. Huxley at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 5, 1883. Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Academy, said in introducing him: "With science I couple the name under which we know one of the most fearless, keen and lucid intellects which have ever in this country grappled with the problems of natural science and set them solved before us, the name of Professor Huxley [cheers], a name known far and wide wherever the pregnant science of biology is studied, and through the vehicle of other tongues besides that strong and trenchant English with which he is wont to strike his thoughts so vigorously home."]

Sir Frederic Leighton, Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen:—I beg leave to thank you for the extremely kind and appreciative manner in which you have received the toast of Science. It is the more grateful to me to hear that toast proposed in an assembly of this kind, because I have noticed of late years a great and growing tendency among those who were once jestingly said to have been born in a pre-scientific age to look upon science as an invading and aggressive force, which if it had its own way would oust from the universe all other pursuits. I think there are many persons who look upon this new birth of our times as a sort of monster rising out of the sea of modern thought with the purpose of devouring the Andromeda of art. And now and then a Perseus, equipped with the shoes of swiftness of the ready writer, with the cap of invisibility of the editorial article, and it may be with the Medusa-head of vituperation, shows himself ready to try conclusions with the scientific dragon. Sir, I hope that Perseus will think better of it [laughter]; first, for his own sake, because the creature is hard of head, strong of jaw, and for some time past has shown a great capacity for going over and through whatever comes in his way; and secondly, for the sake of justice, for I assure you, of my own

personal knowledge that if left alone, the creature is a very debonair and gentle monster. [Laughter.] As for the Andromeda of art, he has the tenderest respect for that lady, and desires nothing more than to see her happily settled and annually producing a flock of such charming children as those we see about us. [Cheers.]

But putting parables aside, I am unable to understand how any one with a knowledge of mankind can imagine that the growth of science can threaten the development of art in any of its forms. If I understand the matter at all, science and art are the obverse and reverse of Nature's medal, the one expressing the eternal order of things, in terms of feeling, the other in terms of thought. When men no longer love nor hate; when suffering causes no pity, and the tale of great deeds ceases to thrill, when the lily of the field shall seem no longer more beautifully arrayed than Solomon in all his glory, and the awe has vanished from the snow-capped peak and deep ravine, then indeed science may have the world to itself, but it will not be because the monster has devoured art, but because one side of human nature is dead, and because men have lost the half of their ancient and present attributes. [Cheers.]

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

THE MUSIC OF WAGNER

[Speech of Robert G. Ingersoll at the banquet given in New York City, April 2, 1891, by the Liederkranz Society to Edmund C. Stanton, director of the German Opera in New York, and Anton Seidl, orchestral conductor. William Steinway presided, and called upon Robert Ingersoll to speak to the toast, "Music, Noblest of the Arts."]

Mr. Toast-Master:—It is probable that I was selected to speak about music, because, not knowing one note from another, I have no prejudice on the subject. All I can say is, that I know what I like, and, to tell the truth, I like every kind, enjoy it all from the hand-organ to the orchestra.

Knowing nothing of the science of music, I am not always looking for defects, or listening for discords. As the young robin cheerfully swallows whatever comes, I hear with gladness all that is played.

Music has been, I suppose, a gradual growth, subject to the law of evolution; as nearly everything, with the possible exception of theology, has been and is under this law.

Music may be divided into three kinds: First, the music of simple time, without any particular emphasis—and this may be called the music of the heels; second, music in which time is varied, in which there is the eager haste and the delicious delay, that is, the fast and slow, in accordance with our feelings, with our emotions—and this may be called the music of the heart; third, the music that includes time and emphasis, the hastening and the delay, and something in addition, that produces not only states of feeling, but states of thought. This may be called the music of the head,—the music of the brain.

Music expresses feeling and thought, without language. It was below and before speech, and it is above and beyond all words. Beneath the waves is the sea—above the clouds is the sky.

Before man found a name for any thought, or thing, he

had hopes and fears and passions, and these were rudely expressed in tones.

Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that is, that Music was born of love. Had there never been any human affection, there never could have been uttered a strain of music. Possibly some mother, looking in the eyes of her babe, gave the first melody to the enraptured air.

Language is not subtle enough, tender enough, to express all that we feel; and when language fails, the highest and deepest longings are translated into music. Music is the sunshine—the climate—of the soul, and it floods the heart with a perfect June.

I am also satisfied that the greatest music is the most marvelous mingling of Love and Death. Love is the greatest of all passions, and Death is its shadow. Death gets all its terror from Love, and Love gets its intensity, its radiance, its glory and its rapture from the darkness of Death. Love is a flower that grows on the edge of the grave.

The old music, for the most part, expresses emotion, or feeling, through time and emphasis, and what is known as melody. Most of the old operas consist of a few melodies connected by unmeaning recitative. There should be no unmeaning music. It is as though a writer should suddenly leave his subject and write a paragraph consisting of nothing but a repetition of one word like "the," "the," "the," or "if," "if," "if," varying the repetition of these words, but without meaning,—and then resume the subject of his article.

I am not saying that a great music was not produced before Wagner but I am simply endeavoring to show the steps that have been taken. It was necessary that all the music should have been written, in order that the greatest might be produced. The same is true of the drama. Thousands and thousands prepared the way for the supreme dramatist, as millions prepared the way for the supreme composer.

When I read Shakespeare, I am astonished that he has expressed so much with common words, to which he gives new meaning; and so when I hear Wagner, I exclaim: Is it possible that all this is done with common air?

In Wagner's music there is a touch of chaos that suggests the infinite. The melodies seem strange and changing forms,

like summer clouds, and weird harmonies come like sounds from the sea brought by fitful winds, and others moan like waves on desolate shores, and mingled with these, are shouts of joy, with sighs and sobs and ripples of laughter, and the wondrous voices of eternal love.

Wagner is the Shakespeare of Music.

The funeral march for Siegfried is the funeral music for all the dead. Should all the gods die, this music would be perfectly appropriate. It is elemental, universal, eternal.

The love-music in Tristan and Isolde is, like Romeo and Juliet an expression of the human heart for all time. So the love-duet in "The Flying Dutchman" has in it the consecration, the infinite self-denial, of love. The whole heart is given; every note has wings, and rises and poises like an eagle in the heaven of sound.

When I listen to the music of Wagner, I see pictures, forms, glimpses of the perfect, the swell of a hip, the wave of a breast, the glance of an eye. I am in the midst of great galleries. Before me are passing the endless panoramas. I see vast landscapes with valleys of verdure and vine with soaring crags, snow-crowned. I am on the wide seas, where countless billows burst into the whitecaps of joy. I am in the depths of caverns roofed with mighty crags, while through some rent I see the eternal stars. In a moment the music becomes a river of melody, flowing through some wondrous land; suddenly it falls in strange chasms, and the mighty cataract is changed to seven-hued foam.

Great music is always sad, because it tells us of the perfect; and such is the difference between what we are and that which music suggests, that even in the vase of joy we find some tears.

The music of Wagner has color, and when I hear the violins, the morning seems to slowly come. A horn puts a star above the horizon. The night, in the purple hum of the bass, wanders away like some enormous bee across wide fields of dead clover. The light grows whiter as the violins increase. Colors come from other instruments, and then the full orchestra floods the world with day.

Wagner seems not only to have given us new tones, new combinations, but the moment the orchestra begins to play his music, all the instruments are transfigured. They seem

to utter the sounds that they have been longing to utter. The horns run riot; the drums and cymbals join in the general joy; the old base viols are alive with passion; the 'cellos throb with love; the violins are seized with a divine fury, and the notes rush out as eager for the air as pardoned prisoners for the roads and fields.

The music of Wagner is filled with landscapes. There are some strains, like midnight, thick with constellations, and there are harmonies like islands in the far seas, and others like palms on the desert's edge. His music satisfies the heart and brain. It is not only for memory; not only for the present, but for prophecy.

Wagner was a sculptor, a painter in sound. When he died, the greatest fountain of melody that ever enchanted the world, ceased. His music will instruct and refine forever.

All that I know about the operas of Wagner I have learned from Anton Seidl. I believe that he is the noblest, tenderest and most artistic interpreter of the great composer that has ever lived.

SIR HENRY IRVING

THE DRAMA

[Speech of Sir Henry Irving at the fourteenth annual dinner of the Playgoer's Club, London, February 14, 1898. The toast of "The Drama" was proposed by B. W. Findon, and Sir Henry Irving was called upon to respond. Sir Henry Irving (original name John Henry Brodribb) was born in 1838 and died in 1905, after a remarkable career as an actor. His fame and popularity were scarcely less in the United States than at home in England.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—It is five years since I had the pleasure of sitting at your hospitable board and listening to that delightfully soothing and digestive eloquence with which we medicine one another after dinner. [Laughter.] In the course of those five years I daresay we have had many differences of opinion. The playgoer does not always agree with the player, still less with that unfortunate object, the poor actor-manager. But whatever you may have said of me in this interval, and in terms less dulcet, perhaps, than those which your chairman has so generously employed, it is a great satisfaction to me to feel that I still retain your esteem and goodwill. In a certain sense you are the manager's constituents. You cannot eject him from the office, perhaps, with that directness which distinguishes the Parliamentary operations. But you can stay away from the theater, and so eject his play. [Laughter.] On the whole that is a more disconcerting process than the fiercest criticism. One can always argue with the critics, though on the actor's part I know that is gross presumption. [Laughter.] But you cannot argue with the playgoer who stays away.

I am not making any specific accusations—only remarking that it is staying-power which impresses the importance of the Playgoer's Club upon the managerial mind. Moreover, to meet you like this has the effect of a useful tonic. I can strongly recommend it to some gentlemen who write to the

newspapers. [Laughter.] In one journal there was a long correspondence—the sort of thing we generally get at one season of the year—about the condition of the stage, and a well-known writer who, I believe, combines the function of a dramatic critic with the responsibility of a watch-dog to the Navy, informed his readers that the sad decadence of the British Drama was due to the evils of party government. That is certainly an original idea; but I fancy that if the author were to unfold it to this company, he would be told that he had mistaken the Playgoer's Club for the War Office or the Admiralty. Still we ought to be grateful to the man who reveals a perfectly fresh reason for the eternal decline of the drama, though we may not, perhaps, anticipate any revolution in theatrical amusements even from the most thorough-going reform of the British Constitution.

In the public correspondence to which I have referred, a good deal was said about the need for a dramatic conservatoire. If such an institution could be rooted in this country, I have no doubt that it might yield many advantages. Years ago I ventured to suggest that the municipal system might be applied to the theater, as it is on the Continent, though I do not observe that this is yet a burning question in the county council politics, or that any reforming administrator has discovered that the drama ought to be laid on, like gas or water. [Laughter.] With all our genius for local government we have not yet found, like some Continental peoples, that the municipal theater is as much a part of the healthy life of the community as the municipal library or museum. ["Hear! hear!"] Whether that development is in store for us I do not know, but I can imagine certain social benefits that would accrue from the municipal incorporation of a dramatic conservatoire. It might check the rush of incompetent persons into the theatrical profession. Some persons who were intended by Nature to adorn an inviolable privacy are thrust upon us by paragraphers and interviewers, whose existence is a dubious blessing—[laughter]—until it is assumed by censors of the stage that this business is part and parcel of theatrical advertisement.

Columns of this rubbish are printed every week, and many an actor is pestered to death for tit-bits about his ox and his

ass and everything that is his. [Laughter.] Occasionally you may read solemn articles about the insatiable vanity of the actor, which must be gratified at any cost, as if vanity were peculiar to any section of humanity. But what this organized gossip really advertises is the industry of the gentlemen who collect it, and the smartness of the papers in which it is circulated. "We learn this," "We have reason to believe"—such forms of intolerable assurance give currency too often to scandalous and lying rumors which I am sure responsible journalism would wish to discourage. But this, I fear, is difficult, for contradiction makes another desirable paragraph, and it is all looked upon as desirable copy. [Laughter.]

Of course, gentlemen, the drama is declining—it always has been declining since the time of Roscius and beyond the palmy days when the famous Elephant Raja was "starred" over the head of W. C. Macready, and the real water tank in the Cataract of the Ganges helped to increase the attractions of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. But we ourselves are evidently in a parlous state at the present day, when actors vainly endeavor to struggle through twenty lines of blank verse—when we are told mechanical efforts and vast armies of supers make up the production of historical plays—when pathological details, we are told, are always well received—when the "psychonosological" (whatever that may be)—[laughter], is invariably successful—and when Pinero and Grundy's plays do not appeal to men of advanced thought, as I read the other day.

In all the lament about the decline of the drama there is one recurring note: the disastrous influence of long runs. If the manager were not a grossly material person, incapable of ideals, he would take off a successful piece at the height of its popularity and start a fresh experiment. [Laughter.] But he is sunk in the base commercialism of the age, and, sad to relate, he has the sympathies of the dramatic author, who wants to see his piece run say a hundred nights, instead of twenty. I don't know how this spirit of greed is to be subdued, though with the multiplication of Play-houses, long runs may tend to become rare. A municipal subsidy or an obliging millionaire might enable a manager to vary his bill with comparative frequency, when he has persuaded the dra-

matic author that the run of a play till the crack of doom is incompatible with the interest of art. [Laughter.] I cannot help suspecting that the chief difficulty of a manager, under even the most artistic and least commercial conditions, will always be, not to check the inordinate proportions of success, but to secure plays which may succeed at all.

I hope you will not accuse me of taking a too despondent view of the drama, for believe me, I do not. To be sure, we sometimes hear that Shakespeare is to be annihilated, and that the poet's intellect has been overrated. And lately a reverend gentleman at Hampstead announced his intention of putting down the stage altogether. [Laughter.] The atmosphere of Hampstead seems to be intellectually intoxicating; at any rate it has a rather stimulating effect on a certain kind of dogmatic mind. This intolerance has been very eloquently rebuked by a distinguished man who is an ornament of the Church of England. It is Dean Farrar who says that these pharisaical attacks on the stage are inspired only by "concentrated malice." Well, the periodical misunderstanding to which the stage is exposed need cause but little disquiet. I have no doubt it will survive its many adventures, and that it will owe not a little of its tenacious vitality to your unflagging sympathy and hearty and generous encouragement. [Cheers.]

WASHINGTON IRVING

LANDING AT NEW YORK

[Address by Washington Irving, author, historian (born in New York, April 3, 1783; died at "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, N. Y., November 28, 1859), delivered at a reception in honor of his literary achievement given him in New York, May 30, 1832, on his return from Europe, after an absence of seventeen years. The festival took place at the city hall. Chancellor Kent, the eminent jurist, presided, and proposed the toast which evoked this address: "Our Illustrious Guest, thrice welcome to his native land!" It was among the very few addresses, if not the only extended address that Mr. Irving ever delivered.]

I FIND myself, after a long absence of seventeen years, surrounded by the friends of my youth—by those whom in my early days I was accustomed to look up to with veneration, by others, who, though personally new to me, I recognize as the sons of patriarchs of my native city. The manner in which I have been received by them has rendered this the proudest, the happiest moment of my life. And what has rendered it more poignant is, that I have been led, at times, to doubt my standing in the affections of my countrymen. Rumors and suggestions had reached me that absence had impaired their kind feelings—that they considered me alienated in heart from my country. Gentlemen, I was too proud to vindicate myself from such a charge; nor should I have alluded to it at this time, if the warm and affectionate reception I have met with on all sides since my landing, and the overpowering testimonials of regard here offered me, had not proved that my misgivings were groundless. [Cheers.]

Never certainly did a man return to his native place after so long an absence under happier auspices. On my side I see changes, it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, though perhaps it was

the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome beaming from them, that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast, I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming from the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighborhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city extending itself over heights I had left covered with green forests. [Brooklyn and Gowanus.]

But how shall I describe my emotions when our city rose to sight, seated in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent, where I behold a glorious sunshine lighting up the skies and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbor, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I admired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scene before me: This was "my own, my native land." [Applause.]

It has been asked, Can I be content to live in this country? Whoever asks that question must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomier climes to one of sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from these to a country where all is life and animation; where I hear on every side the sound of exultation; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city of which one may be proud to be received as the son? Is this not a land

in which one may be happy to fix his destiny and his ambition —if possible, to found a name? [Applause.] I am asked how long I mean to remain here. They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, "As long as I live."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

MY FARM IN JERSEY

[Speech of Joseph Jefferson at a dinner given by the Authors' Club, in honor of the tenth anniversary of its founding, New York, February 28, 1893. Edward Eggleston acted as chairman. Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia 1829 and died 1905. The fourth of his family and the third of his name to go upon the stage, he became one of the greatest and most popular American actors.]

GENTLEMEN:—I need not say how I thank you for this generous greeting. I am very glad that your worthy chairman has defined my position. I knew I was a guest, but I did not know I was an author—however, I will begin my remarks here because I think it is appropriate at an Authors' Club to quote from so able and so lovely a man as Charles Lamb. Charles Lamb has said that the world is divided into two classes, those who are born to borrow and those who are born to lend, and if you happen to be of the latter class, why do it cheerfully. Now the world seems to be divided into two other classes, those who are always anxious to make speeches and those who are not. If of the latter one, you are rather uncertain of yourself, as I am now, and you have to make a speech, why do it cheerfully. [Applause.]

Making a speech cheerfully and making a cheerful speech are two very different matters. [Laughter and applause.] You know how dangerous it is for any man to wander away from the legitimate paths of his profession. I fear I have been over-impertinent; I have even been rude enough to exhibit my pictures, impertinent enough to write a book. I have become an author of one book and the authors have kindly admitted me and invited me to their board. To-morrow night, or after to-morrow night, I presume that the orators will invite me to their board. [Applause.] I am almost ashamed of my presumption, and it would serve me very right if I failed to-morrow night. That will teach me better and I shall extend the field of my operation no further, I assure you.

But it is curious that there is one path in which the actor always wanders—he always likes to be a land-owner. It is a curious thing that the actors of England and—of course in the olden times you must remember that we had none but English actors in this country,—and as soon as they came here, they wanted to own land. They could not do it in England. The elder Booth owned a farm at Bellaire. Thomas Cooper, the celebrated English tragedian, bought a farm near Philadelphia, and it is a positive fact that he is the first man who ever owned a fast trotting horse in America. He used to drive from the farm to rehearsal at the theater, and I believe has been known on some occasions, when in convivial company, even to drive out at night afterwards. [Laughter.] Following and emulating the example of my illustrious predecessors I became a farmer. I will not allude to my plantation in Louisiana; my overseer takes care of that. I have not heard from him lately but I am told he takes very good care of it. [Laughter.] I trust there was no expression of distrust on my part. But I allude to my farm in New Jersey. I have not been so successful as Mr. Burroughs, but I was attracted by a townsman and I bought a farm in New Jersey. I went out first to examine the soil. I told the honest farmer who was about to sell me this place that I thought the soil looked rather thin; there was a good deal of gravel. He told me that the gravel was the finest thing for drainage in the world. I told him I had heard that, but I had always presumed that if the gravel was underneath it would answer the purpose better. He said: "Not at all; this soil is of that character that it will drain both ways," by what he termed I think catepillary attraction. [Laughter.] I bought the farm and set myself to work to increase the breadth of my shoulders, to help my appetite, and so forth, about work of a farm. I even went so far as to emulate the example set by Mr. Burroughs, and split the wood. I did not succeed at that. Of course, as Mr. Burroughs wisely remarks, the heat comes at both ends; it comes when you split the wood and again when you burn it. But as I only lived at my farm during the summer time, it became quite unnecessary in New Jersey to split wood in July, and my farming operations were not successful.

We bought an immense quantity of chickens and they all

turned out to be roosters [laughter]; but I resolved—I presume as William Nye says about the farm—to carry it on; I would carry on that farm as long as my wife's money lasted. [Laughter.] A great mishap was when my Alderney bull got into the greenhouse. There was nothing to stop him but the cactus. He tossed the flower-pots right and left. Talk about the flowers that bloom in the spring,—why, I never saw such a wreck, and I am fully convinced that there is nothing that will stop a thoroughly well-bred bull but a full-bred South American cactus. [Laughter.] I went down to look at the ruins and the devastation that this animal had made, and I found him quietly eating black Hamburg grapes. I don't know anything finer than black Hamburg grapes for Alderney bulls. A friend of mine, who was chaffing me for my farming proclivities, said: "I see you have got in some confusion here. It looks to me from seeing that gentleman there—that stranger in the greenhouse—that you are trying to raise early bulls under glass." [Laughter.]

Well, I will not tire you with these experiences. I can only congratulate Mr. Burroughs upon his success, and I beg that you will sympathize with me upon my failure; and now then allow me to conclude my crude remarks by thanking you for the very kind manner in which you have listened to my remarks and experiences. I assure you—they are all of them true. And I thank you, sir, for your kind introduction, which I am afraid I do not deserve. And so, gentlemen, I wish you success and happiness, and long life to your honorable Club. [Long-continued applause.]

IN MEMORY OF EDWIN BOOTH

[Speech of Joseph Jefferson at the annual banquet held on Founders' Night at the Players' Club, New York City, December 30, 1893. This was the first time that Mr. Jefferson, the newly-elected President, spoke to his fellow-players in his official capacity.]

Fellow-Players:—Founders' Night should be of joy, unshaded by the slightest tinge of gloom. I know this, but how can I speak to-night without a loving reference to the

one whose gift we now hold—a gift in which our children and theirs for many generations will take pride, delight and comfort. It would be a twice-told tale to rehearse the career of Edwin Booth. You are as familiar with it as I am. But there are incidents in his early life that may interest you, and possibly that no one but myself could tell you.

An early remembrance of the stage brings before me the figure of the elder Booth. When I was but five years of age I acted the Duke of York to his Richard III. You may think it strange that I remember this circumstance; but even a child as young as I was could not have stood in the presence of this superb and magnetic actor without being indelibly impressed with the scene. His son, Edwin, was then just born. We first met when he was a handsome youth of sixteen. A lithe and graceful figure, buoyant in spirits, and with the loveliest eyes I ever looked upon. We were friends from the first, and it is a comfort to me to know that our friendship lasted nearly half a century, unbroken by a single act or word. His early performances upon the stage did not give much promise, and there were grave fears that he had not inherited the genius of his father. But after the death of that father young Booth's friends and the public were suddenly startled by the news from across the Continent that a new star had arisen, not in the East, but in the West, and was wending its way homeward.

In 1854 I became the stage manager for Henry C. Jarrett in Baltimore. That gentleman is a member of our Club and now stands before me. He one day brought a young girl who had been given to his care and placed her in mine—a beautiful child, but fifteen years of age. Her family, a most estimable one, had met with some reverse, and she had decided to go upon the stage to relieve them from the burden of her support, and possibly to contribute to the comfort of her father. This loving duty she faithfully performed. She lived in my family as the companion of my wife for three years, and during that time became one of the leading actresses of the stage. One morning I said to her: "To-morrow you are to rehearse Juliet to the Romeo of our new and rising young tragedian." At this distance I can scarcely say whether I had or had not a premonition of the future, but I knew at the conclusion of

that rehearsal that Edwin Booth and Mary Devlin would soon be man and wife; and so it came about, for at the end of the week he came to me in the green-room, with his affianced bride by the hand, and with a quaint smile they fell upon their knees in a mock-heroic manner, as though acting a scene in the play, and said: "Father, your blessing," to which I replied in the same mock-heroic vein, extending my hands like the old Friar: "Bless you, my children!" Shortly they were married. We know that his life was filled with histrionic triumphs and domestic bereavements.

May I not speak here of this gift of the Players? It is comparatively easy for those who are rocked in a golden cradle, and who at their birth are endowed with great wealth, to dispense their bounty. I do not desire to disparage the generosity of the rich. Those of our land have done much good, are now freely dispensing their wealth, and will continue to do so; but we must remember that the fortune of Edwin was not inherited. The walls within which we stand, the art, the library, and the comforts that surround us, represent a life of toil and travel, sleepless nights, tedious journeys and weary work; so that when he bestowed upon us this Club it was not his wealth only, but it was himself that he gave.

But a few years ago he was (though rich in genius) poor in pocket. He had been wealthy, and had seen the grand dramatic structure he had reared taken from him and devastated. His reverse of fortune was from no fault of his own, but from a confiding nature. When he again, by arduous toil, accumulated wealth, one would have supposed that the thoughts of his former reverses would have startled him and that he would have clutched his newly-acquired gold and garnered it to himself, fearful lest another stroke of ill-fortune should fall upon him. But instead of making him a coward it gave him courage. It did not warp his mind or steel his heart against humanity. No sterility settled upon him. His wrongs seemed to have fertilized his generosity, and here we behold the fruit.

When the stranger comes here and asks us for the monument of Edwin Booth we can say: "Look around you." For some time past he had looked forward calmly to his dissolution. One year ago to-night in this room, and at this very

hour, he said to me the memorable words: "They drink to my health to-night, Joe. When they meet again, it will be to my memory."

Two years ago last autumn, we walked on the sea beach together, and with a strange and prophetic kind of poetry, he likened the scene to his own failing health, the falling leaves, the withered sea-weed, the dying grass upon the shore, and the ebbing tide that was fast receding from us. He told me that he felt prepared to go, for he had forgiven his enemies, and could even rejoice in their happiness. Surely this was a grand condition in which to step from this world across the threshold to the next!

ALMET F. JENKS

OBSERVATIONS OF A JURIST

[This speech was given at the Twenty-seventh Annual Dinner of the New York Southern Society held in the Grand Ball Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, on Tuesday evening, December 17th, 1912.]

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Southern Society:—The very peculiar and personal exordium assures me of the belief that the world is made of two classes: the guilty and the undetected, and yet, for the sake of the assurance, I may inform you that although the Mayor's nest is not a bed of roses, there is no John Doe proceedings subpoena concealed in the menu! The District Attorney does not await in the ante-room, and you will have safe conduct to your respective residences.

No man after dinner despairs of his country! Before dinner not alone those long-haired fanatics whose motto is "Life, liberty and the hirsute of happiness," but the man of average caution and prudence sometimes despairs of his country. He moralizes and soliloquizes in a melancholy vein! The times are out of joint beyond all osteopathy. The last edition of Bradstreet's omits all the Beatitudes. "Only the ledger lives; and only not all men lie." The Old Guard did not die, but has surrendered. The fate of every corporation is a "Morganatic marriage." The Laird of Skibo has not pensioned every one without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude! The Supreme Court is a shifting device of opportune legislation. The tariff is a colloquial issue. The vivisection of trusts proves that any part is greater than the whole. There is no "Standard Oil" to pour upon the troubled waters. Wall Street is not alone a loan collection but a slaughter-house; not a barometer but a bucketshop. The recall should be applied to the whole Solar System, and the high cost of living makes life a luxury, and death a necessity.

And then he goes to dinner, and retrospection and rumination show him how wrong, how totally wrong, was his viewpoint. He realizes not whatever is, is wrong, but whatever is wrong may yet be righted.

He becomes Tithonus with immortality and yet without youth. He ceases to be a "Tailor of Tooley Street," and to sit up all night to watch the constitution. The square meal teaches him that perhaps after all there may be a square deal; that the popular will is not a projectile but a pendulum, and time after all is the great osteopathist that will set all things right.

Now I do not suggest that this is an appeal from Phillip Sober to Phillip Drunk. We do not hitch our water-wagon to a star, but neither do we yoke it to the car of Bacchus, but what I mean is that a man having gained the immediate necessities of food and drink takes a healthier and a more optimistic view, finds the prospective happier, ceases to apply the X-ray to the body politic, casts a searchlight upon all before him, and finds that the molehills are but molehills still.

Now all this is beautifully expressed not by me but by Sydney Smith, in those immortal lines, "Fate cannot harm me: I have dined to-day," and yet I think I have amplified the cogent language of the English divine.

It reminds me very much of the story of the daughter of the President of the College where I was graduated, who, having been interviewed by her father, was told: "Mary"—

(At this point the Honorable Woodrow Wilson, President-elect of the United States, was escorted to the Speaker's Table by Mr. George Gordon Battle, amid loud applause.)

TOASTMASTER: Gentlemen, Judge Jenks will now proceed.

JUDGE JENKS: I have yet to learn that Guildenstern or Rosencrantz ever spoke after Hamlet appeared, but to-night the President of the Southern Society has a higher prerogative than the President-elect, and I suppose it is my duty to obey.

The story I was telling was of the College President. "Who's Who in America" or the Encyclopædia Britannica should tell you I was graduated at Yale, and therefore there is no local allusion in the story— A college president who said to his daughter, "Mary, I am told that you quarreled with your little friend to-day; that you bit her; that you scratched

her; that you tore her gown, and you spat upon her. Did not the Devil teach you?" "Well," she said, "the Devil told me to bite her, and to scratch her and to tear her clothes, but the spitting was my own idea!"

And so it is with the postprandial philosopher, who, satisfied with the state of the country and in the rumination of the after-dinner cigar, assumes an attitude which is a happy cross between that of a Cheshire cat and a Mona Lisa, with a sardonic grin for the sorrows of the past, and a beatific smile for the blessings yet to come!

And so the Republic still lives and will abide, both after dinner, and for ages yet to come. Have we a stronger proof before us than perhaps the kindergarten example exhibited to-night? This Southern Society which radiates and exudes prosperity, each man of whom is either immortalized in "Who's Who in America," or in the said Encylopædia Britannica. Not all perhaps are protagonists of the greatness of the country. Not every man perhaps leaves footprints on the sands of time, but I am quite sure that none of you will leave thumbprints in the police station.

And yet there was a time when things were different. I can perhaps illustrate the condition of the South by the story of the man without possessions, save youth, who was married to the great heiress. His father sat in anxious expectancy in the front pew to hear the minister pronounce the marriage service, and as the minister went on, "With this ring I thee wed," "With this ring I thee wed," "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," "with all my worldly goods I thee endow"—remarked sotto voce, "My Lord, there goes his bicycle."

Yes, fifty years ago there went the "bicycle." There was the conflict of ideas and the laws were silent amid that clash of arms. Equal bravery gave way before the stronger battalions, and in that part of our land, which we know as the South, the fields were furrowless or were sown with salt.

But history has no parallel like unto the dispersal of those armies into peaceful husbandmen, and we all rejoice in the smile of the South that beams prosperity. Who for the moment can hesitate to believe that the Union to-day is the stronger and the better because it was consecrated alike by the blood of the blue and the gray?

The South has not elected a President. Dixie did not declare him President by any *ipse dixit.* The psalmist says, "For promotion cometh neither from the West, nor from the East, nor from the South," but I rejoice, weighing my words with no adulation, the North and South and East and West has elected to the chief magistracy of this country one who is Southern born, and have forever put to rest that prejudice which was nothing but a senseless thing.

De Tocqueville said that elected magistrates do not make the American democracy flourish; that it flourishes because the magistrates are elected, and I believe that the President-to-be is wise enough to need our help, and I hope that we are wise enough to help him, now and forever, with all our might.

As a rule a statesman is a politician who is dead. We have with us the exception, the politician that is a statesman who is alive, who "knows the seasons, when to take occasion by the hand and make the bonds of freedom wider yet."

The greatest thing in this world is time. The greatest hindrance to all progress is impatience. The magistrate said to the aged man: "What is the charge against you?" And the officer said, "Your Honor, he is charged with stealing brimstone, and we caught him in the act," and the magistrate said, "My old and venerable friend, why so impatient; why not wait a few years?"

Benjamin Franklin said that all the great affairs of the world are conducted by parties, but because there has been in the late canvass a mere change of parties we cannot expect that chaos will give way to cosmos, or that the millennium is close at hand. A mere act of congress or a statute is not a solution of all ills. It may be a shift; it may be a soporific, but it is not a panacea.

There was an old Dutchman in Brooklyn once who lost his dog; three times was it stolen from him, and finally he went to the member of the Legislature from his district, and he asked him to introduce a bill: "Section One: All dog-stealing is abolished. Section Two: This act shall take effect immediately." That is the attitude of those who expect that the President. whoever he may be, is a prestidigitator who with "Presto, Change!" may alter all things in an hour; nay, in the very moment of accession to power.

Improvement, change, alteration, betterment, is of slow progress. It must go on from time to time and from generation to generation. It is like Goethe's star—without haste and without rest.

I would not compare the progress under the constitution, in this Republic, to some vast upheaval, as it were, Ætna, when it throws its streams of living lava down the mountainside to wreck death and disaster, but rather to the slow imperceptible constant march of some mighty glacier, which, in its course, may bring for the moment change, but which results in the basins and the lakes and the pleasant valleys, which laugh with the harvest, in the sunshine of perfect prosperity.

A great Frenchman has said that republicanism has ceased to be a heresy, but it has also ceased to be a faith. I cannot believe it, unless it be like unto that definition of faith which the hasty Oxford undergraduate gave, when he said: "Faith is that faculty of intellect which teaches us to believe those things to be true which we know to be false," but whether it be faith or not, it cannot be faith without works—faith in any man, however great, without works in ourselves—because it is hard to teach a nation that has attained liberty to believe that only with minute care and constant daily toil, by working slowly to an end, and not by the agitation of the hour and by the mere brass bands and cries of a passing campaign, can come those good things which we would have wrought of our country.

Then we want faith in those we select and work in ourselves, who stand in the rank of the battle, happy and proud to follow the leader whom we selected.

And now through the exquisite courtesy of him whom we honor to-night, through the charming forbearance of him who presides to-night, I have been permitted to wander on thus far, and I am mindful of the quiet and chaste rebuke which Mr. Justice Darling in the English Court gave the barrister, who, at the close of a long examination of the opposing plaintiff had said: "Madam, how many children have you?" and the Justice said, "Well, at the beginning of the examination she had three, but go on."

JOHN KELMAN

PURITANISM TO-DAY

[This speech is an abridgment of that delivered in response to the toast "Forefathers' Day" at the One Hundred and Fifteenth Annual Dinner of the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1920. Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, President of the Society, introduced Dr. Kelman, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dr. Kelman came to this pastorate in 1919 from Edinburgh.]

Mr. President:—Little notice was taken of the Pilgrim Fathers at the time either of their departure or of their arrival. They were people of no importance to the great mass of their countrymen and women. There were some who regarded the voyage mainly in the light of the importance of the fisheries on the Newfoundland banks, and when this was mentioned to King James he is reported to have replied, "So God have my soul! It is an honest trade, and it was the apostles' own calling." Others have found the chief interest of it in the fact that it proved that English people could survive the climate of America. Even the voyagers themselves had no idea of the importance of their adventure. Across the ocean they sailed, like the mariner in the old song, "bewildered among stars"; and when they arrived they might well have quoted Bacon's closing words in his New Atlantis, "We are here in God's bosom, a land unknown." Yet to-day the importance of that event overawes every one of the thousands who speak about it, and it most especially overawes those who, like myself, are handicapped by having to speak to audiences better versed in the facts than they themselves can pretend to be. I claim your indulgence, ladies and gentlemen, and can only plead that sometimes the outsider may catch points in the game which the players and their descendants miss.

[After dwelling on the causes that brought the Pilgrims to America, the speaker continued.]

All these were indeed real and vital reasons for the com-

ing of the Pilgrims, but the center of their migration and the thing that lay deepest in their hearts was, of course, the cause of religious liberty. These were not the only religious people of their times. Many of those who drove them forth were also religious. But these were the only people who felt within them so urgent a demand for self-expression in their religion, so deep a conscience and necessity for worshiping God in their own way, as to sell all that they had and buy that treasure. Their children's names are sufficient proof of their religious interest. Love and Hope and Faith might have been the names of the children of any Christian land, but it was only such adventurers of the spirit as these who would have called a child by the name of Wrestling. "So," says Bradford, "they left that good and pleasant city (Leyden) which had been their resting place for nearly twelve years, but they knew they were pilgrims, and lifted up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits." The Bible was at the back of it all, recently translated, and the companion of all their way. The lines have become famous:

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand.
"Do not fear, heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land."

The Bible was understood in the simplest fashion, and yet it did not stand for a closed revelation. The religious liberty which they claimed included a progressive conception of God's self-revelation to man; and it was Robinson, their pastor in Holland, who said the words which have become so famous, that "there was more truth and light yet to come out of His Holy Word." These two facts were central, both to their creed and to their character—the Bible in their own tongue and the expectation of continued and progressive revelation. It is through these that we understand best the meaning of the phrase, *religious liberty*. It involves a sense of the priesthood of all believers, which means that the true seat of authority in matters religious is not the ruling of any church nor the letter of any printed book, however sacred, but the conscience of the individual under the guidance of the Spirit of God.

Toleration has been very variously discussed and practiced.

On the part of men who have no faith or principle, toleration is the cheapest of all virtues. They are tolerant, of course, requiring a certain breadth for the exercise of their own practices. Yet, on the other hand, there is a toleration which is the result and not the lack of strong faith and sound character. After all, the intolerant are those who are afraid for the truth and who exaggerate their own importance by taking it into their domineering control. The Pilgrim Fathers, whatever may be said against their conception of tolerance and their practice with those who differed from the details of their faith, at least must be acknowledged to stand these primal tests. They were great believers, men of strong faith and unquestioned principle, and it would be difficult to find a firmer and more enduring foundation on which to build a nation's life.

From religious liberty there sprang the conception of political liberty.

"Once when a peril touched the days
Of freedom in our English ways
And none renowned in government
Was equal found,
Came to the steadfast heart of one
Who watched in lonely Huntingdon,
A summons, and he went,
And tyranny was bound,
And Cromwell was the Lord of his event.

And in that land where voyaging
The Pilgrim *Mayflower* came to rest,
Among the chosen, counselling,
Once, when bewilderment possessed
A people, none there was might draw
To fold the wandering thoughts of man,
And make as one the names again
Of liberty and law.

And then from fifty fameless years
In quiet Illinois was sent
A word that still the Atlantic hears
And Lincoln was the Lord of his event."

These men represent the true spirit and genius of the founders in the reverent and indeed religious view of politics which they always cherished. And in the hearts of the Pil-

grim Fathers religious conviction was the deep well from which the waters of political freedom were drawn.

There was among them an experiment in communism and it has been a peculiarly valuable piece of American history. No circumstances could have been more ideal for the trial of communism than theirs, nor could there be imagined a community more free from those temptations to selfishness which make communistic experiments so difficult and hopeless in complicated societies. Yet this experiment failed. The young men who did most of the work repined against the older and weaker brethren receiving an equal share of the fruits of labor, and Bradford in memorable sentences records his judgment of their repining. "Let none object that this is man's corruption, and nothing to the course itself. I answer, seeing all men have this corruption in them, God in His wisdom saw another course fitted for them."

So they pass on through land tenure to representative government. It was not the first time that this had been tried upon American soil, for there had been previous experiments in Virginia; yet it is unquestionable that the written constitution drawn up in the cabin of the *Mayflower* was the main source from which was derived the plan of self-government of which the United States are so justly proud. That plan in later days was happy to have found its epigram, invented by Theodore Parker and made immortal by Abraham Lincoln. It ran, "Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

That the Pilgrim Fathers have had their detractors need cause us no surprise. It is true that most of the faults loosely attributed to them are matters that concern their successors rather than themselves. And yet it would be no great honor to these Pilgrim Fathers if one were able to say of them, after so long a time, that they had left no enemies. So far from being an honorable epitaph in troublous and violent times it would seem that to leave no enemies is to be one of those who are not fit for the Kingdom of Heaven. The character and quality of a man's enemies are perhaps the best criteria of his human value. Judged by this criterion the Pilgrim Fathers are happy indeed. On the one hand they had for enemies those who represented the tyrannical spirit of their

generation. On the other hand, as Dr. Cadman has said: "Every charlatan, every mocker, every profane person, every puppet of a rollicking Bohemia, would incite you to rebel against it. 'Eat and drink,' says the worldling, 'for to-morrow you die.' 'Rise upon your feet, gird on the armour of God, and go forth to your duty,' says the Puritan."

Besides the professed enemies of that for which they stood, there have been many not altogether unfriendly critics who have had things to say about them, and they have been accused of severity, narrowness and bigotry. But perhaps their worst enemies have been those who have idealized them as the one and only type of Christian thought and living. In reply to this apotheosis of Puritanism, Matthew Arnold has said in one of his greatest sentences that "The human spirit is greater than even the most priceless of the forces which bear it onwards." That is a golden sentence and one well worthy to be remembered. These men were undoubtedly one-sided. They had not thought out the question of religious toleration. They had no general idea of liberty, and they carried with them the intolerance of their times. It must be confessed that the representatives of full toleration whom they drove out were very unfortunate persons to represent it. But it is also true that the Puritans of New England happened to be the under dog, and the under dog as well as his tormenter can bite, and even upon occasion can go mad. The aftermath of great crises is always dangerous. We have had bitter experience of this in the aftermath of the Great War. Every great historical event has an aftermath, and we need not be surprised to find that this was the case with the adventure of the Pilgrim Fathers. We see it on the one hand in the violent and intolerant reactions which deal out to others a similar treatment to that from which they themselves had suffered. On the other hand we see it in those obsolete testimonies which outlive their usefulness and make the way more difficult for their times both in faith and politics. We hear from time to time the well-intentioned demand that we shall go back to the old-time faith and manners, and those who feel and who proclaim the impossibility of such a return are apt to be misunderstood. For us to adopt in its detail the way of the Pilgrim Fathers is a thing which cannot be done and which ought not to be

done even if it could. It is by other ways, less simple indeed, but infinitely wiser, that we are called to follow in their footsteps. Matthew Arnold, speaking to Americans, has said: "You have also had more entirely and more exclusively than we, the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline. Certainly I do not wish it to remain in the possession of the field forever or too long. But as a stage and a discipline, and as a means for enabling that poor inattentive and immoral creature man, to live and appropriate and make part of his being, divine ideas on which he could not otherwise have laid hold or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable. For this contribution alone we owe them an eternal debt. They set our affections still, after three centuries, upon whatsoever things are elevated, whatsoever things are nobly serious, and they keep our reluctant consciences within call of these."

How then may we best pay that debt to those whose graves are now covered with ancient moss? Not certainly by appropriating their detailed faith or imitating their detailed practice, but by carrying over their dauntless and indefatigable spirit to deal with problems which never confrónted them. It is the spirit that lives on forever, the letter and the detail pass and change. Nor yet can we pay that debt by further separations of unnecessary protest. We have passed from the age of separation to that which longs for union and a larger comprehensiveness. In their day the world had fallen hopelessly asunder, and the task that was set to men was to defend and find refuge for its separate elements of good. In our day the task is to gather up the wreckage of many generations and to reunify the world in justice and in love.

ROBERT JUDSON KENWORTHY

FREEMASONRY AND CITIZENSHIP

[Address, in part, of Robert Judson Kenworthy, Grand Master of American Free Masons, 1910 to 1912, taken from his Address to the Craft in 1911.]

We are in an age of progress. The word has its serious application to the affairs of the day. It also has its reference, facetiously, perhaps, to the politics of the time. But progress is a definite term. It means advancement, not retrogression; it means improvement, not decay; it means accomplishment, not failure; it means onward and forward, not a looking backward or dismal retreat. Is our *Masonry progressive,* or are we making it a factor only inside of the Lodge room? Are we content to remain intrenched in mysticism, to confer degrees, to make Masons and then forget them, excepting, perhaps, as their names are added to our roll—leaving them muzzled as to its secrets, but bewildered and lamentably untaught of those deep *underlying* truths inculcated in the days when *quality* and not *quantity* was the watchword of the Craft? If our drift is away from and not toward its highest ideals and traditions, slowly but surely the vitality which sustains it will slip away, and I say, without hesitation, our Fraternity will cease to appeal to intelligent men. It will become nothing but a mummery, a jargon of signs and baubles, titles and platitudes—for we will be following the shadow and not the substance.

I might well hesitate to charge this great gathering of thoughtful men as to its duty, for I realize there are Brethren present who have served our Craft conspicuously long before I was admitted to its ranks. Their lives are our example, their deeds our admiration, their work our standard; but we are apace with conditions not heretofore confronting us, forces not met with while our country was yet young, elements constantly arising in our civil life that must needs have our consideration

if the heritage of our fathers is to pass beyond our time, and it is with something of their gravity that I venture to ask you to stop with me for a gaze into the future to see whether we can create for our Masonry a new spirit, blended of ancient tradition and modern endeavor; a real, vital power for good in the world, a rising to duty not circumscribed by tiled doors, or words, or signs—an open service to be known of all Men for the good that it renders.

Masonry is not political in the sense in which you and I are partisans; but I do maintain there is a relationship between Masonry and good citizenship to which our Craft must awaken if it is to fulfill its highest mission. The making of Masons will be for nought if we simply continue impressing our novitiates with the secrets of Freemasonry and its mysteries. The lesson inculcated in the charge to our Entered Apprentice is of the gravest import to our day and generation. You know the words—are we alive to their importance? Do we repeat them slowly, looking our Brother straight in the eye, and making him feel that their application is way and beyond the secret work of the Craft, that they fit him to face his duty in the world, to spread the light of his example and the force of our Masonic precept and teachings, and help him to become a better and stronger part of our civic life? Our influence, because of the knowledge we possess, should be the greater as we go in and out among our fellow-citizens. And if we will broaden our views as to the purposes of the Craft and make of it an expansive, unselfish brotherhood, we will give to our Masonry an illumining power penetrating beyond the confines of our tiled doors, or whisperings and mystic signs—a radiance which will carry its message like God's sunlight, among men.

DARWIN PEARL KINGSLEY

RAISE A STANDARD

[Darwin Pearl Kingsley, President of the New York Life Insurance Co., is one of our most effective speakers, whether on post-prandial or on more serious occasions. The two speeches which follow were delivered by him as President of the New York Chamber of Commerce; the first at the 153rd Annual Banquet of that organization on November 17, 1921; the second before the Chamber of Commerce on April 7, 1921.]

THE Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York is composed entirely of business men. We view the great questions that are now puzzling the wise men and the mighty men of the world, from the standpoint first of the patriotic citizen, and second from the standpoint of the considerable variety of commercial activities represented in our membership.

As patriotic citizens we are alive to the political and moral problems whose solution has been undertaken by the members of the great International Conference on Limitation of Armaments, now sitting in Washington. As business men we are very much alive to the existing economic crisis with which the members of that Conference are very directly to deal.

As patriotic citizens and as business men we respond to that world-wide impulse which demands a drastic limitation of armaments. I go further and assert that the controlling opinion of this Chamber also demands that the underlying forces which have made armaments necessary be controlled.

As merchants, manufacturers, workers with brain and hand and accumulated capital, we are staggering under a load of taxation that depletes our resources and paralyzes our energies. To these burdens, from which we seem to get no relief, have been added certain grave apprehensions. When we realized, as we recently did, that it is within the realm of possibility

that we shall spend on our army and navy more money in the next forty years than Germany will pay in indemnities, if she pays in full, we were first amazed, then alarmed, then indignant, and then ashamed! We asked not only "What's wrong with the world?" but "What's wrong with us?"

We recognize, both as citizens and as business men that a reduction by international agreement in the expenditures now being made on war plants by all the leading and by some of the smaller Powers, is desirable, indeed vital; but we know, too, that any reduction of armaments by international agreement, even those involved in the sweeping and almost startling proposals recently made by Secretary Hughes, will at best be a palliative, a smoke screen behind which preparations for war in a more horrible form will go merrily on. Reduction and limitation of armaments will bring relief, but such action will solve no real problem because it will not eliminate the fundamental fears that compel armaments as a patriotic duty. So long as armaments are bracketed with patriotism we shall have armaments.

Armaments are primarily an expression of the identical impulse which made the pioneers of Jamestown and Plymouth erect stockades for defense against the Indians. No modern nation, with the possible exception of Germany, ever admitted that its war machinery was for any but defensive purposes. No nation admits that now. But whether constructed for aggression or for defense, great armaments are equally deadly, and when used on this poor, shriveled-up world—so small now that when the President speaks his voice goes all the way around it—the results are as hideous as they could be if fiends from the lower world had conceived the plan.

However greatly the Conference may desire to limit its discussions to armaments, the situation in the Pacific must of necessity thrust into its deliberations, in acute form, the whole Doctrine of Sovereignty and the question of how sovereign states can live together in this little world, retaining all the prerogatives of sovereignty and avoid war. *That is the real question before the Conference; armaments are a mere incident.*

Some of us believe that sovereign states cannot so live, until we learn how to make two solid bodies occupy the same space at the same time. We base our conclusions on the nature of sovereignty itself, on the propinquity of all peoples, and on the repeated verdicts of history. If history does not prove that, then history proves nothing.

Force in some form always has ruled this world and in the last analysis it always will. How then and by whom may that force be so directed and controlled as naturally to establish order and peace rather than naturally to provoke violence and war? The story of the hitherto undirected and uncontrolled application of that force disfigures every page of history.

The world is now very small. The nations are everywhere face to face. They must live together, they are trying to live together, but they have no program by which they can so live. They must have a program comprehensive, definite and enforceable; or it is certain that they will fight and fight and fight.

Force, I say, will remain; Nationality will remain. Force and Nationality must come to terms.

In my opinion, the only arrangement which will insure permanent peace is a great, a controlling Federation of all like-minded peoples. Federation means the creation, by the direct act of the individual citizen—not by the act of sovereign states as such—of a controlling power whose relations to all the Federated peoples and States shall be like that of our Federal Government to the people of the Forty-eight States of this Union and to the States themselves. This does not mean Leagues or entangling Alliances. The States of this Union are not entangled with each other, nor are they allied.

Some one says that such a federation would be difficult; I reply that it would be difficult, but our present practice is impossible; it has already well nigh destroyed civilization. Our present practice inevitably breeds suspicion and misunderstandings and hate and murder and ruin. Is there any doubt about that? Hasn't that fact been sufficiently burned into the very soul of all humanity?

We are a little disposed to think that this Conference in its

objects and in its possibilities is unprecedented. That's a mistake. Recall for a moment the Congress that met in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in 1787. That Congress, like this Conference, was called to deal with specific difficulties. If the Philadelphia Congress had dealt only with the questions definitely submitted to it, oblivion would long since have swallowed up all memory of it; but it tore up its instructions, went to the very heart of the problem, and as a result all its deliberations, all its acts and all its names live and always will live to inspire liberty loving men.

That Congress was chiefly called to propose amendments to our old Articles of Confederation. The Articles of Confederation represented the ablest effort ever made to create a central authority over units which should nevertheless retain their full sovereignty. It was an almost ideal League of Nations. Even under the centripetal pressure of war that central authority was largely impotent and when that pressure was removed, it became a caricature on government. The members of the Congress of 1787 met amidst great confusion and great apprehension, as the members of this Conference have. They had no authority to draft and submit a new Constitution. *But they saw the futility of tinkering with a worn-out instrument.* With a courage which becomes increasingly wonderful with the lapse of time, they took their political lives in their hands, cast the Articles of Confederation on the scrap heap, and drafted a new Charter. Except for their wisdom and courage the Thirteen States would have gone on bickering and quarreling as separate sovereignties, just as the nations of the world are now doing, and we should have no country to-night.

Observe not only the process, but the results. New York and Pennsylvania cannot now go to war with each other, but neither has lost its identity. Every citizen of New York is still a citizen of New York; every citizen of Pennsylvania is still a citizen of Pennsylvania. But both have a higher and a nobler citizenship—both are citizens of the United States. This higher citizenship was not created by the sovereign States of New York and Pennsylvania and their sister States acting as sovereignties. It was created by the

direct action of sovereign individuals, who created the Federal Government and on whom the Federal Government in turn acts directly. Because of the very nature of sovereignty this would and could never have been done by the States. Note the almost magical results. No more quarreling after the status of all the States was finally fixed in 1865. Differences arise still, but they are now settled by the orderly process of law. Did any State lose anything except the right to murder its neighbors when its people accepted that new Charter? Did any citizen lose anything except false pride? On the other hand, what about the individual, the preservation of whose rights and liberties is, after all, the chief business of government? What did he gain? An infinite increase of power, a guaranty of the right to life, liberty, property, and the peaceful pursuit of happiness such as the creators of the Great Plan themselves only dimly foresaw. We sometimes forget that it is by the attainment of these ideals rather than by the achievement of national glory that government justifies itself.

Here, then, is an inspiring example, a glorious precedent. *A trail has been blazed reaching far beyond any point yet indicated in the Washington discussions.*

The men of 1921 in Washington seem to have courage. But courage is not enough. Have they the vision as well as the courage of the men of 1787?

In 1787, the real question was, as we now see, not what to do with the matters specifically submitted, but whether or not this Republic should be born.

In 1921 the real question is, as we believe, not armaments alone, but whether or not ordered liberty and civilization shall continue.

As patriots and business men our message, therefore, to the men in Washington must be—

Courage! Face the facts. Don't tinker with a worn-out instrument. Don't blink the truth. Recognize the fact that the whole world, measured in terms of time and distance, is not now so large as the thirteen colonies were in 1787. Recognize the fact that from the very souls of all peoples is arising a bitter, bitter cry for a new program. Recognize the fact that

the world is sick—sick unto death. Offer it a healing draught; withhold the old nostrums: they first intoxicate and then kill. Limit armaments, yes; but you bring small comfort when you assure us that our sons may not become cannon fodder, though our grandsons almost surely will. Formulate and submit to the peoples a program which will not, as we now do, rest the peace of the world on the possibility of reconciling irreconcilable forces; formulate a sane plan, at any cost in national vanity which will automatically eliminate competition in armaments between federated states, by making armaments between those states no longer a patriotic duty.

At the first session of the Congress of 1787, after expressing fear that no plan they could offer would be adopted, and that they were probably faced with another great conflict, George Washington said— "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

They raised a standard irrespective of all so-called practical difficulties. The event is the United States of America.

Therefore, as patriots and business men we say to the great group in Washington—

Raise a standard!

Diplomacy could not prevent the great war. It tried and failed miserably.

Diplomacy cannot prevent the next war; it may even hasten its coming.

Raise a standard. Offer to a stricken and dying world what Washington and his immortal associates offered to the bewildered colonies.

If such a standard were raised, if such a plan were presented to the peoples and they rejected it, if, after a really solemn referendum, it finally appeared that the peoples prefer to follow nationalism to its logical conclusion, then and not till then will it be in order for us to arm, arm to the teeth, and be prepared to fight, as animals fight in the jungle, until this or some other nation, after marching over mountains of dead, achieves the peace of the jungle—the bloody peace of world-dominion, the only permanent peace possible in a world governed by the laws of sovereignty.

INTRODUCING M. VIVIANI

[Address before the Chamber of Commerce of New York in welcoming M. Viviani, on April 7, 1921.]

M. Viviani, Guests of the Chamber, and Members:—Four years ago yesterday this nation made a great decision. With a unanimity that was so complete that it absolutely silenced opposition, we took our place by the side of Italy and France and the British Empire in opposition to the plans and purposes of the Central Powers of Europe.

We have a peculiar satisfaction, to-day, in the reflection that when we made the decision we made no reservation. We cast in all we had; we asked for nothing, and we made no terms. [Applause.]

Immediately after that great decision, and, largely as a result of that decision, I assume, we were visited by a great group of men from Europe—that group included Field Marshal Joffre, the distinguished guest of the day [applause], and the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour [applause]. It so happened, then, that the Chamber was not able to receive, as its guests, the French members of that distinguished body. But to-day, when the hot determination of those tense times has been perhaps cooled by the hard facts of every-day life, and the generous impulse which carried us to heights of moral ecstacy has been under pressure by two and a half years of so-called peace, we find ourselves, at last, hosts to one of the distinguished Frenchmen who then honored us with their presence. [Loud applause.]

If you will recall, as well as you can, public opinion at that time, you will perhaps be a little shocked to remember that, notwithstanding that decision and the completeness of it, and the irrevocable character of it, few people in this country believed that it would be either desirable or necessary, or possible, to send troops across the Atlantic.

The story of the conferences between that body and the Government in Washington; the great decisions made immediately thereafter—because they were great—by the Presi-

dent of the United States has just within a few days been told in a semi-official way in the columns of the New York *Times*.

Of course, this is no time to review, even in the briefest form, the happenings of the next two crowded years. I merely venture to say that, deep in the heart of every American citizen, there is a feeling of high pride; pride about which we grow more certain every day; pride over something we did that we believe will be endorsed absolutely by history and will be the richest heritage we can leave to our children; pride, not because we were able, at the time of the crisis, to strike a great blow in the interests of humanity; but pride because we struck that blow unselfishly. [Applause.]

To revive those memories; to recall those days of grim decision is an altogether wholesome process. It is true we are a practical people; we do the day's work and put the day behind us and there are, apparently, people who conclude from that, seeing the way we work, that when we put the day behind we forget all about it—in other words, that on Monday we can rise to great moral heights and make great decisions and, under the principles of self-interest or affairs of the world, on Tuesday forget all about it.

The voices of those people who hold us in that esteem naturally were not heard between the 6th of April, 1917, and the 11th of November, 1918.

Within recent days, however, these men have crept from their hiding places and have sought, by tongue and pen, to weaken the force of our original decision and to lead us to ultimate moral disaster. They got their first answer from the great mass meeting held in Madison Square Garden on the 18th of March [loud applause]; they got their second answer when the Government, on the 2nd of April, announced its general attitude toward the whole European situation; and, if we may interpret the voice of the business men of New York as finally representing the voice of the business men in the United States, they get their third and final answer here and now. [Loud applause.]

Irrespective of anything that the Government in Washington, for reasons of state, may do or not do; irrespective of anything that Government in Washington may say or not say; and speaking for what I hold to be the heart and conscience of

the American people, I assert, M. Viviani—I assert, without any reservations that, on all the great essentials involved in that great decision, this people stands to-day exactly where it stood four years ago. [Cheering and loud applause.]

We have not lost any of our love of liberty and we have not qualified, at all, our standards of democracy—but we hate, as we hated then, men and Nations who are yellow and cruel, who are beasts when they are victorious, who snarl and whine and equivocate when faced with the demands of outraged justice. [Cheering and loud applause.]

M. Viviani, your visit here in 1917 is so interwoven with things that are close to our hearts that it will always remain in the minds of the American people amongst their heroic memories.

Your visit now, in 1921, will always be a sweet memory. We had not forgotten, but you have helped us to remember. Your very presence arouses, reinvigorates and revives all the impulses which then gripped and drove us and made us worthy, morally, at least, to stand by the side of the heroes who, on so many battlefields, said, "They Shall Not Pass," and made that saying good at their infinite cost. [Loud applause.]

As President of this Chamber, it is my proud privilege to present your distinguished guest: The first War Premier of France, great orator, great patriot, great Frenchman, Rene Viviani. [Cheering and loud applause.]

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND

[England's Day was celebrated by a festival dinner given by the Royal Society of St. George at the Connaught Rooms, London, April 23, 1920. Mr. Kipling presided and delivered the following address, which is reprinted here from *The Times*.]

FIFTEEN or sixteen hundred years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world, and the Picts and the Scots kept to their own side of the Great Roman wall between Carlisle and Newcastle, the story goes that Rome allowed all these peoples one night in the year when they could say aloud exactly what they thought of Rome, without fear of consequences. On that one night, then, they crept out of the heather in droves, lit their little wandering fires, and criticized the Libyan generals, the Roman pontiffs, and the Eastern camp followers who looked down on them from the top of the huge unbreakable Roman wall 1,600 years ago.

To-day, Imperial Rome is dead; the wall is down; the Picts and the Scots are on this side of it, but, thanks to the Royal Society of St. George, there is still one night in the year when the English can creep out of their hiding places and whisper to each other what we think about—ourselves. No! It is safer not to criticize our masters, who tax us, educate us, and try us, and minister so abundantly to what they instruct us our wants ought to be. Since these masters of ours have not quite the old untroubled assurance of power and experience which made Rome so tolerant in the days when the Picts and the Scots lived on the other side of the wall, we will confine ourselves to our own popular and well-recognized defects as a breed.

Some of our sternest critics, who of course have always been of our own household, say there never was such a thing as the English race—that it is at best the intolerably insolent

outcome of ancient invasions and immigrations, freshened with more recent Continental gaol-deliveries. Far be it from me to transverse these statements. I give them on no less authority than that of the late Mr. Daniel Defoe,—a liveryman of the City of London, and author of "Robinson Crusoe" and a pamphlet called "The True-born Englishman." He deals with the English very faithfully—so faithfully that, in deference to the susceptibilities of other peoples, I will not give his account of an Englishman's pedigree. But, in his summing up of the true-born Englishman, he says:—

> A true-born Englishman's a contradiction
> In speech, an irony, in fact, a fiction,
> A metaphor intended to express
> A man akin to all the universe.

In that last line Defoe, I think, has slipped into a blessing where he meant to curse; for "a man akin to all the universe" cannot be wholly vile. He must have some points of contact with humanity; and the Englishman has had several. The Phœnicians taught him the elements of shopkeeping; the Romans taught him love of sport by hiring him to fight beasts in their arenas. Under the Heptarchy he studied social reform, which in those unenlightened days consisted in raising a levy on capital to buy off the heathen of the North Sea from taking direct action against English industries. He next took a 300 years' course of colloquial and law French under eminent Norman teachers. He did not learn the language then or since, but it left him with a profound respect based on experience for his neighbors across the Channel, and a conviction, which time has deepened, that they were the only other people in the world who really mattered. For 500 years his domestic and foreign policy was largely controlled by Italian, French, and Spanish, with occasional Austrian politico-ecclesiastical authorities, who tried to teach him that "this realm of England" was but part of a vast international organization embracing, instructing, and protecting all the world. He escaped from these embraces only to be subjected to the full rigor of the Puritan conscience, which was then largely directed by gentlemen from Geneva, Leyden, Amsterdam, and the Low Countries. While thus employed he was, under pre-

text of union, finally and fatally subjugated by the Scots. A few years later he embarked on the swelling tide of party politics in all their purity, since when he has rarely been allowed to look backward—and never forward.

I submit that such a nightmare of national experiences would have driven an unmixed race to the edge of lunacy. But the Englishman, like a built-up gun-barrel, is all one temper, though welded of different materials, and he has strong powers of resistance. Roman, Norman, Papist, Cromwellian, Stuart, Hollander, Hanoverian aristocracy, middle-class and democracy, each in turn through a thousand years experimented on him and tried to make him to their own liking. He met each in turn with a large, silent toleration, which they each in turn mistook for native stupidity. He gave them each a fair trial, and when he had quite finished with them, a fair dismissal. As an additional safeguard he built up a social system divided into water-tight compartments, so arranged that neither the water of public panic nor the fire of private revenge should sweep his ship of State from end to end. And if, in spite of all this, the domestic situation became too much for him, he could always go to sea and there seek or impose the peace which the Papal Legate, the mediæval trade union, or a profligate Chancellor of the Exechequer denied him at home. [Laughter.]

And thus, gentlemen—not in a fit of absence of mind—was the Empire born. It was the outcome of the relaxations of persecuted specialists, men who for one cause or another were unfit for the rough and tumble of home-life. They did it in search of rest and change, much as we go for summer holidays, and, like ourselves, they took their national habits with them. They did not often gather together with harps and rebecks to celebrate their national glories or hymn their national heroes. When they did not, like ourselves, take them both for granted, they generally denied the one and tried to impeach the other. But, by some mysterious rule of thumb magic, they did establish and maintain a reasonable peace and security among simple folk in many parts of the world, and that without overmuch murder, oppression, or torture. It may be that the success of the English was due to their imperturbable tolerance. A breed that has been persecuted, or what

comes to the same thing, bored by every persecuted refugee to whom it has given asylum, learns to tolerate anything. Their immensely mixed origins made them, too, in a real sense, akin to all the Universe, and sympathetic in their dumb fashion towards remote peoples and strange gods. Above all, their long insular experience of imported brainstorms had taught them the wisdom of the old proverb— That men should not try to do better than good for fear lest worse than bad might follow.

There has been a good deal of worse than bad in the world lately. Our national weakness for taking the easiest way till the last possible moment, sooner than inconvenience ourselves or our neighbors, has been visited upon us in full measure. After 99 years of peace there came a day when the English were given less than 96 hours to choose whether they would buy a little longer peace from the heathen in the North, as their fathers had bought it, or make peace with them, as our King Alfred had made it. As a race they had forgotten how to say "No" to any one who said "Yes" in a sufficiently loud voice; they had quite forgotten that they had broken a Church, killed one king, closed a Protectorate, and exiled another king sooner than be driven where they did not desire to go. But when their hour came again they decided once again, and once again by instinct, to go their own way; for, once again, they had prepared nothing, they had foreseen nothing. They had been assured that not only was there no need for preparation against war, but that the mere thought of it was absurd, where it was not criminal. Therefore, through the first two years of the war, it was necessary to throw up a barricade of the dead bodies of the nation's youth behind which the most elementary preparations could be begun.

Though there had been no such slaughter of the English in all history, the actual was no more than a large-scale repetition of national experience in the past. If an Elizabethan statesman or adventurer had returned to England during the war I think in a very short time he would have been able to pick up his office-work where he had dropped it. His reports and his maps would have been enlarged, but otherwise he would have been surprisingly abreast of the situation. Where the old English influences had struck deep the world over, he

would have seen help and comfort hurried up to the fronts the world over without count or reckoning—without word or bond to limit or confirm them. Where the old alien influences, that he knew so well, had persisted, or where new influences inspired by the old were at work, he would have seen, as he would have expected, every help towards this war denied, withheld, or doled out piecemeal at a high price. He would have recognized that what held firm in the days of the Armada held firm at Armageddon, that what had broken beneath his hand in his time was rotten in ours.

Allowing for a few minor differences of equipment, he would have felt like any sailor or soldier returning to some bitterly familiar job of sea-patrol or trench-life between 1914 and 1918. Like those men, he would have taken for granted very many things on which other races might have wasted valuable time and thought. Our stories of Coronel, Zeebrugge, of the battalions of county regiments not a year old who died to the last man, as a matter of routine, on the front that they were ordered to hold, would have moved him no more and no less than the little affair of the late Sir Richard Grenville off Flores in the Revenge. That troopers of yeomanry in Mesopotamia, picked almost at random, could, single-handed and within a few days, by sheer force of character, conciliate and control turbulent Arab villages would have amazed them no more and no less than any story of Panama or our first venture round the globe told by any follower of Sir Francis Drake or some forgotten captain of that age. Being of the breed, he would have known the breed and taken the work of the breed for granted.

And herein, as I see it, lies the strength of the English—that they have behind them this continuity of immensely varied race-experience and race-memory, running through every class back to the very dawn of our dawn, which unconsciously imposes on them, even while they deride standards of achievement and comparison, hard it may be and a little unsympathetic, but not low, and, as all earth is witness, not easily lowered. That is the reason why, in things nearest our hearts, we praise so little and criticize so lavishly. It is the only compliment that an Englishman dares pay his country. As you know, these standards do not appear on the surface, or in men's

mouths. When they do they are mostly translated into terms of sport or the slang of various games, but where the English deal with each other or the outside world in earnest, those standards are taken for granted, and it is by the things which, we take for granted, without words spoken, that we live. It was taken for granted by all concerned during the war that every day was St. George's Day on one or other of our seven fronts.

And now we, and our kin after the great years, are sick, shaken and dizzy—like all convalescents a little inclined to pity ourselves, a little inclined to live on invalid's slops as long as possible, and more than a little inclined to mistake the hysteria of convalescence for signs of new life and thought. But here, also, instinct tells us that our national past has dowered us with a sufficiency of ballast to navigate through whatever storms (or brain-storms) may be ahead. We are threatened with several. One school of thought, Muscovite in origin, holds, as the Danes did 1,200 years ago, that rapine and scientific torture will elevate our ideals, which up to the present have only taught us to do our duty to God and our neighbors. Others again are content to work for the organized bankruptcy of all things that are of good report, as well as for the systematic betrayal of our friends, very much indeed on the same lines as people used to panic after a crusade or a visitation of the Plague. We are further promised an unparalleled outbreak of education guaranteed to produce a standardized state-aided mind. The Church evolved a parallel system in the Middle Ages which, much to her surprise, produced the Reformation. Lastly, lest we should ever again lapse into pathetic contentment, the breed—which organized at a week's notice to achieve the impossible and achieved it, by earth, sea, and air achieved it—is as a reward to be ruthlessly reorganized in every detail of its daily life, walk, and conduct. This great work was begun by William the Conqueror, A. D. 1066, and has been before committee or commission ever since. Norman, Papist, Cromwellian, Stuart, Hollander, Hanoverian, aristocracy, middle class, democracy, have each in turn tried their fleeting hand on "the man akin to all the Universe." From each in turn he has taken what he wanted; he has given them each a fair trial, and when he has quite finished, an equally fair dismissal.

What will he do in the future? We are too close to the dust of the main battle to see clearly. We know that England is crippled by the loss or wastage of a whole generation. Her position from the civil point of view is that of our armies in the worst days of the war—that is to say, all leave is stopped for every man who can stand up to his job, no matter how sick or stale he may be; and there is undreamed-of promotion for untried men who, merely because they are not dead, will have to face heavier responsibility, longer hours and criticism that will certainly not grow milder as the years pass. But no miracles have occurred. This world, which some of us in their zeal to do better than good have created, and which we must all inherit, is no new world but the old grown harder. The wheel has come full circle. The whole weight of that world at the present moment lies again, as it used to lie in the days of our fathers, upon two nations, upon England and France. The sole force which, under God's good providence, can meet this turn of our fate, is not temperament, not opportunism, nor any attempt to do better than good, but character, and again character—such mere ingrained common-sense hand-hammered loyal strength of character as one may humbly dare to hope 15 hundred years of equality of experience have given to us.

If this hope be true, as because we know the breed we feel it to be true, our children's children, looking back through the luminous years to where we here stumble and falter, may say:—"Was it possible that the English of that age did not know, could not see, dared not even guess to what height of strength, wisdom, and enduring honor they had lifted their land?" [Cheers.]

But we will be circumspect. For what there is of it, for such as it is, and for what it may be worth, will you drink to England and the English?

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

CANADA

[Speech of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, at a banquet given by the Imperial Institute to the Colonial Premiers, London, June 18, 1897, on the occasion of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. The Prince of Wales presided. In introducing Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he said: "Gentlemen, this is not the time nor is it necessary to allude to the loyalty of our great colonies. We have heard what has been spoken here to-night, and we shall hear still more. We know that our colonies look toward the mother country with affection; and in the hour of need and danger I feel convinced that they will always come forward to our assistance. [Cheers.] During the remarkable record reign of Her Majesty the Queen great changes have occurred. When she came to the throne, there were only thirty-two colonies; now there are sixty-five. [Cheers.] As Lord Lansdowne has said we have met here in times of peace. God grant that it may last, but should the occasion come when our national flag is endangered I have but little doubt, gentlemen, that the colonies will unite like one man to maintain what exists and what I hope will remain forever as integral parts of the British Empire. It is now my pleasant duty to propose the toast of the evening: 'Our Guests the Colonial Premiers.' We welcome them as ourselves. We hope that their stay here may not be made in any way irksome to them. I feel sure that no one will be more grateful than the Queen herself to see that these gentlemen have come here on the invitation of the Colonial Office to do honor to a great epoch in our history. This toast we connect with the health of the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier. I now beg you with all the honors to drink this toast—'Our Guests, I may say, our friends, the Colonial Premiers.'"]

Your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen:—The toast which your Royal Highness has just proposed in such graceful terms is one which is important at all times and opens a subject which at the present time perhaps more than at any other engrosses and absorbs the minds of all thinking men. ["Hear! Hear!"] During the few days in which my colleagues and myself have had the privilege to be in England, we have had hourly evidences that the Colonies at the present moment occupied no small part in the affections of the people

WILFRID LAURIER

of England. [Cheers.] Sir, Colonies were born to become nations. In my own country, and perhaps also in England, it has been observed that Canada has a population which in some instances exceeds, in many others, rivals the populations of independent nations, and it has been said that perhaps the time might come when Canada might become a nation of itself. My answer is this simply: Canada is a nation. [Cheers.] Canada is free, and freedom is its nationality. Although Canada acknowledges the suzerainty of a Sovereign Power, I am here to say that independence can give us no more rights than we have at present. ["Hear! Hear!"]

Lord Lansdowne has spoken of a day when perhaps our Empire might be in danger. England has proved at all times that she can fight her own battles, but if a day were ever to come when England was in danger, let the bugle sound, let the fires be lit, on the hills and in all parts of the Colonies, though we might not be able to do much, whatever we can do shall be done by the Colonies to help her. [Cheers.] From all parts of this country since I have been here, both in conversation and in letters, I have been asked if the sentiments of the French population of Canada were characterized by absolute loyalty towards the British Empire. I have been reminded that feuds of race are long and hard to die, and that the feuds of France—the land of my ancestors—with England have lasted during many generations. Let me say at once that though it be true that the wars of France and England have their place in history, it was the privilege of the men of our generation to see the banners of France and England entwined together victoriously on the banks of the Alma, on the heights of Inkerman, and on the walls of Sebastopol. [Cheers.]

It is true that during the last century and the century before, a long war, a long duel, I might call it, was waged between England and France for the possession of North America, but in the last battle that took place on the plains of Abraham, both generals, the one who won and the one who failed, fell. If you go to the city of Quebec, you will see a monument erected in commemoration of that battle. What is the character of that monument? Monuments to record victories are not scarce in England or in France; but such a monument as this which is in Quebec, I do not think you will find in any

other part of the world, for it is a monument not only to him who won but also to him who failed. [Cheers.] It is a monument dedicated to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, and the dedication, which is one of the noblest and best of the kind, not only for the sentiments which it records but also as a literary expression, is as follows: "*Mortem virtus communem famam historia monumentum posteritas dedit.*" Here is a monument to the two races equal in fame, courage, and glory, and that equality exists at the present time in Canada. In this you have the sentiments of my countrymen—we are equal to-day with those who won on the battle-field on the plains of Abraham. It is by such acts that England has won the hearts of my fellow-countrymen; it is by such acts that she can ever claim our loyalty.

Your Royal Highness, let me now thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kind words you have just spoken. Your Royal Highness has been kind enough to remind us that at one time in its earlier day you visited Canada. Many changes have taken place since that time, but let me assure your Royal Highness there has been no change in the loyalty of the people of Canada. [Cheers.]

FRANK R. LAWRENCE

AN INTRODUCTION

[Mr. Lawrence, as president of the Lotos Club for many years, presided at its banquets, and introduced its guests of honor with great felicity. A number of these brief speeches [see Index] are included in the introductions to the speeches in Volumes I–III. We print here as a model of its kind a speech of introduction delivered before the Lotos Club, November 27, 1915, on the occasion of the dinner in honor of John J. Carty, perfector of the Wireless Telephone System, who had arranged for a remarkable demonstration of wireless telephony at the dinner.]

My voice to-night is like the voice of a child, for I have little more comprehension than the youngest infant of the causes of the wonders which are to be unfolded to us, or the processes by which they are made possible. To-night we turn aside to greet a man of science, and we congratulate ourselves that he is a member of the Lotos Club. Though he can have little time for idle day dreams as his life is made up of solid achievements.

Was there ever such a wonderful age as this in which we are privileged to live? We know of none; we have no record of any, and we can imagine none. In our youth we read stories of the Arabian Nights and were filled with amazement. Yet so rapid has been the progress of the world that I could name half-a-dozen members of this Club the career of any one of whom has been such as to make the wildest tales of fiction tame and commonplace. Among modern sciences there is none more fascinating than the science of telephony—a science discovered and perfected in our own time, during our own life, and in the main by men of our own people.

As long as it kept within modest limits we thought we could comprehend it. To transmit speech over a wire from one room to the next, and possibly one town to the next town did not seem such a very wonderful matter. But then

when this began to be done for a thousand miles it staggered us; and now that it is done for vast distances without the aid of wires and with the aid only of those mysterious currents in the atmosphere to which men of science have applied the name of ether, we are appalled, we stand aghast and helpless in the presence of such marvels, and can only gasp our astonishment and wonder what may perhaps come next.

Simply repeating what has been told me by those competent to judge I have no hesitation in saying that in the recent extension of the science of telephony no man has done more than the President of the American Society of Electrical Engineers, the Chief Engineer of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, our fellow member and our guest, Mr. John J. Carty.

You are not likely to hear much of his achievements from him, you will have to learn them from others. But his closest friends, those who knew what he really was doing, stood long in fear that he might not be found out by the world at large during his own lifetime, and that his works for the benefit of mankind might only be discovered by the general world at some future time after he had left it. But he has been found out; and I am very much mistaken if any of those competent to speak and whose words I can only echo, will not tell you, as I have already said, that no man has done more for the enlargement, the development of telephonic science and for the making of it practicable for its present wonderful purpose than Mr. John J. Carty.

Now, as to what has actually been done, as to what has been actually accomplished, I will only say this—if I understand the matter right, our guest told me in conversation a little while ago in a most matter of fact way, that on a recent occasion the wireless operator in Washington, while talking to the wireless operator at the Eiffel Tower in Paris, was overheard by the wireless operator at Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands. Gentlemen this is uncanny! It makes the flesh creep. Why, we seem to be nearing a time when you will not venture to tell your secrets to the wife of your bosom or the friend of your childhood without running a chance of being overheard by some eavesdropper a thousand, or five or even ten thousand miles away. But these matters seem to me too

serious for anything approaching a jest. They lead us to wonder whether in time all the secrets of the physical universe will not be laid bare to posterity by human skill.

Mr. Carty, apart from his scientific attainments, has many delightful qualities which endear him to us. And one of them is that he is all American, and his boast is not that he has done anything or contributed anything to the science to which he has given his life, but that the science of telephony is all American. I have heard him call it the first all-American science.

Now, gentlemen, I am going to ask him to induct us for a little while into the world of enchantment in which he lives. We expect to speak a moment to our good friends of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. Mr. Carty will speak briefly to others in various distant stations, and I believe he expects to speak over the telephone to Washington and you will hear the voice of Rear Admiral Victor Blue in answer coming without any instrument two hundred miles through the air. And then we are going to ask Mr. Carty to talk to us as he sees fit. But before doing this, anything of this, I ask you to rise and join me in drinking, in good Lotos Club fashion, to the long life, health and prosperity of our friend, fellow member and guest, Mr. John J. Carty.

STEPHEN B. LEACOCK

THE ORGANIZATION OF PROSPERITY

[Professor Stephen B. Leacock of the McGill University, Montreal, has a wide reputation as an economist, a humorous writer, and an after dinner speaker. The following speech is drawn from newspaper reports of his speech at a luncheon given in his honor by the Canadian Club of New York at the Hotel Belmont. March 10, 1923. Mr. Irvin Cobb, who was also a guest, spoke of Mr. Leacock as his "second favorite among the humorists of the world."]

WHAT we need is the opportunity to make money—to make lots of it—and when we have got it, to keep it. Canada is now in a critical condition, with prosperity on the one hand and hard times on the other. The burdens of taxation and governmental expenditure press heavily on the country. The stream of immigration, checked in response to the mistaken policy of the labor people, has dwindled to a rivulet. Capital is discouraged; the Northwest is being depleted of its people, and everywhere is an atmosphere of apprehension. The root of the trouble is that we have checked and discouraged private enterprise.

Infected with the collectionist ideas of our day, we look with suspicion on the huge fortunes that used to fall to the organized industry. We called them "Empire Builders," but now term them "Profiteers," and all they can do is to sit still and keep out of the penitentiary. As to their money, the most they can do with it is to buy a Government bond and watch the Government waste the principal and tax the community to death to pay the interest.

I do not mean to say that private gain is ever extreme, that all millionaires are angels and that concession companies are bands of patriots. But I do say that they represent the only basis in which it has yet proved possible to develop the assets of a country. The Socialist loafing in the sun and the parlor Bolsheviki eating lettuce sandwiches at a long-haired reception talk as they like of the Government operation of the means of

production. We know in Canada that the moment a Government steps out of its proper field into productive enterprise it fails, absolutely and completely. This may not be true of Government in the far future, but it is true of Government here and now.

Take the case of our Canadian Government Railways. We are losing enough millions every year to turn possible prosperity into hard times. I cannot see why we should keep up the elaborate pretense that Sir Henry Thornton or anybody else can manage with profit the vast misbegotten and straggling creation called the Canadian National Railways. They were conceived in ignorance and fashioned in graft. There is only one thing to do with them, give them away. The Chinese are said to need railways. Let them come and take ours. The six families who are supposed to have settled along the Quebec to Winnipeg line might be raised to the peerage and given a million dollars each on condition that they keep away from our railway.

And with the capital we want immigrants. There are floods of them waiting to start as soon as we take down the bars. But we must make an entire change of policy. In former times our offer to the newcomer was that if he could pay his way from Great Britain to Alberta, we would give him 160 acres of arable scenery, with nothing on it. Our offer is worthless now. We must bring the immigrant out at our cost, and when he comes he must have, not a farm for which he is not qualified, but a job.

We have not time to wait for Europe, for the mark to revive or Kemal Pasha to die. Let us go ahead.

FITZHUGH LEE

THE FLAG OF THE UNION FOREVER

[Speech of General Fitzhugh Lee at a dinner given by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, at the city of Philadelphia, September 17, 1887. The occasion of the dinner was the one hundreth anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. General Lee, then Governor of Virginia, was the guest of Governor Beaver at the dinner. The Chairman, Hon. Andrew G. Curtain [Pennsylvania's war governor], in introducing General Lee said: "We have here to-day a gentleman whom I am glad to call my friend, though during the war he was in dangerous and unpleasant proximity to me. He once threatened the Capitol of this great State. I did not wish him to come in, and was very glad when he went away. He was then my enemy and I was his. But, thank God, that is past; and in the enjoyment of the rights and interests common to all as American citizens, I am his friend and he is my friend. I introduce to you, Governor Fitzhugh Lee."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Hibernian Society:—I am very glad, indeed, to have the honor of being present in this Society once more; as it was my good fortune to enjoy a most pleasant visit here and an acquaintance with the members of your Society last year. My engagements were such to-day that I could not get here earlier; and just as I was coming in Governor Beaver was making his excuses because, as he said, he had to go to pick up a visitor whom he was to escort to the entertainment to be given this evening at the Academy of Music. I am the visitor whom Governor Beaver is looking for. He could not capture me during the war, but he has captured me now. I am a Virginian and used to ride a pretty fast horse, and he could not get close enough to me. [Laughter.]

By the way, you have all heard of "George Washington and his little hatchet." The other day I heard a story that was a little variation upon the original, and I am going to take up your time for a minute by repeating it to you. It

was to this effect: Old Mr. Washington and Mrs. Washington, the parents of George, found on one occasion that their supply of soap for the use of the family at Westmoreland had been exhausted, and so they decided to make some family soap. They made the necessary arrangements and gave the requisite instructions to the family servant. After an hour or so the servant returned and reported to them that he could not make that soap. "Why not," he was asked, "haven't you all the materials?" "Yes," he replied, "but there is something wrong." The old folks proceeded to investigate, and they found they had actually got the ashes of the little cherry tree that George had cut down with his hatchet, and there was no lye in it. [Laughter.]

Now, I assure you, there is no "lie" in what I say to you this afternoon, and that is, that I thank God for the sun of the Union which, once obscured, is now again in the full stage of its glory; and that its light is shining over Virginia as well as over the rest of this country. We have had our differences. I do not see, upon reading history, how they could well have been avoided, because they resulted from different constructions of the Constitution, which was the helm of the ship of the Republic. Virginia construed it one way. Pennsylvania construed it in another, and they could not settle their differences; so they went to war, and Pennsylvania, I think, probably got a little the best of it. [General laughter.]

The sword, at any rate, settled the controversy. But that is behind us. We have now a great and glorious future in front of us, and it is Virginia's duty to do all that she can to promote the honor and glory of this country. We fought to the best of our ability for four years; and it would be a great mistake to assume that you could bring men from their cabins, from their plows, from their houses and from their families to make them fight as they fought in that contest unless they were fighting for a belief. Those men believed that they had the right construction of the Constitution, and that a State that voluntarily entered the Union could voluntarily withdraw from it. They did not fight for Confederate money. It was not worth ten cents a yard. They did not fight for Confederate rations—you would have had to curtail the demands of your appetite to make it correspond with the size and quality

of those rations. They fought for what they thought was a proper construction of the Constitution. They were defeated. They acknowledged their defeat. They came back to their father's house, and there they are going to stay. But if we are to continue prosperous, if this country, stretching from the Gulf to the lakes and from ocean to ocean, is to be mindful of its own best interests, in the future, we will have to make concessions and compliances, we will have to bear with each other and to respect each other's opinions. Then we will find that that harmony will be secured which is as necessary for the welfare of States, as it is for the welfare of individuals. [Applause.]

I have become acquainted with Governor Beaver—I met him in Richmond. You could not make me fight him now. If I had known him before the war, perhaps we would not have got at it. If all the Governors had known each other, and if all the people of different sections had been known to each other, or had been thrown together in business or social communication, the fact would have been recognized at the outset, as it is to-day, that there are just as good men in Maine as there are in Texas, and just as good men in Texas as there are in Maine. Human nature is everywhere the same; and when intestine strifes occur, we will doubtless always be able by a conservative, pacific course to pass smoothly over the rugged, rocky edges, and the old Ship of State will be brought into a safe, commodious, Constitutional harbor with the flag of the Union flying over her, and there it will remain. [Applause.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CENTRAL IDEAS OF THE REPUBLIC

[Fragment of a speech of Abraham Lincoln at the Republican banquet in Chicago, December 10, 1856. The rest of this speech, if it was ever reported, is presumably no longer extant, as it is not published in any collection of Lincoln's speeches.]

GENTLEMEN:—We have another annual presidential message. Like a rejected lover making merry at the wedding of his rival, the President felicitates himself hugely over the late presidential election. He considers the result a signal triumph of good principles and good men, and a very pointed rebuke of bad ones. He says the people did it. He forgets that the "people," as he complacently calls only those who voted for Buchanan, are in a minority of the whole people by about four hundred thousand votes—one full tenth of all the votes. Remembering this, he might perceive that the "rebuke" may not be quite as durable as he seems to think—that the majority may not choose to remain permanently rebuked by that minority.

The President thinks the great body of us Fremonters, being ardently attached to liberty, in the abstract, were duped by a few wicked and designing men. There is a slight difference of opinion on this. We think he, being ardently attached to the hope of a second term, in the concrete, was duped by men who hate liberty every way. He is the cat's-paw. By much dragging of chestnuts from the fire for others to eat, his claws are burnt off to the gristle, and he is thrown aside as unfit for further use. As the fool said of King Lear, when his daughters had turned him out of doors, "He's a shelled peascod."

So far as the President charges us with a desire to "change the domestic institutions of existing States," and of "doing everything in our power to deprive the Constitution and the

laws of moral authority," for the whole party on belief, and for myself on knowledge, I pronounce the charge an unmixed and unmitigated falsehood.

Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the government practically just so much. Public opinion, on any subject, always has a central idea, from which all its minor thoughts radiate. That central idea in our political public opinion at the beginning was, and until recently has continued to be, the equality of men. And although it has always submitted patiently to whatever of inequality there seemed to be as matter of actual necessity, its constant working has been a steady progress toward the practical equality of all men. The late presidential election was a struggle by one party to discard that central idea and to substitute for it the opposite idea that slavery is right in the abstract, the workings of which as a central idea may be the perpetuity of human slavery and its extension to all countries and colors. Less than a year ago the Richmond "Enquirer," an avowed advocate of slavery regardless of color, in order to favor his views, invented the phrase "State equality," and now the President, in his message, adopts the "Enquirer's" catch-phrase, telling us the people "have asserted the constitutional equality of each and all the States of the Union as States." The President flatters himself that the new central idea is completely inaugurated; and so indeed it is, so far as the mere fact of a presidential election can inaugurate it. To us it is left to know that the majority of the people have not yet declared for it, and to hope that they never will. All of us who did not vote for Mr. Buchanan, taken together, are a majority of four hundred thousand. But in the late contest we were divided between Fremont and Fillmore. Can we not come together for the future? Let every one who really believes, and is resolved, that free society is not and shall not be a failure, and who can conscientiously declare that in the past contest he has done only what he thought best—let every such one have charity to believe that every other one can say as much. Thus let bygones be bygones; let past differences as nothing be; and with steady eye on the real issue, let us reinaugurate the good old central ideas of the Republic. We can do it. The human heart is with us: God is with us. We shall

again be able not to declare that "all States as States are equal," nor yet that "all citizens as citizens are equal," but to renew the broader, better declaration, including both these and much more, "that all men are created equal." [Applause.]

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

CAPE COD FOLKS

[This speech was delivered in response to the toast "Forefathers' Day" at the dinner of the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1919. Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, President of the Society, introduced Mr. Lincoln.]

Mr. Kingsley, Guests, Ladies and Fellow New Englanders:—Of course, when I was notified that my topic this evening was to be a response to the toast "Forefathers' Day," I was pleased. Of course, too, I was pleased for various reasons: first, the honor, which is great; but, secondly and perhaps selfishly, for the element of "Safety first" which enters into that toast. You see, here we meet on common ground. Here we are equal. We may not all be Governors, that is, not quite all; we may not all be Presidential possibilities; we may not even have fame or wealth or even wives and children, but we have all had forefathers. Now, it must be a great source of satisfaction to the humblest to reflect that so far as any one else knows, he has had just as many forefathers as Governor Lowden, or, if he has not, the Governor does not know it. And it is perfectly safe to talk about those forefathers. It is not always good taste to talk about one's relatives. As for talking about every one's children, that is rather superfluous; generally, the neighbors and the acquaintances of the family will do that for you. But you can talk of your forefathers with perfect safety. They are all dead; they have been dead a long time, and their neighbors died when they did. And this particular group whom I have the honor to address this evening is very fortunate in another respect. We know where our forefathers came from. We may not know where they have gone, although in some cases we may have marked suspicions, but we know where they came

from, and we know how they came. We know that they came on the *Mayflower*.

Some years ago, one of the deepest sorrows of my life was to feel that, in all probability, I had no ancestor aboard the *Mayflower*. I used to look over the passenger list of that distinguished ship, and I found no Lincolns there. I looked and found that the names of my maternal ancestors were not there. I hoped that they might have been there, but I could not find them. And so, when the members of the New England Society and others of the fortunate used to boast of their *Mayflower* ancestry, I blushed and was silent. I am sorry that I wasted that blush. I apparently had only a limited stock and I have needed it much more since. It was a blush wasted. Not so many years ago I began to receive letters something like this: "Dear Sir, you may not be aware of the fact, but you are eligible for membership in the Society of *Mayflower* excursionists," or words to that effect. "Your great, great grandmother's niece married a man whose second cousin had a nephew who knew a man on board the *Mayflower*. If you will fill in the enclosed blank and return to us we will send you genealogical proof to that effect. P. S. The merely nominal fee of $20 should accompany the blank." Well, at first I used to fill in the blanks and send the $20, but after a time I desisted. In the first place, I found that whereas the letters were almost all alike, except that the bunch of ancestors might be different, those ancestors were all aboard the *Mayflower* and apparently it cost money to keep them there. Then I began to see that if the old ship was to stay afloat, either some of my ancestors must stop getting on, or some of yours would have to get off. And then, besides, there was that matter of those nominal fees. You see, I get my living by writing fiction, and there is such a thing as over-encouragement of rivals.

Mr. Kingsley has informed us that there were only 102 passengers aboard the *Mayflower*. That is absurd. I had more ancestors aboard her than that myself. Why, do you know, it has seemed to me a sin and a shame that the *Mayflower* has not been preserved to posterity; not only as a valuable and wonderful historic relic, but because of her great practical value. Why, if we had had the *Mayflower* when we went

into the war two years ago, we could have transported the whole American Expeditionary Forces on one trip.

Now when these ancestors of mine and yours landed first, they landed, some of them, at Provincetown; any Cape Cod man like myself would gladly tell you why they selected Cape Cod to land upon. And any Plymouth man will eagerly tell you why they went away from there. But the reason they went away, and the real reason, which Mr. Kingsley has not referred to, was that they were requested to go by the original inhabitants of Cape Cod, the Indians.

You will remember, perhaps, that they sent an expedition ashore to explore. That expedition acted like all explorers, or almost all. Explorers seem to have a habit of bestowing a name upon every place which they visit. It probably had a name before, but that fact does not occur to them; they bestow another. They leave a name wherever they go; and that is about the only thing portable that they do leave.

Now our ancestors, the little expedition, landed and went on until they came to a place where the Indians had some beans growing. With a flash of intelligence they named the place Bean Hill. Then they took the beans and went on. And they came to another hill where the Indians had corn growing, and with another flash of brilliancy they named the place Corn Hill and took the corn and went on. Right here the Indians intervened. On the hill just beyond, or thereabouts, were their wigwams, with their most cherished possessions, including their wives and families. Even an Indian has to draw the line somewhere, so they requested those ancestors of ours to go to—Plymouth, and they went.

Now this is another historical fact, of which I am sure you are aware. When they reached Plymouth they looked about, naturally for the dryest place to step ashore; they saw Plymouth Rock; they stepped ashore there and the rock immediately became famous. But there is a little matter here, a matter of precedent, which, it seems to me, has been unnoticed in most of the histories. A great many boatloads of excursionists have come to Plymouth Harbor since that first boatload arrived, but it has not been the habit of many of them to look about for the dry spots when landing.

I was standing in Plymouth not so long ago with a friend

of mine,—that is, he used to be a friend of mine, but he has made so many disagreeable remarks about our ancestors, that I merely speak of him now as a southern acquaintance of mine. We were standing together there looking at the rock, and he asked me who put the iron fence around it, and I said, so far as I knew, the township authorities of Plymouth put it there. And he said, well, he didn't know, he had an idea perhaps that the original Indians of Plymouth put it there; they perhaps remembered what happened to the beans and corn over in Provincetown. He had a habit, as I say—it was what parted us—of making these disagreeable remarks.

I was waxing eloquent at one time about the descendants of these ancestors of ours, those sturdy pioneers, who were pushing forward always, keeping away from the towns, from the cities, and going farther and farther beyond the frontier. As I said, I was waxing eloquent, and I spoke of them as always, it seemed to me, always keeping out just a little ahead, just beyond the frontier, just out of reach of civilization. He spoke up and said, "Yes, and the police." Well now, you know, that man boasts that his ancestors came ashore at Jamestown with Captain John Smith and his party. Do you know what was the first thing that Captain John Smith built when he landed at Jamestown? He built a gallows. That is the kind of ancestors *that* man had.

And, if you remember, when our ancestors came ashore they dealt with the Indians in a way entirely different from any that, so far as I know, Indians had ever been dealt with before. They did not start in to exterminate them with fire and sword. Instead, they shared with them three of their most characteristic possessions, the Puritan creed, pie, and New England rum. That was 300 years ago, and there isn't a full-blooded Indian left in Plymouth County. You see the idea. Just think of it, thousands of Indians, and that little combination finished them. The creed pointed out their ultimate destination, so to speak, and the pie and the other stuff furnished the transportation, as it were. I wish I were a statistician just at this time. Being an author, that is the furthest removed from my profession of anything I know. It would be interesting if I could prove by statistics, just how

much pie and how much rum and how much creed was necessary per Indian to arrive at that desired result.

You can prove almost anything by statistics. Years ago some scientist—that is, he was a Sunday newspaper scientist—undertook to say that after a man passed sixty, I think it was sixty, his stature diminished little by little each year. I think—oh, a very small amount, something like one eighty-second of an inch a year, as the tissues hardened. Eugene Field, writing at that time, said that if that was logically carried out, it was rather startling. "Just take Methusaleh," he said, "along the latter part of his life." Field said that you could imagine a friend meeting Methusaleh in the street, and the friend would say to him, "Well, Methusaleh, how are you?" And you can imagine the old man replying. "Well, I am pretty good for an old fellow, but what troubles me so much now is that my shoe strings keep getting in my eyes."

Possibly you think I am a bit off my subject. Perhaps possibly you think that I have treated our forefathers with a good deal of irreverence. Well, I admit the soft impeachment, but you must blame Mr. Kingsley for it. One of the things he charged me not to be to-night, was over serious. I have tried to live up to his charge. But I do want you to understand, all of you, that I, like every New Englander, cannot fail to see anything but the highest and most profound respect for that brave band of wayfarers who came to Plymouth in the old days. In the first place, everybody here must respect them for believing in things. They believed in God, and they believed in the right, and they believed in honesty, and they believed in freedom—and freedom did not in their case mean lawlessness or license. They believed, too, in work. That sounds unusual to-day, but they did. They believed not only in the honor of a day's work, and that an honest day's pay should go for a day's work, but they believed that an honest day's work should be delivered for a day's pay.

They did not talk largely of community rights, perhaps, but they certainly looked out for the rights of their community. Do you remember that first winter when all well enough to do it, from the highest to the lowest, went out and dug clams for the sustenance of the starving? If that had happened to-day,

the Amalgamated Order of Clam Diggers would have seized the opportunity to strike.

When I think of those Pilgrim fathers, those ancestors of ours, I think—as I suppose every New Englander is inclined to do—of ancestors not so remote, of New England characters whom he knew in his youth. And in my case when I think of them, naturally I think of the old sea captains of Cape Cod. Those men had many of the Pilgrim characteristics. They were honest, they were hard workers, they were fearless, and they were brave. They were religious, too, although there were times when their language was—well, it was different from that of the Pilgrims, or differently applied, at least. I remember one of the old captains who once said to me, "All this Sunday school talk is all right enough on land, but it don't get sailing vessels anywhere."

Another thing for which they stood undeviatingly, was their love of this country, their patriotism. You see, in the old days, the days without cables, the days without wireless, when a ship put out from a port with an American flag flying, that ship was a little section of the United States, and the men in charge of her assumed that responsibility; they felt they carried that little bit of the United States to the rest of the world. I do not mean they went about with a chip on their shoulders. I think they felt more like, to use a better expression, pitying any one unfortunate enough not to be a citizen of the United States. I knew one captain who told me a story which illustrates this; he said that once his ship was at the entrance to the Suez Canal, and he decked the ship with flags, and the English Consul there whom he knew and liked came aboard and said, "Captain, why have you got your ship decorated?" And the captain replied, "This is the 17th of June." And the Consul said, "What does that mean?" The Captain said to him, "That's the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill;" and the Consul turned to him and said. "The battle of Bunker Hill? I never knew why you Americans should want to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Why, we were on that hill when the battle was over." And the captain told me, "I leaned forward and tapped that fellow on the shoulder and I said, 'Son, who's on that hill now?'"

Not so long ago, only a month or two ago, a young relative of mine who is a student in one of the largest universities here in the East, told me that a classmate of his in one of the courses in Government said— "What do I care for America? She means nothing to me."

Think of this, please. One short generation past, the father of this young man came to this country, a Slavic peasant, cowed, down-trodden, a slave in all but name. Since that time, such a short time, the opportunities afforded him under the laws of our free land have enabled him to rise until he may send his son to a great university, with all that that may mean. And that son says, of the country which made him: "What do I care for America! She means nothing to me." Think of it!

You know, we have all a pet wish. I think my pet wish sometimes is just this: I wish I could set back the clock of time for a little and set back with it and carry with it persons and events. I should like to set back the clock to some time in the fifties, and then I should like to take a half dozen of our friends in the I. W. W. and the Soviet ranks, who care nothing for America, and I should like to add to them some of the young men of the type whom I have just mentioned, some of our back-parlor Trotskys—I should like to take that dozen selected and ship them aboard an old-time Cape Cod ship with a Cape Cod captain and Cape Cod mates, and send the outfit say, to the East Indies, a long voyage. Believe me. my friends, when the port was reached that crew would either be mighty good Americans or mighty feeble Bolshevists.

So here's to those old ancestors of ours. They believed in and they were grateful to this land, the land that afforded them a refuge and freedom. It seems to me, remembering that some of these days, we, too, are going to be forefathers, that it is up to us to carry on this democracy which they founded and which has been said to be the finest example of pure democracy in the world, to carry it on as they would have wished us to do, along the lines they laid down. It looks as if that was our job. Well, I have faith in America, as I know you have. I believe America is going to do it.

WALTER LIPPMANN

THE THEATER GUILD

[A speech by Mr. Walter Lippmann at the dinner of the Theater Guild, March 4, 1923, reprinted here from the *New York Times.*]

I WANT to tell you a fable for all critics, which applies whether they are professionals or amateurs.

Once upon a time a learned society offered a prize for the best contribution on the subject of "The Elephant." The competition was open to all nations.

The first candidate was a German. He spent eleven months in the libraries of Berlin, Munich and Frankfort and then wrote a book called "The Preliminary Observations to a Fundamental Treatise on the Prehistoric Ancestors of the Elephant."

Another candidate was an Englishman. He proceeded at once to Africa, spent ten months shooting elephants, and came home to write a book which he called: "My Experiences in the African Jungle, With Some Incidental Observations on the importance of Mesopotamian Oil to the Safety and Peace of Mankind."

A third candidate was an American. He hired an efficiency engineer, an intelligence tester, and a firm of business builders to compile a report on "The Elephant From the Point of View of Cost Accounting and Quantity Production as an Inspiration to Better and Bigger Service."

A fourth candidate was a Frenchman. He spent many sunny afternoons at the zoölogical gardens, watching the elephants with psychological insight. He then wrote a charming book called "L'Elephant et Ses Amours."

A Pole was the fifth candidate. He could not go to Africa, there was no library in his town, business service was unknown to him, and there was no zoo to visit. So he retired to his home and wrote an elaborate discussion on "The Elephant and the Polish Question Since the XVIII Century."

On the morning after a first night in New York I often think of this competition. There is the same diversity, and often the same relevance. But this diversity has an explanation. Nobody, except under compulsion, would go to all the plays produced in New York. If he has to go to all of them, there is just one way to keep his attention focused and that is to play a game with himself.

There are many games you can play with yourself in the theater. You can play the game called: How much has the theater degenerated since the days of Edwin Booth?

You can play the game called: The morals of the younger generation and how to preserve them by being indignant.

You can play a very subtle and advanced game called: The crime of the Proscenium Arch or alternatively, the stage as a place on which to build steps.

Or you can play the well-known game called: The theater in the light of the principles laid down by the Lucy Stone League, the Voluntary Parenthood Association, with some tips as to the prospects of the next Harvard-Yale football game.

You can, in other words, sophisticate your enjoyment in the theater to any degree you choose with moral ideas, with theories about Greek drama and Elizabethan drama, with claims that the playwright is the whole thing, the actor is the whole thing, the scenic director is the whole thing, the producer is the whole thing.

But I don't believe that is the mood in which we have come here to-night. Those of us at least who belong only to the audience of the theater have principally the feeling that George Harvey seems to have had the other night when he cornered the Prince of Wales at a public banquet and made him listen to a recital of what a splendid Prince he is.

The staff of the Theater Guild is, I understand, full of big plans for the future. Before they get to discussing the future they've got to listen to a word of thanks for the past.

I should like to thank them on two counts. First, because they have in the last few years done more than any other organization in this city to make the theater the place where serious art is also enjoyable.

But secondly, and even more important in its consequences, is the fact that the Theater Guild has thrown confusion into the

ranks of those who, like the present Administration in Washington, believe that nothing could be done because they have never tried to do it.

For remember that the Theater Guild was founded in 1919, at a time when nobody believed in anything, when men's hopes had been shattered and there was almost universal bewilderment and despair. Public taste and public opinion were in the grip of a mob hysteria. The witch hunters and barbarians were terrorizing the public mind to a point where sensitive and intelligent people threw up their hands and almost gave up hope of living again in a world that was not dominated by brutality and trampled by the hoofs of wild asses.

It was in such an atmosphere that the Theater Guild was founded. I tell you that in the midst of such a storm it took either great courage or sublime ignorance to step out and say: "We shall make a place in New York for the best things in the most public of all the arts. We shall make a place where the mind of man is not controlled by the fears of the mob, nor by its lusts, but by the insight and the conviction of artists." It could not be done. But it was done, and there was released in the American theater a new courage and a new vitality.

How was it done?

It was done fundamentally because there was a group of artists who had technical skill and knew what they wanted to do. But skill and ideas alone will not produce the kind of cumulative success which the Theater Guild has achieved.

In order that an artistic organization should keep its vitality and its freshness there are necessary, as I see it, two kinds of freedom from illusion.

The first illusion is the illusion of institutions that they must be preserved at all costs. The Theater Guild has not had that illusion, for every season so far it has been willing to gamble with the whole prestige and capital of its successes on productions that promised to be nothing better than glorious failures. The Theater Guild has had the only creative attitude toward success, which is that you can gamble more freely with the winnings.

The second illusion, which any artistic organization must shun like the devil, is the illusion that there is a public which knows what it wants. The Theater Guild has proved that there is no

such thing as one theatergoing public in New York with one well standardized set of prejudices. There is no such thing even as a Theater Guild public, as the Guild found out, I believe, from the controversy over the "Tidings Brought to Mary," and as I found out at "Peer Gynt" when the lady in front of me remarked: "The thing is so absurd. It must be symbolic."

The Guild need not worry about its public. A public will come where there are beauty and meaning if you have the power and courage to produce them. The hunger for these values in this distracted and chaotic city will grow as the Guild feeds it.

MARTIN WILIE LITTLETON

DIRECT DEMOCRACY

[Martin Wilie Littleton was born in Roane County, Tennessee, in 1872 and has practiced law since he was nineteen. He is one of our most eloquent speakers, whether at the bar or before a public audience. The following address was given at the dinner of the Fifth Avenue Association at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, November 14, 1922.]

THE progress of direct democracy has brought us face to face with a new and portentous proposal. Shall the Congress of the United States be vested with the authority by constitutional amendment to overrule a decision of the Supreme Court holding an Act of Congress unconstitutional?

The National Security League, by a careful canvass of the candidates for Congress in the last election, found that fifty-four in number subscribed to this proposal. The exact number that were successful has not been announced. This is enough to indicate the strictly political drift in that direction, and in and of itself would not inspire hope in the proponents or cause alarm in their adversaries. But there are other currents coursing their way through the thought and feeling of the country which attest the insensible drift in that direction.

The Socialist, arising from his safe submergence under the cover of an almost universal patriotism, is undisguised again and through speech and writing is diligently digging away at the very foundations of the Republic. The returning and reckless red, with the abandon of his creed and crowd revives his anarchistic attack upon all governments. The not too occasional Professor patters his peurile pacifism and his bewildering "brotherhood of man". The honest humanitarian, overcome with misdirected emotion and swamped with his own self-expansion, blindly embraces all creeds and convictions. Some of the preposterously rich, in constrained con-

descension to their less fortunate but much happier brother in poverty, patronizingly plead for industrial and social democracy. Parlor prigs, affecting a profound attack of sociological thinking and lost in the empty thunder of phrases which they do not understand, disdain their traditions and defend the new order of things. The proverbially unorthodox, intent on being different even if not intelligent, earn their place at the pinnacle of independence by taking to their bosoms the last squalid doctrine of dissolution. The purely political preacher, long since detached from the grace which saves and the faith which holds on, rejects the Scriptures as a guide to Heaven and the Constitution as a guide on earth and disports himself in a righteousness and liberty all his own. The sincere toiler, tied to his task by day, turns at night with trustful eye and ear to the seducing syndicalist, who promises him leisure and content in a land of disorder and decay. The depressed farmer, deflated in what he sells and inflated in what he buys, is sung to sleep by the siren demagogue who pledges to him a restoration of the rule of the common people. The crafty and conventional candidate of the two old parties, fearful lest he offend and frantic lest he lose, cunningly courts with covert approval or open avowal all phases and factions, all cults and creeds, until, when elected, he is the cringing delegate of the groups instead of a resolute representative of them all.

Behind and back of it all is a monarch without a throne, a king without a crown, a czar without a court,—the great majority. This is the perfected creation of universal suffrage, this is the unimpeachable oracle, this is the great philosopher in whose numerical strength lies the golden experience of the ages. This is the sapient ruler in the count of whose numberless noses is found the tested wisdom of all time. It is this cannonized majority which must rule, not merely in the choice of public servants,—for that is and was its real and original intention,—but it must rule on all those fine-wrought principles which came through the travail of the ages. Its political edict, issued from a bosom flaming with impulse, must take the place of those seasoned principles which finally arose on the ruin of a thousand years of failure. Its tempestuous passion, pulsating through its shivering delegates, must

supplant the stability of institutions for which whole generations died on the field of battle. Its capricious and restless spirit, interpreted by its apologetic courtiers, must abide where once abode the solemn and majestic spirit of sacrifice and lofty self-restraint.

Thus direct democracy must triumph. "Life, liberty and property,"—these beloved words of our plain and patient old fathers, signifying that inaccessible region of happiness to secure which all just governments are dedicated, are now to be swept by the gusts of popular wrath or smitten by the lightning of popular hate. These, the priceless purchase of ancestral sacrifice, the consummate wisdom of unterrified leadership, these shall yield to the blind decree of a mad majority. These three and only reasons for living at all, the three great lights set by our fathers to guide our feet along the dangerous high-ways of government, shall be blown out by the breath of a panting crowd, who do not know that after that there shall be darkness forever. And how? By taking from the center of our capital the authority of a nice-cloistered, detached and devoted body of jurists, rich in learning, aloof from party or passion, to uphold the supreme law which this same people made. By substituting the occasional outburst of the majority for the calm and cultivated will of the people; by stripping the greatest court in all the annals of Law of the power to uphold the solemn and carefully ascertained will of the people; by reversing in an hour of agony, or anger or rage what was achieved in one hunded and forty years of intelligent sacrifice and self-denial.

The constitution of the United States is the final will of the people, expressed in orderly form. It is not the enemy of the people but the direct product of the people. It is not some alien agency with which the people must always be at war but it is that secure shelter to which each,—the highest and the lowest,—must repair to repel an invasion of his right to life, to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness. Who shall decide when that Constitution has been violated? This is the question. Shall it be a group of temporary delegates, holding a commission issued by temporary public opinion, whimsically changing from year to year and from election to election, or shall it be decided by a body of jurists selected

for their learning, chosen for their uprightness, responsible in their tenure of office to no party and no crowd, learned in those precedents and rules which survive the tumult of all times?

Direct democracy has had altogether too many triumphs in a representative republic. If it shall succeed in this last proposal, then will we have descended to the absolutism of the crowd.

FRANK O. LOWDEN

ETERNAL VIGILANCE

[This speech was delivered in response to the toast "Forefathers' Day" at the dinner of the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1919. Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, President of the Society, introduced Governor Lowden.]

Mr. Toastmaster, Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Of course, no one lives so far away from New York that he is not familiar with the fame of New England Society Dinners. Your toastmaster referred to the fact that measured by bank deposits and mileage, this dinner surpassed any of its predecessors. While I cannot claim to make much of a contribution to the bank deposits, I have made a larger contribution to the mileage of the occasion than anyone else here, I am sure.

I recall very well that throughout my younger years I used to hear much concerning this annual dinner; in fact, the jests and the repartee and the eloquence that here found expression were repeated generally in the West during the banquet season on all occasions; therefore, I am not unmindful of the significance of this evening. If I had been, its import has been duly emphasized to me. I was told by several well meaning friends before I left home that I must make a good speech, and those of you who have had experience in speech-making know how greatly that sort of prompting aids one. Then when I got to New York—I arrived over one of those roads that leads from the West here and, being about half nationalized, Governor Cornwell, I was five or six hours late—I went to the hotel and in order that I might have no illusions touching my greatness, the waiter informed me the first thing the ensuing morning that there were four Governors in that hotel the night before. But when I reached this banquet room, sitting here with considerable diffidence and trepidation,

I was informed by ex-Presidents of this Society of the very long and distinguished array of orators that in the more than one hundred years of its existence had here appeared, and to increase my courage and my good cheer, they related instance after instance of the failure of men who had been successful in other places in making speeches here.

Also, when I was invited, I was informed that the chief places on the program were invariably filled in accordance with precedent by genuine, native New Englanders. Heredity would not avail in this case. I recalled that most of my ancestors for almost three hundred years had been New Englanders and I remembered an incident that happened to me a few years ago. Some one having called my attention to the fact that one of these genealogies, of which you spoke, Mr. Lincoln, had been published of one family down here and that it ended with my name, I looked it up, and I found this was the entry: "Married, Jerusha Loomis to Orren Lowden; gone West." That was the end of that lineage of the Lowden family. It seems to have been the custom that when our fathers or grandfathers left New England for some point beyond the Alleghanies their biography ended with the simple legend, "Gone West," and I wondered if by any possibility this could have been the origin of a very beautiful and pathetic phrase that was employed by the English soldiers during the recent war. You will recall that when one of their brave men had fallen in battle, they did not mention him as being dead, but said, in more poetic terms, that he had "Gone West."

Recently I had the good fortune to pick up a volume written by one of your old Pilgrim Fathers, Governor Bradford, and found it exceedingly interesting. The experiences of those Pioneers and the lessons they learned in the first decade of their existence in the new world are as timely and appropriate to-day as they were then.

I suppose that never in the history of the world has a small community, covering as limited an area, made so powerful an impress upon the history of a great country as this little band of Pilgrim Fathers. Governor Bradford says: "The experience that was had in this common course—" because, bound together as they were by common dangers and a common religion, all the conditions were absolutely suited to community

life, if they ever are. It was indeed an ideal little socialistic state, which for the first few years our Pilgrim Fathers had, but after four years, according to Governor Bradford, they reached this conclusion:

"The experience that was had in this common course and condition, tried sundrie years, and that amongst godly and sober men, may well evince the vanitie of that conceite of Platos and other ancients, applauded by some of later times; that the taking away of propertie, and bringing in communitie into a comone wealth, would make them happy and flourishing; as if they were wiser than God."

That lesson was learned by the Pilgrim Fathers within four brief years, and yet there are to-day, I regret to say, in many of our universities and, alas, sometimes in our pulpits, in addition to the orators of whom Governor Cornwell so eloquently spoke, those who repudiate that experience of the Pilgrim Fathers and who would again restore the condition which they learned to abandon in four brief years. I commend these words of Governor Bradford to those proponents of an ideal state who would repudiate all the teachings of history and all experience of mankind.

To-day there are many hundreds of thousands of our citizens who believe that victuals and clothes should be divided equally among all without reference to the contribution that individuals make to the common weal. I know of no other book containing so much wisdom applicable to present day conditions as this old narrative of Governor Bradford descriptive of the first few years of Plymouth Colony. At the risk of wearying you, I am going to read again:

"The aged and graver men to be ranked and equalized in labours and victails, cloaths, etc., with the meaner and yonger sorte, thought it some indignite and disrespect unto them."

A little bit farther in the volume Governor Bradford says:

"For this communite was found to breed much confusion and discontent, and retard much imployment that would have been to their benefite and comforte."

I wish I could give you the spelling. It is very unique and perhaps it is the spelling that is still practiced in New Eng-

land. I sometimes think so when I get letters from my youngest daughter who is in a New England school at the present time.

"For the yong-men" y-o-n-g for young—"that were not able and fitte for labour and service"—that is, for heavy, regular work—"did repine that they should spend their time and streingth to worke for other mens wives and children, without any recompence. And for mens wives to be commanded to doe service for other men, as dressing their meats, washing their cloaths, etc., they deemed it a kind of slaverie, neither could many husbands well brooke it."

That is what they found in this idealistic community life which they practiced during their first years on Plymouth Rock. I feel certain that Lenine and Trotsky are not familiar with this historic work and it probably was not the experiences of the Pilgrim Fathers during those few years which induced these great statesmen of the present era to attempt to nationalize women, but if they had read this book they would have learned that a communistic form of life is impossible where there exists the institution of the family and the home.

There is further wisdom demonstrated by Governor Bradford in this remarkable volume, because he says:

"The strong, or man of parts, had no more in devission of victails and cloaths, than he that was weake and not able to doe a quarter the other could; this was thought injuestice."

There were, no doubt, in this group of men some of greater ability than others, some with qualities of leadership, some who planned the general enterprise for all, and these leaders had no inducement to exercise those faculties; therefore, all suffered from a condition which will return the moment that the effort to reproduce this sort of communistic life attains fruition.

There are many lessons beside these that we can learn from the Pilgrim Fathers. At times we misinterpret what they taught. A few years ago I recall that the town meeting, so celebrated by the historian and statesman, was assumed to be a reason for legislation providing for the initiative, referendum and recall. It was supposed for a time that this trinity afforded a town meeting on a larger scale and New England

was used as an argument for those so called reforms. The fact is, that even forty years after the Colony was established at Plymouth Rock and as soon as the community became sufficiently large so that all the people could not meet conveniently at the same time and in the same room, they provided for the election of delegates from the outstanding communities, thus establishing the principle of representative government as contradistinguished from pure democracy, and in my opinion if our government is permanently to endure, it must be as a representative government precisely as the Pilgrim Fathers discovered a necessity for it almost three hundred years ago. But I believe the greatest contribution that they made to our institutions was the practical capacity for the development of self-government. As was mentioned in the very interesting address of your President, the New England Colonies did not look for help or sustenance from England. In this respect they differed radically from the colony at Jamestown. They struck out for themselves; they never acknowledged a very close tie binding them to the home country and a good part of the time, as I read history, they were in open insurrection against the British flag.

But they did learn how to govern themselves, and whenever they advanced, as they did, to some newer frontier, government evolved as naturally as the sparks flew upward from their camp fires, and from that day until the present, this spirit has influenced, aye, it has saved America, as I believe. So the state became possible and the state became capable of self-government, and there isn't anything that has happened within the last year that has afforded me such profound satisfaction as to know that old Massachusetts still, under the leadership of Calvin Coolidge, possesses the ability and, therefore, the right to rule itself.

But I see evidences everywhere of this capacity for self-government breaking down. It is one of the ominous signs of the times, and business men are in part at least responsible for this condition. In the old days in New England the men of a town did not call for outside aid when trouble came but met that trouble with their own strong right arms. To-day, we must count that town, that city, that state, a liability and not an asset of the Republic unless that community, that city,

or that state can govern itself without outside aid or help; because, and I know that the idea is finding lodgment in some men's minds, the moment the time comes when self-government has failed in any considerable portion of our country, our Government will have failed.

Obviously, we must have soldiers to rely upon in times of stress, but we must depend upon ourselves to save our homes, as our forefathers depended upon themselves in New England, if our institutions are permanently to endure. I care not where the community is, when danger comes, when lawlessness threatens, all men, without reference to their rank in life, without reference to personal needs, no matter how imperious, must join together and say to themselves and to their community, "If our authorities cannot maintain our law, we are not too proud to accept service as deputy sheriffs and we serve notice upon the world that we are capable of governing ourselves."

In every country, I care not what its form of government, there must be some one or something supreme above all. In an empire, it is emperor; in a kingdom, it is king; but in a republic the only sovereign is the law, and just as in every civilized country, to offer violence to the sovereign is treason to the state, so in a republic, to offer violence to the law is the highest crime against the nation and the greatest menace to its future.

Ours is a government of law, and when I say law, I do not mean simply what we write upon the statute books. I mean that great body of wisdom and justice which is the fruit of all the ages, to which the wise and just men of the Orient, of Greece, of Rome, of every civilized country since have contributed; that great body of the law which we feel in our hearts expresses the highest wisdom and the most exalted sense of justice of the best men of all time. We hear on every hand that the majority is supreme. That, in fact, is the specious claim for this new form of tyranny which is developing in Russia and which they call "Bolshevism," because "Bolshevism" means majority, as I understand it, in their language.

It is true, ours is a government by the majority, but it is something vastly more. When our forefathers met in Inde-

pendence Hall in Philadelphia, to frame the Constitution they were familiar with the lessons of history. They knew that republics had risen and fallen throughout the centuries because of the tyranny practiced by the majority in those republics, and so they said there are some rights so sacred that they must be placed forever beyond the power of even the largest majority. They said the right to worship God in accordance with the dictates of one's own conscience is a right so sacred and precious that no majority should take it away, and that the law would protect the humblest individual in the exercise of that sacred right.

They read history; they knew that the moment man emerged from savagery the instinct of property developed in his heart. They knew that all progress and all civilization were based upon that notion, with others; and so they said that, no matter what the passion or the whim of the majority, the property of the individual is beyond the power of the majority and the humblest individual in all the land cannot be deprived of that property except by due process of law, and law in that larger sense which I attempted to define a moment ago. So the liberty of the individual and those incalculable rights which we denominate our Bill of Rights were made the basis of our Government.

Why, my friends, tyranny is just as odious to the American citizen whether it is practiced by a crowned monarch or whether it is practiced by a mob. Justice and righteousness were made the cornerstone of our Government, and not the whim, the passing whim, of any majority, no matter how large. That is the thing which distinguishes the American Republic from all the republics of the past. That is the thing which has made us great and prosperous, and that is the thing which has made us an example to all the liberty loving people of all the world.

I think the two most important sailings in the history of our Country were, the one of which your President spoke so eloquently, when the Pilgrim Fathers landed two hundred and ninety-nine years ago yesterday, and that other sailing which was happily upon the anniversary of that day and which took twice the number from our shores to some other land. Because that ship was freighted with men who deny that this is

a Government of justice and righteousness, who deny that there is a moral law, who deny that there are spiritual forces enveloping this universe greater and finer and more potent than all the material forces within our midst.

It is our duty to supplement that ship which we set sail yesterday morning with enough other ships to carry away from our hospitable shores, to which we have welcomed during all our past the honest, liberty loving people of other lands, until we have purged our country of men who would seek by force to substitute the gross materialism of the Soviet for the well ordered liberty of our Republic under the law.

One further thought and I am done. I wonder if we realize just how much we mean as a people, not only to ourselves, but to all the world. I wonder if we realize what the force of our example has been. I wonder if we understand that this Government, which I have attempted feebly to describe, has been the inspiration of every enlightened statesman in the world upon every measure looking to an enlargement of human liberty.

America has been a solace to the patriot dying in other lands, because though he has fallen his failing vision beholds as recompensing hope for his sacrifice, the flag of America and he dies content in the faith bestowed by that symbol, that one day men will be free throughout the earth.

It has been said often, and it is everlastingly true, that America is the best and the last hope of mankind. If we should fail, which God forbid, where in all the world may the broken spirit find refuge? Where beneath the shining heavens will there be found a haven for those who have failed; for those whose dreams have not come true; for those who seek a land of liberty, a land of righteousness, a land of law?

We will not fail! We cannot fail if we do our duty, but the time has passed when we can remain silent regarding these great fundamentals of government and permit the enemies of social order everywhere to occupy the center of the stage. The time has come when we must take issue with those who, infatuated with chaotic dreams, are seeking to undermine the bulwarks of government, when we can no longer refrain from exercising and proclaiming the truth—truth as virile to-day as it was a hundred years ago, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

AMY LOWELL

POETRY AND CRITICISM

[Miss Amy Lowell is a poet of distinction whether she writes in free verse or in the more traditional measures. In addition to writing poetry, she has often lectured on poetry. The following speech was made at the Banquet of the Authors' League of America, New York City, April 11, 1916.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I consider it an honor to be invited here to-night, and a still greater honor to be invited to speak. An Authors' League seems to me a very fortuitous thing, but indeed I am constantly struck by the true brotherhood of letters. Officially we may differ from each other in every possible way, but personally we are one great family. "Authors' League" is a cold name for your society: The "Brotherhood of American Letters" would more perfectly express its spirit.

Being a poet, I presume you expect me to talk about poetry. Indeed, it is as inexperienced to expect a lover to forego mentioning his mistress, as to expect a poet to talk of anything but his art. Poetry in America is taking on a renewed activity. It is really surprising what a number of young men and women are devoting themselves to it. And here "devoting" is not a figure of speech; it is a fact. For of all poorly paid work, poetry is surely the worst paid.

In a recent interview in the New York *Times,* I am quoted as saying that I wished no man could expect to make a living by literature, that I wished our magazines did not pay for contributions. Now I did say both of these things, but in the cold impersonality of print, without explanatory phrases, they sound quite differently from what I intended. One moment I regret that poetry is so underpaid; the next I desire that it be not paid at all. How reconcile these two propositions? The reconciliation is not so far to seek, after all. There are plenty

of analogies to be drawn from life, lying to our hand. If I say: It is a most undesirable thing that any one should spend his life as a jailer to criminals, the proposition obtains immediate assent. If I say: It is most desirable that the grade of jailers be raised so that only men of high quality hold these responsible positions, that proposition also admits of no adverse opinion. The reconciliation lies in the qualifying admission that, circumstances being as they are, some modifying of each proposition has got to be made. Again: most of us, probably, abhor militarism; but most of us believe in the necessity for preparedness.

My statement about the payment of poets is quite as simple of application. I regret the necessity of art trafficking itself for dollars and cents. I regret that the world misconceives the value of art so greatly as to universally underpay it. Other arts eventually become self-supporting, poetry practically never does. And here my strange paradox brings me back again, for to this failure of the golden lure I believe we owe it that poetry is so single minded, so prone to follow out its dreams unhindered by public opinion.

Also, I am not aware that I have said anything against the poet earning his living by some other work than that of poetry. History has shown us many examples of poets of the first rank filling practical positions at the same time. Chaucer was a hard-worked magistrate, Shakespeare was an actor and hack playwright to a popular theater, Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, Mallarmé was Professor of English in a boys' school, Samain was a government functionary—I could go on enumerating such cases. To take a momentary glance at other arts, we have only to remember that Pierre Loti and Rimsky-Korsakoff were naval officers, and that another great Russian composer, Borodine, was a physician and of unusual eminence in his profession.

No, it is only minor poets who are too unpractical to do anything else well, I am convinced. When I suggested that poetry should not be paid, I had no such idea as that poets should starve in a garret on a crust of bread. I expected them, rather, to make a living in some other way, which should remove from them the necessity of lowering their art to the tastes of that part of the public which pays well for its pleasures. But in-

deed so gayly have poets flung aside this temptation that it can hardly be considered as such at all. They have certainly earned the right to better payment, if strenuous, self-sacrificing endeavor constitutes a right.

But how shall they get this pay? What will make the public read poetry and care for it as they do for fiction? Perhaps it is a beautiful dream to suppose that they will ever care for it as much as that—the great mass of people. But one way to bring about a more intelligent attitude towards it, and a more lively interest in it, is by a serious body of criticism devoting itself to it. I can hardly speak too strongly upon this subject. I can hardly urge upon you too insistently the great need that America has for trained criticism. The so-called "reviews" in our newspapers doubtless serve some good purpose, but it is the purpose of the publishers and the bookseller, not of the poet or of literature. The poet seeking to learn his art finds not one hint in the various discussions of contemporary verse to help him on his way. He is treated as a news item, or he is not treated at all. Of course, there are exceptions to this, but I will name no names, you can all think of them for yourselves. On the other hand, the few trained and eager critics that we have, devote themselves almost exclusively to works of authors dead and of assured fame.

"They order this matter better in France," indeed. When I was preparing my book on the French poets, I read some twenty or thirty volumes of criticism all dealing with contemporary French poetry. The field of fiction is full to overflowing, the field of poetry is filling rapidly, but the field of criticism has still many tempting corners to offer. It is along this branch that I wish to see our literature grow. We, the poets, need the critics to point out to us what we might otherwise miss, or seeing, fail to understand.

It used to be said that no artist could live in America. I do not believe that is true to-day. But America will be a more sympathetic soil for the growth of art when her people take it a little more seriously.

We, in America, are prone to fads, and fads are always transitory. Anything that can be construed as freakish, or odd, or strange, is sure of immediate attention. And often that attention, no matter how clamorous, does scant justice to the

work which arouses it. Our papers are full of discussions for and against "The New Poetry," and yet I am constantly struck, in my peregrinations up and down the country, with the extremely prescribed understanding there really is about it.

Another of our American characteristics is that we are inclined to dig artistic movements up by the roots to see how they are getting on. Now it is a melancholy truth that although America produces a great many young artists of unusual promise she has difficulty in bringing them to a satisfactory maturity. Our literary history is strewn with clever first books. I remember that the same phenomenon was remarked upon by Mr. Bertrand Russell, when he was here a few years ago, in regard to other fields of intellectual activity. His explanation was that young men here were expected to "make good" soon after leaving college, and that the effort to do this exhausted them mentally and prevented the farther ripening their powers should have had.

I think that the same explanation, slightly altered, applies to poets. Once a man has written a book of promise, the whole force of American life is upon him to urge him to the quick production of another. With us, reputations are made and lost overnight. The habit of the older countries, where it takes ten years to make a reputation, which, once made, is unassailable, (unassailable to all intents and purposes, that is), is certainly more conducive to the growth of a great art.

Another difficulty against which the American poet has to struggle is the extraordinarily little æsthetic knowledge which the American public possesses. With the breakdown of classical education, there has crept into our schools a strange amorphous system of many subjects and none pursued to mastery. There could be no better method devised to puzzle and blunt the taste of a people. All of us who have had the ill luck to be born since this system came into vogue must often regret the years of arduous labor we have had to devote to training ourselves; and there is no playing truant to the schooling one gives oneself.

The last generation—too many of them—fled from these conditions. It is our proud belief that we can be artists and still live in America. And yet many of us realize, since Europe

has been closed to us on account of the war, how much comfort and stimulus we derive from occasionally sojourning there.

It is the conditions I have been enumerating which make the advent of the highly trained critic so important. These critics will do more than any other body of men to temper our American atmosphere to the degree in which art can most happily flourish. Again, the critics can do more to raise the taste of the public than we, the artists, can do. We speak, perforce, in terms of art. But where those terms are not understood, they naturally have very little effect in modifying conditions. It is not the artist's business to explain, it is enough that he create. But his future depends upon explanation. It is to the critics that the world owes the knowledge that great artists have been. The work of a great man is re-created in every generation by those few men who study and love him, and who proclaim this love aloud for their contemporaries. If the artist is the heart and brain of art, the critic is its arms and legs—its motive power, in short.

This has been brought to my attention very forcibly of late, largely by the sudden interest which the public has begun to feel in the work of two young artists dead in the war, both of whom I knew. One a poet; the other a sculptor. I refer to Rupert Brooke and Gaudier Brzeska.

When Rupert Brooke passed through this country in the Spring of 1914, on his way from the South Sea Islands, only his brother poets were concerned with his coming. His books were very little known in England, not at all in this country. He and three other young men started a little quarterly to print their own poems called "New Numbers," and at a reading he gave of his own poems at The Poetry Book Shop in London, I remarked that the audience seemed to consist entirely of poets and art students. He was well known to his teachers and fellow students at Cambridge, but the London public knew him not at all. Even when his now famous sonnets came out in "Poetry," Chicago, and shortly afterwards in England, in his own "New Numbers" if I remember rightly, they passed without undue comment.

What has brought about the change regarding them? Is it the tragic circumstance of the poet's death? Does he owe his fame entirely to the fact that he has died? I do not think

so. He owes his fame to the fact that people's attention has been turned to him. His death brought letters in the press from his friends and masters, and the public's eyes have been opened to his quality. Had he lived, it would probably have taken years for his work to have achieved the place in the public estimation it now enjoys, not because it would not have been worthy of it, but because the public had to be told it was worthy before according it.

But Brooke was always a marked man among his intimates because of his extraordinary physical beauty and pleasant temperament. The case of the young French-Pole, Brzeska, is even more remarkable. When I first knew him, his studio was in one of the boarded-in arches of Putney Railroad Bridge. He was quite unknown and extremely poor—so poor that he had to make his own tools. Now London has seen an exhibition of his works, and New York is to have another.

Are not these cases pathetic? And the more so that they are not isolated in the history of art. A little intelligent criticism accorded these men in their lifetimes would have given them what is more valuable than life itself; content, the feeling that at least one has not lived in vain.

Brooke and Brzeska, and others like them on both sides of the Atlantic, are dead. You can do nothing more for them. But there are struggling poets among us to-day. In spite of newspaper "réclame," we of "The New Poetry" have not found our path strewn with roses. People find it difficult to understand why we write as we do. May I suggest that a little study into the matter will repay any one interested in the subject of poetry. And may I, in closing, say a few words on the subject of that poetry?

"The New Poetry" is a tree of many branches. A brief summary of these ramifications shows us several distinct groups. There are the realists, with Edgar Lee Masters and Robert Frost at their head; the folk singers, chief among them Vachel Lindsay; the romanticists, of which William Rose Benét is a good example; the Imagists, to which group I belong, and the "vers libristes," some of whom are Imagists, and some are not. For the followers of "vers libre" derive from two distinct sources, one being Walt Whitman, and the other, the French Symbolistes.

Roughly speaking, however, all these groups have certain traits which they hold in common, and which separate them from the poets immediately preceding them. Chief among these is "externality," the regarding of the world as having an existence apart from oneself. Introspection is not the besetting sin of the new poets as it was of the poets of the nineties. Again, all these groups seek life and vividness. They are all desperately sincere, and to portray the world about them in its truth and its beauty is their only aim. To this end, they frequently discard meter for the free rhythm of emotional thought. They endeavor to write with the syntax of prose, an artificial arrangement of sentences detracting, in their opinion, from simplicity and directness of presentation.

Only those poets with a natural sense of rhythm can write "vers libre" well. Had I time, I think I could prove to you by reading two or three examples aloud that it is among the most musical verse in the English language. It is written to be read aloud. Poetry is a spoken, not a written art.

I have not time for greater elaboration, suffice it that I have proved The New Poets to be worthy of the critics I so desire for them.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NATIONAL GROWTH OF A CENTURY

[Speech of James Russell Lowell at the Harvard Alumni dinner at Cambridge, Mass., June 28, 1876. Mr. Lowell, as President of the Alumni Association, occupied the chair.]

BRETHREN:—Though perhaps there be nothing in a hundredth year to make it more emphatic than those years which precede it and which follow it, and though the celebration of centennials be a superstitious survival from the time when to count ten upon the fingers was a great achievement in arithmetic, and to find the square of that number carried with it something of the awe and solemnity which invests the higher mathematics to us of the laity, yet I think no wise man can be indifferent to any sentiment which so profoundly and powerfully affects the imagination of the mass of his fellows. The common consent of civilized mankind seems to have settled on the centennial commemoration of great events as leaving an interval spacious enough to be impressive, and having a roundness of completion in its period. We, the youngest of nations, the centuries to us are not yet grown so cheap and commonplace as to Napoleon when he saw forty of them looking in undisguised admiration upon his army, bronzed from their triumphs in Italy. For my own part I think the scrutiny of one age is quite enough to bear without calling in thirty-nine others to its assistance. [Applause.]

It is quite true that a hundred years are but as a day in the life of a nation, are but as a tick of the clock to the long-drawn æons in which this planet hardened itself for the habitation of man, and man accommodated himself to his habitation; but they are all we have, and we must make the best of them. Perhaps, after all, it is no such great misfortune to be young, especially if we are conscious at the time that youth means opportunity, and not accomplishment. I think that,

after all, when we look back upon a hundred years through which the country has passed, the vista is not so disheartening as to the indigestive fancy it might at first appear. If we have lost something of that Arcadian simplicity which the French travelers of a hundred years ago found here,—perhaps because they looked for it, perhaps because of their impenetrability by the English tongue,—we have lost something also of that self-sufficiency which is the mark as well of provincials as of barbarians, and which is the great hindrance to all true advancement. It is a wholesome symptom, I think, if we are beginning to show some of that talent for grumbling which is the undoubted heirloom of the race to which most of us belong. [Laughter and applause.] Even the Fourth-of-July oration is edging round into a lecture on our national shortcomings, and the proud eagle himself is beginning to have no little misgiving at the amplitude between the tips of his wings. [Laughter.]

But while it may be admitted that our government was more decorously administered one hundred years ago, if our national housekeeping of to-day is further removed from honest business principles, and therefore is more costly, both morally and financially, than that of any other Christian nation, it is no less true that the hundredth year of our existence finds us in the mass very greatly advanced in the refinement and culture and comfort that are most operative in making a country civilized and in keeping it so. [Applause.] When we talk of decline of public and private virtue I think that we forget that that better former day was a day of small communities and of uneasy locomotion, when public opinion acted more directly and more sharply, was brought to bear more convincingly upon the individual than is possible now. But grant that though the dread of what is said and thought be but a poor substitute and makeshift for conscience,—that austere and sleepless safeguard of character, which, if not an instinct, acquires all the attributes of an instinct, and whose repeated warnings make duty at least an unconscious habitude,—after all, this outside substitute is the strongest motive for well-doing in the majority of our race, and men of thought and culture should waste no opportunity to reinforce it by frankness in speaking out invidious truths, by reproof and by warning. I, for one, greatly doubt whether our national standard of right and

wrong has been really so much debased as we are sometimes tempted to think [applause]; and whether the soft money of a sentimental sort of promises to pay has altogether driven out the sterling coin of upright purpose and self-denying fulfillment. [Applause.] I could wish that this belief, almost, provided it did not mislead us into prophesying smooth things, were more general among our cultivated class; for the very acceptance of such a belief tends in large measure toward its accomplishment. No finer sentence has come down to us from antiquity, no higher witness was ever borne to the quality of a nation, than in that signal of Nelson's: "England expects every man to do his duty." [Applause.]

Brethren, I thought on this occasion of the centennial celebration of our independence it was fit that some expression should go forth from us that should in some measure give contradiction to the impression that the graduates of Harvard College take a pessimistic view of their country and its institutions. [Applause.] Certainly I know that it is not true, and I wish to have that sentiment expressed here. Our college takes no official part in celebrating the nation's first completed century; she who is already half-way through her third has become too grave for these youthful elations. [Laughter.] But she does not forget that in Samuel and John Adams, Otis, Josiah Quincy, Jr., and John Hancock, she did her full share toward making such a commemoration possible. [Applause.] As in 1776, so in 1876, we have sent John Adams to represent us at Philadelphia, and, perhaps with some prescience of what the next century is to effect, we have sent with him Madame Boylston as his colleague [applause]; and it may be that Alma Mater in this has possibly shown a little feminine malice, for it is to a silent congress that she is made her deputy. [Laughter and applause.] And in the hundred years since we asserted for ourselves a separate place and proper name among the nations, our college has been no palsied or atrophied limb in the national organization. To the jurisprudence, to the legislation, the diplomacy, the science, the literature, the art of the country, her contribution has certainly not fallen short of its due proportion. Our triennial catalogue is hung thick with our trophies from many fields. I may say in parenthesis, gentlemen, brethren of the alumni, that I am glad the July

number of the "North American Review" is not yet published. In the January number there was so disheartening a report of everything—I am glad to say our religion is excepted, we have grown perhaps in grace—but we had no science, we had none of this and none of the other.

Brethren, we whom these dumb faces on the wall make in imagination the contemporaries of eight generations of men, let us remember, and let us inculcate on those who are to fill the places that so soon shall know us no more, let us remember, I say, that if man seem to survive himself and to be mutely perpetuated in these fragile semblances, it is only the stamp of the soul that is eternally operative; it is only the image of ourselves that we have left in some sphere of intellectual or moral achievement, that is indelible, that becomes a part of the memory of mankind, reproductive and beneficent, inspiring and admonitory.

But, brethren, as Charles Lamb said of Coleridge's motto, *Sermoni propriori,* this is more proper for a sermon than for a dinner-table. But birthdays, after all, gentlemen, are serious things; and as the chance of many more of them becomes precarious, and the approaching birthday of the nation begets in all of us, I should hope, something of a grave and meditative mood, it would be an indecorum to break in upon it too suddenly with the licensed levity of festival. You are waiting to hear other voices, and I trust my example of gravity may act rather as a warning than as precedent to those who are to follow me.

Brethren, at our table there is always one toast, that by custom and propriety takes precedence of all others. It is, I admit, rather an arduous task to pay the most many-sided man a different compliment year after year, and the President of the University must pardon me for saying that he gives a good deal of trouble to the President of the Alumni, as he is apt to do in the case of inefficient persons generally. [Laughter and applause.] One eminent quality, however, I can illustrate in a familiar Latin quotation, which, with your permission, I will put in two ways, thus securing, I should hope, the understanding of the older and younger among you: *"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."* [Mr. Lowell evoked considerable laughter by pronouncing the Latin according to

the continental method.] I give you the health of President Eliot.

COMMERCE

[Speech of James Russell Lowell at the second annual dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce, January 29, 1883. H. C. E. Childers, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was in the chair. The company included representatives of the English-speaking race in every part of the world. On the chairman's left sat James Russell Lowell, United States Minister. In proposing "The Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom and of the Whole World," he delivered the following speech.]

Mr. Chairman, my Lords and Gentlemen:—I was a few moments ago discussing with my excellent friend upon the left what a diplomatist might be permitted to say, and I think the result of the discussion was that he was left to his choice between saying nothing that had any meaning or saying something that had several [laughter]; and as one of those diplomatists to whom the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs alluded a short time ago, I should rather choose the latter course, because it gives one afterwards a selection when the time for explanation comes round. [Laughter.]

I shall not detain you long, for I know that there are speakers both on the right and on the left of me who are impatient to burst the bud; and I know that I have not been selected for the pleasant duty that has been assigned to me for any merits of my own. [Cries of dissent.] You will allow me to choose my own reason, gentlemen. I repeat, I have not been chosen so much for my own merits as for the opportunity afforded you of giving expression to your kindness and good feeling towards the country I represent—a country which exemplifies what the colonies of England may come to if they are not wisely treated. [Laughter and cheers.] Speaking for myself and for one or two of my compatriots whom I see here present, I should certainly say that that was no unpleasant destiny in itself. But I do not, nor do my countrymen, desire that those great commonwealths which are now joined to

England by so many filial ties should ever be separated from her.

I am asked to-night to propose the "Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom and of the World," and I might, if the clock did not warn me against it—["Go on!"] if my own temperament did not stand a little in the way—I might say to you something very solemn on the subject of commerce. I might say how commerce, if not a great civilizer in itself, had always been a great intermediary and vehicle of civilization. I might say that all the great commercial States have been centers of civilization, and centers of those forces which keep civilization from becoming stupid. I do not say which is the *post* and which the *propter* in this inference; but I do say that the two things have been almost invariably associated.

One word as to commerce in another relation which touches me more nearly. Commerce and the rights and advantages of commerce, ill understood and ignorantly interpreted, have often been the cause of animosities between nations. But commerce rightly understood is a great pacificator; it brings men face to face for barter. It is the great corrector of the eccentricities and enormities of nature and of the seasons, so that a bad harvest and a bad season in England is a good season for Minnesota, Kansas, and Manitoba.

But, gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. It gives me great pleasure to propose, as the representative of the United States, the toast of "The Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom and of the whole World," with which I associate the names of Mr. C. M. Norwood, M. P., vice-president of the Associated Chambers of the United Kingdom, and the Hon. F. Strutt, president of the Derby Chamber. [Cheers.]

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING

[Speech of James Russell Lowell at a banquet given to Sir Henry Irving, London, July 4, 1883, in view of his impending departure for a professional tour of America. Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, occupied the chair. The toast, "Literature, Science, and Art," was proposed by Viscount Bury, and Mr. Lowell was called upon to respond for Literature. Professor Tyndall replied on behalf of Science, and Alma Tadema for Art.]

My Lord Coleridge, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen:— I confess that my mind was a little relieved when I found that the toast to which I am to respond rolled three gentlemen, Cerberus-like, into one [laughter], and when I saw Science pulling impatiently at the leash on my left, and Art on my right, and that therefore the responsibility of only a third part of the acknowledgment has fallen to me. You, my lord, have alluded to the difficulties of after-dinner oratory. I must say that I am one of those who feel them more keenly the more after-dinner speeches I make. [Laughter.] There are a great many difficulties in the way, and there are three principal ones, I think. The first is the having too much to say, so that the words, hurrying to escape, bear down and trample out the life of each other. The second is when, having nothing to say, we are expected to fill a void in the minds of our hearers. And I think the third, and most formidable, is the necessity of following a speaker who is sure to say all the things you meant to say, and better than you, so that we are tempted to exclaim, with the old grammarian, "Hang these fellows, who have said all our good things before us!" [Laughter.]

Now the Fourth of July has several times been alluded to, and I believe it is generally thought that on that anniversary the spirit of a certain bird known to heraldic ornithologists—and I believe to them alone—as the spread eagle, enters into every American's breast, and compels him, whether he will or no, to pour forth a flood of national self-laudation. [Laughter and cheers.] This, I say, is the general superstition, and I hope that a few words of mine may serve in some sort to correct it. I ask you, if there is any other people who have confined their national self-laudation to one day in the year. [Laughter.] I may be allowed to make one remark as to a personal experience. Fortune has willed it that I should see as many—perhaps more—cities and manners of men as Ulysses; and I have observed one general fact, and that is, that the adjectival epithet which is prefixed to all the virtues is invariably the epithet which geographically describes the country that I am in. For instance, not to take any real name, if I am in the kingdom of Lilliput, I hear of the Lilliputian virtues. I hear courage, I hear common sense, and I hear political wisdom called by that name. If I cross to the neigh-

boring Republic Blefusca—for since Swift's time it has become a Republic—I hear all these virtues suddenly qualified as Blefuscan. [Laughter.]

I am very glad to be able to thank Lord Coleridge for having, I believe for the first time, coupled the name of the President of the United States with that of her Majesty on an occasion like this. I was struck, both in what he said, and in what our distinguished guest of this evening said, with the frequent recurrence of an adjective which is comparatively new—I mean the word "English-speaking." We continually hear nowadays of the "English-speaking race," of the "English-speaking population." I think this implies, not that we are to forget, not that it would be well for us to forget, that national emulation and that national pride which are implied in the words "Englishman," and "American," but the word implies that there are certain perennial and abiding sympathies between all men of a common descent and a common language. [Cheers.] I am sure, my lord, that all you said with regard to the welcome which our distinguished guest will receive in America is true. His eminent talents as an actor, the dignified—I may say that illustrious—manner in which he has sustained the traditions of that succession of great actors who, from the time of Burbage to his own, have illustrated the English stage, will be as highly appreciated there as here. [Cheers.]

And I am sure that I may also say that the chief magistrate of England will be welcomed by the bar of the United States, of which I am an unworthy member, and perhaps will be all the more warmly welcomed that he does not come among them to practice. He will find American law administered—and I think he will agree with me in saying ably administered—by judges who, I am sorry to say, sit without the traditional wig of England. [Laughter.] I have heard since I came here friends of mine gravely lament this as something prophetic of the decay which was sure to follow so serious an innovation. I answered with a little story which I remember hearing from my father. He remembered the last clergyman in New England who still continued to wear the wig. At first it became a singularity and at last a monstrosity; and the good doctor concluded to leave it off. But there was one poor woman among his parishioners who lamented this sadly, and

waylaying the clergyman as he came out of church she said, "Oh, dear doctor, I have always listened to your sermon with the greatest edification and comfort, but now that the wig is gone all is gone." [Laughter.] I have thought I have seen some signs of encouragement in the faces of my English friends after I have consoled them with this little story.

But I must not allow myself to indulge in any further remarks. There is one virtue, I am sure, in after-dinner oratory, and that is brevity; and as to that I am reminded of a story. [Laughter.] The Lord Chief Justice has told you what are the ingredients of after-dinner oratory. They are the joke, the quotation, and the platitude; and the successful platitude, in my judgment, requires a very high order of genius. I believe that I have not given you a quotation, but I am reminded of something which I heard when very young—the story of a Methodist clergyman in America. He was preaching at a camp meeting, and he was preaching upon the miracle of Joshua, and he began his sermon with this sentence: "My hearers, there are three motions of the sun. The first is the straightforward or direct motion of the sun; the second is the retrograde or backward motion of the sun; and the third is the motion mentioned in our text—'the sun stood still.'" [Laughter.]

Now, gentlemen, I don't know whether you see the application of the story—I hope you do. The after-dinner orator at first begins and goes straight forward—that is the straightforward motion of the sun. Next he goes back and begins to repeat himself—that is the backward motion of the sun. At last he has the good sense to bring himself to the end, and that is the motion mentioned in our text, as the sun stood still. [Great laughter, in the midst of which Mr. Lowell resumed his seat.]

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE"

[Speech of James Russell Lowell at the annual Ashfield Dinner at Ashfield, Mass., August 27, 1885,—the harvest-time festival in behalf of Sanderson Academy, given for several years under the leadership of Charles Eliot Norton and George William Curtis, long summer resi-

dents in this country town. Mr. Lowell had recently returned from his post as Minister to England; and he was presented to the literary gathering by Professor Norton, President of the day. Professor Norton closed his eloquent words of introduction as follows: "On our futile laurels he looks down, himself our highest crown.—Ashfield speaks to you to-day, and the welcome is your own to New England."]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:— I cannot easily escape from some strength of emotion in listening to the words of my friend who has just sat down, unless I receive it on the shield which has generally been my protection against many of the sorrows and some of the hardships of life. I mean the shield of humor, and I shall, therefore, take less seriously than playfully the portrait that he has been kind enough to draw of me. It reminds me of a story I once heard of a young poet, who published his volume of verses and prefixed to it his own portrait drawn by a friendly artist. The endeavor of his life from that time forward was to look like the portrait that his friend had drawn. [Applause.] I shall make the same endeavor.

It is a great pleasure to me to come here to-day, not only because I have met some of the oldest friends of my life, but also that after having looked in the eyes of so many English audiences I see face to face a new English one, and when I looked at them I was reminded of a family likeness and of that kinship of blood which unites us. When I look at you I see many faces that remind me of faces I saw on the other side of the water, and I feel that whether I speak there or here I am essentially speaking to one people. I am not going to talk about myself, and I am not going to make a speech. I have spoken so often for you on the other side of the water that I feel as though I had a certain claim, at least, to be put on the retired list. But I could not fail to observe a certain distrust of America that has peeped out in remarks made, sometimes in the newspapers, sometimes to myself, as to whether a man could live eight years out of America, without really preferring Europe. It seems to me to imply what I should call a very unworthy distrust in the powers of America to inspire affection. I feel to-day, in looking in your faces, somewhat as I did when I took my first walk over the hills after my return, and the tears came into my eyes as I was welcomed by the

familiar wayside flowers, the trees, the birds that had been my earliest friends.

It seems to me that those who take such a view quite miscalculate the force of the affection that a man feels for his country. It is something deeper than a sentiment. If there were anything deeper, I should say it was something deeper than an instinct. It is that feeling of self-renunciation and of identification with another which Ruth expressed when she said: "Entreat me not to leave thee nor to depart from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go; where thou livest I will live, and where thou diest there will I die also." That, it seems to me, is the instinctive feeling that a man has. At the same time, this does not exclude the having clear eyes to see the faults of one's country. I think that, as an old President of Harvard College said once to a person who was remonstrating with him: "But charity, doctor, charity." "Yes, I know; but charity has eyes and ears and won't be made a fool of." [Laughter.]

I notice a good many changes in coming home, a few of which I may, perhaps, be allowed to touch upon. I notice a great growth in luxury, inevitable, I suppose, and which may have good in it—more good, perhaps, than I can see. I notice, also, one change that has impressed me profoundly, and when I hear that New England is drawing away, I cannot help thinking to myself how much more prosperous the farms look than they did when I was young; how much more neat is the farming, how much greater the attention to what will please the eye about the farm, as the planting of flowers and trimming the grass, which seems to me a very good sign. I had an opportunity, by a strange accident, of becoming very intimate with the outward appearance of New England during my youth by going about when a little boy with my father when he went on exchanges. He always went in his own vehicle, and he sometimes drove as far west as Northampton. I do not wish to detain you on this point, except as it interested me and is now first in my mind.

While I was in England I had occasion once to address them on the subject of Democracy, and I could not help thinking when I came up here that I was coming to one of its original sources, for certain it is that in the village community of New

England, in its "plain living and high thinking," began that social equality which afterwards developed on the political side into what we call Democracy. And Democracy—while surely we cannot claim for it that it is perfect—yet Democracy, it seems to me, is the best expedient hitherto invented by mankind, not for annihilating distinctions and equalities, for that is impossible, but so far as it is humanly possible, for compensating them. Here in our little towns in the last century, people met without thinking of it on a high table-land of common manhood. There was no sense of presumption from below, there was no possibility of condescension from above, because there was no above and below in the community. Learning was always respected in the clergyman, in the doctor, in the squire, the justice of the peace, and the rest of the community. This made no artificial distinction.

I observe, also, that our people are getting over their very bad habit with regard to politics, for Democracy, you must remember, lays a heavier burden on the individual conscience than any other form of government; and I have been glad to observe that we have been getting over that habit of thinking that our institutions will go of themselves. Now it seems to me that there is no machine of human construction, or into which the wit of man has entered, that can go of itself without supervision, without oiling; that there are no wheels which will revolve without our help, except the great wheel of the constellations or that great circle of the sun's which has its hand upon the dial plate, and which was made by a hand much less fallible than ours.

It also pleases me very much to see a friend whose constancy, whose faith, and whose courage have done so much more than any other man's to bring about that reform [great applause], though when I speak of civil service reform the friend who stands at our elbow on all these occasions will suggest to me a certain parallel, that is, that as Mr. Curtis is here to-day and I am here to-day, it reminds one of the temperance lecturer who used to go about carrying with him an unhappy person as the awful example [great laughter], and it may have flickered before some of your minds that I was the "awful example" of the very reform I had preached. However, I say that it is to me a very refreshing thing to find that this old happy-

go-lucky feeling about our institutions has a very good chance of passing away.

One thing which always impressed me on the other side of the water as an admirable one, and as one which gave them a certain advantage over us, is the number of men who train themselves specifically for politics, for government. We are apt to forget, over here, that the art of governing men, as it is the highest, so it is the most difficult, of all arts. We are particular how our boots are made, but about our constitutions we "trust in the Lord," without even, as Cromwell advised, keeping our powder dry. We commit the highest destinies of this Republic, which some of us hope bears the hope of the world in her womb—to whom? Certainly not always to those who are most fit on any principle of natural selection: certainly, sometimes to those who are most unfit on any principle of selection,—and this is a very serious matter, for if you will allow me to speak with absolute plainness, no country that allows itself to be governed for a moment by its blackguards is safe. [Applause.] That was written before the United States of America existed. It is one of the truths of human nature and of destiny. If I were a man who had political aspiration, —which, thank Heaven, I have not,—if I had any official aspiration—which, thank Heaven, also, I have not,—I should come home here, and when I first met an American audience I should say to them: My friends, America can learn nothing of Europe; Europe must come to school here. You have the tallest monument, you have the biggest waterfall, you have the highest tariff of any country in the world. [Great laughter and applause.] I would tell you that the last census showed that you had gained so many millions, as if the rabbits did not beat us in that way of multiplication, as if it counted for anything! It seems to me that what we make of our several millions is the vital question for us.

I was very much interested in what Prof. Stanley Hall said. I am heretic enough to have doubted whether our common schools are the panacea we have been inclined to think them. I was exceedingly interested in what he said about the education which a boy gained on the hills here. It seems to me we are going to fall back into the easy belief that because our common schools teach more than they used—and in my opinion

much more than they ought—we can dispense with the training of the household. When Mr. Harrison [J. P. Harrison, author of "Some Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," one of the preceding speakers] was telling us of the men who were obliged to labor without hope from one end of the day to the other, and one end of the year to the other, he added, what is quite true—that, perhaps, after all, they are happier than that very large class of men who have leisure without culture, and whose sole occupation is either the killing of game or the killing of time—that is the killing of the most valuable possession that we have.

But I will not detain you any longer for, as I did say, I did not come here to make a speech, and I did not know what I was going to say when I came. I generally, on such occasions, trust to the spur of the moment, and sometimes the moment forgets its spur. [Laughter and applause.]

JOHN LOWELL

HUMORS OF THE BENCH

[Speech of Judge John Lowell at a banquet given by the Boston Merchants' Association in Boston, May 23, 1884, in his honor, upon his retirement from the bench of the United States Circuit Court.]

GENTLEMEN:—I hardly know why I am here. I suppose I must have decided some case in favor of our honored chairman. But, then, if every one in whose favor I have decided a case should give me a dinner I should have some thousands to eat, if I could live long enough.

I observe that in your invitation to me you say very little, if anything, about any judicial qualities which I may have displayed in office, but you do mention my courtesy and patience. You are right. There are better judges here to-night than I ever was; but in courtesy and consideration, which I learned at my mother's knee, I hope I have not been surpassed. I have received several compliments of the same kind. I will tell you one story about that.

I was sitting one day up in court. The jury had just gone out, when a very nice looking young man came up. His hair was a little short, I believe, but I didn't notice it particularly. Said he, "Good-morning, Jedge." "Good morning." "You don't remember me?" he said. "Your countenance is familiar to me," I said, "but it does not impress itself on my memory." Said he: "Four years ago to-day you sentenced me to four years' imprisonment in the State prison." I suppose it ought to have been five, I don't know. He said: "I got out to-day, and I thought I would make my first call on you." [Laughter. A voice: "That was his courtesy."] True; and mine then came in. Said I: "Many happy returns of the day." [Great laughter and applause.] He took it very kindly and went off. I haven't seen him since.

I might have resigned some time ago. I was waiting to

be turned out. [Laughter.] I got tired of waiting. I will tell you how that is now. My great-grandfather was judge of the District Court, appointed by Washington; then he was made circuit judge by Adams. Well, Adams made a good many circuit judges, and they were all Federalists; and when the Democrats—they called themselves Republicans—all the same, you know [laughter]—when the Republicans came in they abolished the court to get rid of the judges. They made a circuit court here about nineteen years ago, and they appointed my friend Shepley the first judge. I told him if the Democrats only got in soon enough he would go the way of my grandfather. He admitted it. When I was appointed I expected the same thing. In fact, some of our prominent Democrats told me so. I said, "All right, bring on your bear. Bring on your Democratic President." So I waited for that Democratic President about eight years. I got tired of waiting. That is the only reason I resign now. [Laughter and applause.]

You take things so good-naturedly I will tell you one or two more stories. One of the principal difficulties we have is in serving on the jury. The members of the Merchants' Association always presented me with a certificate showing that they were members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.[1] [Laughter.] But a man who was not a house guard came into my private office one day just as the jury was about to be impaneled. Said he: "Judge, I hear you live out of town." Said I: "Yes." Said he: "I guess you burn kerosene. You don't have electric lights or anything of that kind? Well," said he, "if you will let me off this jury I will give you the darnedest nice can of kerosene ever you see." Said I: "Young man, I see in your mind the exact virtues which would be most useful,—a justice and probity which will make you serve the country most admirably as a juryman." So he served. I don't know but that if it had been a barrel it might have been different. [Great Laughter.]

Another tried the intimidation dodge. He says: "Jedge, I have been exposed to the small-pox, and expect it to break out every minute." Said I: "Break!" [Laughter.] He

[1] Members of this organization are exempted from jury service.

broke into the jury box and served his country well, and had no incapacitating disease that I ever heard of.

I don't know that there is much of anything else, except that I would give some advice. I am going to draw up some rules for my successor, and the first one will be: "Always decide in favor of the Merchants' Association." When there are two Merchants' Associations together, in different interests, then you must do like that jury in Kennebec county. There was a jury there which was very prompt and satisfactory. When they got through, the judge said: "Gentlemen, I thank you very much for the very satisfactory character of your verdicts, for the great promptness with which they have been rendered, without a single disagreement." The foreman returned thanks for the compliment, and said that the jury had escaped the delays and disagreements to which his Honor had referred, by always tossing up a copper as soon as they had retired, and abiding by the result of the throw.

One word in a more serious vein. I wish to express, in closing, my profound gratification that my efforts to do my duty simply and industriously should have met with your approval, and my gratitude for its public and spontaneous expression. [Applause.]

LORD LYTTON
(SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON)

FAREWELL TO CHARLES DICKENS

[Speech of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton at a farewell banquet given to Charles Dickens, London, November 2, 1867, prior to his departure on a reading tour in the United States. In giving the toast of the evening, Lord Lytton, the chairman, delivered the following speech.]

My Lords and Gentlemen:—I now approach the toast which is special to the occasion that has brought together a meeting so numerous and so singularly distinguished. You have paid the customary honors to our beloved sovereign, due not only to her personal virtues, but to that principle of constitutional monarchy in which the communities of Europe recognize the happiest mode of uniting liberty with order, and giving to the aspirations for the future a definite starting-point in the experience and the habits of the past. You are now invited to do honor to a different kind of royalty, which is seldom peacefully acknowledged until he who wins and adorns it ceases to exist in the body, and is no longer conscious of the empire which his thoughts bequeath to his name. Happy is the man who makes clear his title-deeds to the royalty of genius while he yet lives to enjoy the gratitude and reverence of those whom he has subjected to his sway. Though it is by conquest that he achieves his throne, he at least is a conqueror whom the conquered bless; and the more despotically he enthralls, the dearer he becomes to the hearts of men.

Seldom, I say, has that kind of royalty been quietly conceded to any man of genius until his tomb becomes his throne, and yet there is not one of us now present who thinks it is strange that it is granted without a murmur to the guest whom we receive to-night. It has been said by a Roman poet that Nature, designing to distinguish the human race from the inferior animals by that faculty of social progress which makes each combine with each for the aid and defense of all, gave to

men *mollissima corda,*—hearts the most accessible to sympathy with their fellow kind; and hence tears,—and permit me to add, and hence laughter,—became the special and the noblest attributes of humanity. Therefore it is humanity itself which obeys an irresistible instinct when it renders homage to one who refines it by tears that never enfeeble, and by a laughter that never degrades.

You know that we are about to entrust our honored countryman to the hospitality of those kindred shores in which his writings are as much "household words" as they are in the homes of England. And if I may presume to speak as a politician, I should say that no time could be more happily chosen for his visit; because our American kinsfolk have conceived, rightly or wrongfully, that they have some cause of complaint against ourselves, and out of all England we could not have selected an envoy more calculated to allay irritation and to propitiate good-will.

In the matter of good-will there is a distinction between us English and the Americans which may for a time operate to our disadvantage; for we English insist upon claiming all Americans as belonging to our race, and springing from the same ancestry as ourselves, and hence the idea of any actual hostility between them and us shocks our sense of relationship; and yet in reality a large and very active proportion of the American people derives its origin from other races besides the Anglo-Saxon. German and Dutch and Celtic forefathers combine to form the giant family of the United States; but there is one cause forever at work to cement all these varieties of origin, and to compel the American people, as a whole, to be proud as we are of their affinity with the English race. What is that cause? What is that agency? Is it not that of one language in common between the two nations? It is in the same mother tongue that their poets must sing, that their philosophers must reason, that their orators must argue upon truth or contend for power.

I see before me a distinguished guest, distinguished for the manner in which he has brought together all that is most modern in sentiment with all that is most scholastic in thought and language; permit me to say Mr. Matthew Arnold. I appeal to him if I am not right when I say that it is by a language

in common that all differences of origin sooner or later are welded together—that Etruscans, and Sabines, and Oscans, and Romans, became one family as Latins once, as Italians now? Before that agency of one language in common have not all differences of ancestral origin in England between Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, melted away; and must not all similar differences equally melt away in the nurseries of American mothers, extracting the earliest lessons of their children from our own English Bible, or in the schools of preceptors who must resort to the same models of language whenever they bid their pupils rival the prose of Macaulay and Prescott, or emulate the verse of Tennyson and Longfellow? Now, it seems to me that nothing can more quicken the sense of that relationship which a language in common creates, than the presence and voice of a writer equally honored and beloved in the old world and in the new; and I cannot but think that wherever our American kinsfolk welcome that presence, or hang spell-bound on that voice, they will feel irresistibly how much of fellowship and unison there is between the hearts of America and England. So that when our coúntryman quits their shores he will leave behind him many a new friend to the old fatherland which greets them through him so cordially in the accents of the mother tongue. And in those accents what a sense of priceless obligations—obligations personal to him and through him to the land he represents—must steal over his American audience! How many hours in which pain and sickness have changed into cheerfulness and mirth beneath the wand of this enchanter! How many a combatant beaten down in the battle of life—and nowhere is the battle of life more sharply waged than in the commonwealth of America—has caught new hope, new courage, new force from the manly lessons of this unobtrusive teacher!

Gentlemen, it is no wonder that the rising generation of people who have learned to think and to feel in our language, should eagerly desire to see face to face the man to whose genius, from their very childhood, they have turned for warmth and for light as instinctively as young plants turn to the sun. But I must not forget that it is not I whom you have come to hear; and all I might say, if I had to vindicate the fame of our guest from disparagement or cavil, would seem

but tedious and commonplace when addressed to those who know that his career has passed beyond the ordeal of contemporaneous criticism, and that in the applause of foreign nations it has found a foretaste of the judgment of posterity. I feel as if every word that I have already said had too long delayed the toast which I now propose: "A prosperous voyage, health and long life, to our illustrious guest and countryman, Charles Dickens."

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

NEW YORK AND THE SOUTH

[This speech was delivered at the Nineteenth Annual Dinner of the New York Southern Society, held in the grand ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria on December 14, 1904. The Toastmaster in introducing the speaker said: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, as we are loyal Southerners, by extraction, we are also loyal New Yorkers by adoption, and it is my great privilege to say to you to-night, that for the first time in the existence of this Society the Mayor of the City of New York has honored the Society by his presence. [Great and continued applause.] Whether it be from association, whether it be from natural affiliations with men whom he knows are his supporters, or from whatever cause it may be, we congratulate ourselves upon this occasion, that we have with us to-night the Mayor of the City of New York, who has inherited from a distinguished sire a great name, and who has always striven to emulate the example of that illustrious father, and so, with great pleasure, I ask the Mayor of the City of New York to say something to us to-night about what we are, and what are our relations to the Great City of New York to-day: I have the pleasure of introducing to you Honorable George B. McClellan, Mayor of Greater New York." [Great applause.]]

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—To me, the most delightful feature of the Southern Society's dinners is that when one addresses oneself to the Society, it is always incumbent to address oneself to the ladies. The subject that has been assigned to me is that of the City of New York. The subject is a familiar one to me, but it is so broad and so vast that it always permits me to talk upon what I exactly want to talk about. In coming to you to-night I feel that I am coming home; for nearly a quarter of my life was spent in constant and intimate association in the House of Representatives with men who, like yourselves, are from the Southland. I almost feel as though I saw sitting before me here Williams, and Bailey, and Dinsmore and Tucker, and Turner, and that Preux Chevalier of political leaders, that genial and that kindly, and strong man, that statesman, the best beloved man that has sat in the

House of Representatives in generations—Charles R. Crisp, of Georgia. [Great applause continued, and great cheering.] Leaders, every one, in the hurly-burly work of the House, ready to fight to a finish for principles, but not one of them willing to sacrifice principle for expediency, and it is that characteristic of Southern statesmen that has called from the Philistine the sneering remark that we are impractical idealists. The Philistine brother cannot be sincere in saying that, if he has seen the smoking chimneys of the new South, whether in its cotton fields or the crowded harbors of its maritime towns, and he cannot be sincere if he has ever attended a dinner of this Southern Society in New York City, and seen gathered around its hospitable board men from the South, who are leaders in thought and activity in the great metropolis. [Great applause.] Idealists we are, and every patriot must hope that idealists we will always remain. There is no greater fallacy than that which denies that the practical and the ideal cannot be found blended in the same man. There is nothing new under the sun, and civilizations, like nations, succeed each other in very much the same way. They rise, they live, and they die, and leave behind them as a contribution to the progress of the human race, not a long and dreary record of bloodshed and crime, that has so often stained their annals, but the reprint of their striving after the ideal. [Great applause.] The true heroes of the world are not the men of action, pure and simple, who have destroyed empires, or called them into being, but the men who in the performance of their alloted tasks on earth have constantly striven for lofty ambitions and for high ideals.

We live in an age of gold, if not in a golden age. There is a tendency which tries to measure all human activity, all science, all learning, all literature, all art, in the terms of dollars and cents. We boast of our new civilization, and in the strength and pride of our youth we assume that it will live forever. Whether it shall endure beyond the span, the allotted span of its predecessors, depends upon the spirit of the age itself. If this new civilization of ours is to be enduring, it depends upon the people of the Twentieth century. We have it in our own hands whether it shall be nothing more than the brilliant afterglow of a gorgeous renaissance, or whether it

shall be the dawn of a newer and a brighter day in the struggle of mankind to reach its God. [Great applause.]

Every man with thoughts above the material, every man who knows, every man who owns wealth, contributes something to the battle that tends to raise them up. Whether it be hospitals, or books, or pictures, or other works of art, every man who in his daily life pursues the ideals of right living, and right thinking, and right doing, adds just so much in the development of humanity. [Great applause.]

You people of the South a century ago fought for your ideals and you won. Later you fought for your ideals and the world said you lost. Lee and Johnston and Stonewall Jackson were idealists, every one, and so were Washington and Jefferson and their associates; but of these which will you say dreamed in vain, and of which will you say that their dreams came true? Let me tell you that no man has ever lived or dreamed in vain who has sought for lofty inspiration. [Applause.]

The spirit of '61, like the spirit of '76, was idealistic, and now that half a century has gone by since that internal fratricidal strife, now that we can look at it through the vista of the years, we are able to appreciate that in the broad and true sense there was none vanquished, but that all were victors, because they all believed that what they fought for was right, and in fighting for it they fought like men and gentlemen. [Great and continued applause.] [Cheering.]

I come to you to-night as one from the North, to those of the South to join with you in laying at the feet of Robert E. Lee my tribute of honor and respect, not because he took up arms for the cause he loved, but because when that cause was lost, rather than continue needless bloodshed, he laid those arms down in the sacred cause of peace. Not because he was the Southerner, but because he was an American; not because he belonged to you, but because he belongs to us. [Great applause.]

Not because he was your hero, but because he is our hero, and because his memory is the common and the priceless heritage of a patriotic and reunited people. [Great applause and continued cheering.]

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

PRAYER AND POLITICS

[This address was delivered at the 152nd Annual Banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York held at the Waldorf-Astoria on November 17, 1910. The Toastmaster, in introducing the speaker, said: "Gentlemen, our valedictorian, is St. Clair McKelway. His toast is 'Prayer and Politics.' (Applause.) I do not know what he will say, but I do know that whatever he says will be most interesting. (Applause.) He has always stood for the highest ideals in private life and public office. On the rostrum and in the editorial chair he has ever contended for that which makes for the best citizenship and the best government, and he has always been a tower of strength to the moral forces of this great city. May his good work continue. Gentlemen, Mr. McKelway." Great Applause.]

My Friends:—When Mr. Pratt, your Secretary, sent to me the expected list of speakers, Governor White was named among those to address us on the world that is and Bishop Greer among those to commend us to the world that is to come. In a note courteous in terms, but impressive in brevity, the Secretary required me to stand and deliver my subject to him. I have delivered the title to him and he can read my title clear, and what follows has been reserved for you. I told him with one thought on Bishop Greer and with another on Governor White, that he might entitle my remarks "Prayer and Politics." You may say that they do not mix. Why, I have known them to be mixed by Dr. MacArthur at Lotos Club dinners and by Job E. Hedges at Southern Education Boards, [laughter], and by Henry Ward Beecher on any old occasion, which he made forever young by the ease with which he swung between both worlds. [Laughter.]

Moreover, I recall a Rochester son of thunder, who on a Sunday preceding an election, in which the party of his preference was incontinently beaten, unconsciously, but earnestly began his long petition: "Lord, as Thou hast doubtless ob-

served in this morning's papers." [Laughter.] Now, if that was not mixing prayer and politics, I do not know what it was. To be sure, they did not mix. The fusion was unsuccessful. The straight ticket won. [Laughter.] The reformers were beaten and Monroe county kept swinging on for two years more down the ringing grooves of an indomitable Democracy. The event was not without explanation. The wicked Democrats said that the radical dominie did not bring with him a letter of introduction to the Divine Power he invoked. [Laughter.] The resentful Republicans insisted that the resonant thunder of the beaten Boanerges soured the milk of reform opportunity. [Laughter.] Be that as it may, that dominie has never been the chaplain of a political convention since. His consistory has been careful to tell him to be mindful of pew rents and less regardful of partisanship.

We have, however, just had in this State and other States a notable mixture of prayer and politics from which the State and Nation may be said contentedly to have emerged. The politics has been passionate, invective and imprecatory. The prayers have been confident, dogmatic, objurgatory—and unconvincing. [Laughter.] Edwin P. Whipple said, long before the advent of Senator Lodge in politics, of Rev. Dr. Edward Everett that "He delivered one of the most eloquent prayers ever addressed to a Boston audience." [Laughter.] Tradition says that the petition was returned stamped, "Not found at place of address." [Laughter.] That, however, was doubtless calumny. Still, the petition was ineffective—for the other party carried Massachusetts that year.

This year, in New York, and in other commonwealths there has been a distinct disposition of the people to believe in their capacity to govern themselves, or a marked disinclination on the part of Deity to interfere with the duty or with the ability of His creatures to do for themselves, under free agency, what they were not called on to refer to Him. [Laughter.] A government of men, by men, and for men has been permitted to pursue its ordinary methods here below, without interference from Above and with no interference at all, except from suffragettes who have sought admission as political partners, and on the whole, we have no warrant in believing that the Creator is displeased or that men have shown their inca-

pacity for government or self-government—or that the dear ladies mourn as those without hope. [Laughter.]

I remember that a distinction was sought to be made between good men and bad men, between the rascally rich and the worthily wealthy [laughter], between the piously poor and the wickedly impecunious, [laughter], between the saintly New Nationalists and the sinful Socialists. I remember all this, but it is well to be able only to remember it, and not to halt it on its way to the limbo of error or to the purgatory of long repentance. [Laughter.] We were none of us entirely wrong, and we were none of us entirely right. They only were in error who sought to differentiate parties from parties, into good and bad, or factions within parties into better or worse. The saints and the sinners, like the wheat and the tares, will continue to grow together, but the work of separating them can safely be left to the periodical days of judgment, which come to governments when they render their accounts to the wisdom, the justice and the intelligent self-interest of a not wholly perfect or a not wholly reprobate people. [Laughter.]

The hand is not going back on the dial, but the measure of time will continue in hours, days, months and years—yet the direction will be forward! None of us shall attain to perfection until after we are dead, and only then by the hands of the writers of kindly obituaries. [Laughter.] But so long as we live and while the race of man continues to strive and to wrangle, each party intrusted with power will appropriate a little of what is best from the party not so intrusted, and thus the net results will be progress and improvement. The best in Old Nationalism will be appropriated by the champions of New Nationalism, and the best in the latter will be conveyed to the platforms of the former, and the gradual result will be the enlargement of state power under the judicious apparition of federal regulations that will be more of a recourse than a reality, and more of a possibility than a fact. [Laughter.]

There will be conservation, but it will be the conservation of statehood. There will be a quickening of statehood with the duty of that regard for sister states, which will secure the essence, but not the pressure; the instinct, but not the

usurpation of the New Nationality. The states first made the Union, and every new state admitted to the Union since has augmented the factor of statehood in our federated life, and has no thought of submerging statehood into nationhood or of weakening state-made and state-guarded nationhood itself. [Applause.] You may call this mystical, but it is only common sense, manifest destiny and the often demonstrated fact that under periodical exchanges of parties, our indestructible states and our indestructible Union will always co-exist and will always quicken and regulate each the other, with welfare to the Republic and with inspiration and satisfaction to mankind. [Applause.]

Our politics will respect and preserve the balances of power. The prayers which we should address to the Almighty, His wisdom will separate from those which we ourselves should answer, and the men of passion, of prejudice or of egotism who err in regarding themselves as the proxies or the superiors of Divine Providence will have the opportunity for repentance and for readjustments—and our best wishes for a happy issue out of all their educational afflictions. [Great applause.]

WILLIAM McKINLEY

THE FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES

[Speech of William McKinley at the eleventh annual banquet of the Home Market Club, Boston, Mass., February 16, 1899. William B. Plunkett, President of the Club, said in introducing the President of the United States: "Not the Home Market Club, not the city of Boston, not Massachusetts only, but all New England gives you greeting of welcome, Mr. President. In our retrospective of the year past we would give full meed of honor and praise to the President who so nobly met and so faithfully discharged the grave responsibilities of that great office, and thanksgiving to the Divine Providence that sustained him. In such hands, under such guidance, we may safely trust the future of our Republic. I have the great honor to present to you the beloved President of the United States, William McKinley." The enthusiasm displayed when the President was introduced was tremendous. In it all he remained to all appearances calm and collected, as he stood and silently acknowledged the reception.]

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN:—I have been deeply and profoundly moved by this manifestation of your good-will and confidence and impressed by the expressions of good-will from the Governor of your great Commonwealth [Roger Wolcott] as well as from the chief executive [Josiah Quincy] of the capital city of your State. No one stands in this magnificent presence, listening to the patriotic strains from choir and band, without knowing what this great audience was thinking about. It was thinking, it is thinking this moment, of country, because they love it and have faith in themselves and in its future. I thank the Governor of Massachusetts, I thank the Mayor of the city of Boston, for their warm and generous words of welcome, offered in behalf of this people to me in your presence to-night.

The years go quickly. It seems not so long, but it is in fact six years since it was my honor to be a guest of the Home Market Club. Much has happened in the interven-

ing time. Issues which were then engaging us have been settled or put aside for larger and more absorbing ones. Domestic conditions have improved and are generally satisfactory.

We have made progress in industry and have realized the prosperity for which we have been striving. We had four long years of adversity, which taught us some lessons which will never be unlearned and which will be valuable in guiding our future action. We have not only been successful in our financial and business affairs, but have been successful in a war with a foreign power, which has added great glory to American arms and a new chapter to American history.

I do not know why in the year 1899 this Republic has unexpectedly had placed before it mighty problems which it must face and meet. They have come and are here and they could not be kept away. Many who were impatient for the conflict a year ago, apparently heedless of its larger results, are the first to cry out against the far-reaching consequences of their own act. Those of us who dreaded war most and whose every effort was directed to prevent it, had fears of new and grave problems which might follow its inauguration.

The evolution of events which no man could control has brought these problems upon us. Certain it is that they have not come through any fault on our own part, but as a high obligation, and we meet them with clear conscience and unselfish purpose, and with good heart resolve to undertake their solution.

War was declared in April, 1898, with practical unanimity by the Congress, and, once upon us, was sustained by like unanimity among the people. There had been many who had tried to avert it, as, on the other hand, there were many who would have precipitated it at an earlier date. In its prosecution and conclusion the great majority of our countrymen of every section believed they were fighting in a just cause, and at home or at sea or in the field they had part in its glorious triumphs. It was the war of an undivided nation. Every great act in its progress, from Manila to Santiago, from Guam to Porto Rico, met universal and hearty commendation. The protocol commanded the practi-

cally unanimous approval of the American people. It was welcomed by every lover of peace beneath the flag. [Applause.]

The Philippines, like Cuba and Porto Rico, were intrusted to our hands by the war, and to that great trust, under the providence of God and in the name of human progress and civilization, we are committed. It is a trust we have not sought; it is a trust from which we will not flinch. The American people will hold up the hands of their servants at home to whom they commit its execution, while Dewey and Otis and the brave men whom they command will have the support of the country in upholding our flag where it now floats, the symbol and assurance of liberty and justice. [Applause.]

What nation was ever able to write an accurate program of the war upon which it was entering, much less decree in advance the scope of its results? Congress can declare war, but a higher power decrees its bounds and fixes its relations and responsibilities. The President can direct the movements of soldiers on the field and fleets upon the sea, but he cannot foresee the close of such movements nor prescribe their limits. He cannot anticipate or avoid the consequences, but he must meet them. No accurate map of nations engaged in war can be traced until the war is over, nor can the measure of responsibility be fixed till the last gun is fired and the verdict embodied in the stipulations of peace.

We hear no complaint of the relations created by the war between this Government and the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. There are some, however, who regard the Philippines as in a different relation; but whatever variety of views there may be on this phase of the question, there is universal agreement that the Philippines shall not be turned back to Spain. No true American consents to that. Even if unwilling to accept them ourselves, it would have been a weak evasion of manly duty to require Spain to transfer them to some other Power or Powers, and thus shirk our own responsibility. Even if we had had, as we did not have, the power to compel such a transfer, it could not have been made without the most serious international complications. Such a course could not be thought of. And yet had we

refused to accept the cession of them we should have had no power over them, even for their own good. We could not discharge the responsibilities upon us until these islands became ours, either by conquest or treaty. There was but one alternative, and that was either Spain or the United States in the Philippines. The other suggestions—first, that they should be tossed into the arena of contention for the strife of nations; or, second, be left to the anarchy and chaos of no protectorate at all—were too shameful to be considered. [Applause.]

The treaty gave them to the United States. Could we have required less and done our duty?

Could we, after freeing the Filipinos from the domination of Spain, have left them without government and without power to protect life or property or to perform the international obligations essential to an independent State? Could we have left them in a state of anarchy and justified ourselves in our own consciences or before the tribunal of mankind? Could we have done that in the sight of God or man?

Our concern was not for territory or trade or empire, but for the people whose interests and destiny, without our willing it, had been put in our hands. It was with this feeling that from the first day to the last not one word or line went from the Executive in Washington to our military and naval commanders at Manila or to our Peace Commissioners at Paris, that did not put as the sole purpose to be kept in mind, first after the success of our arms and the maintenance of our own honor, the welfare and happiness and the rights of the inhabitants of the Philippine islands. Did we need their consent to perform a great act for humanity? We had it in every aspiration of their minds, in every hope of their hearts. Was it necessary to ask their consent to capture Manila, the capital of their island? Did we ask their consent to liberate them from Spanish sovereignty or to enter Manila Bay and destroy the Spanish sea-power there? We did not ask these; we were obeying a higher moral obligation which rested on us and which did not require anybody's consent. We were doing our duty by them, as God gave us light to see our duty, with the consent of

our own consciences and with the approval of civilization. Every present obligation has been met and fulfilled in the expulsion of Spanish sovereignty from their islands, and while the war that destroyed it was in progress we could not ask their views. Nor can we now ask their consent. Indeed, can any one tell me in what form it could be marshaled and ascertained until peace and order, so necessary to the reign of reason, shall be secured and established? A reign of terror is not the kind of rule under which right action and deliberate judgment are possible. It is not a good time for the liberator to submit important questions concerning liberty and government to the liberated while they are engaged in shooting down their rescuers.

We have now ended the war with Spain. The treaty has been ratified by the votes of more than two-thirds of the Senate of the United States and by the judgment of nine-tenths of its people. No nation was ever more fortunate in war or more honorable in its negotiations in peace. Spain is now eliminated from the problem. It remains to ask what we shall now do. I do not intrude upon the duties of Congress or seek to anticipate or forestall its action. I only say that the treaty of peace, honorably secured, having been ratified by the United States, and, as we confidently expect, shortly to be ratified in Spain, Congress will have the power, and I am sure the purpose, to do what in good morals is right and just and humane for these peoples in distant seas.

It is sometimes hard to determine what is best to do, and the best thing to do is oftentimes the hardest. The prophet of evil would do nothing because he flinches at sacrifice and effort, and to do nothing is easiest and involves the least cost. On those who have things to do there rests a responsibility which is not on those who have no obligations as doers. If the doubters were in a majority, there would, it is true, be no labor, no sacrifice, no anxiety and no burden raised or carried; no contribution from our ease and purse and comfort to the welfare of others, or even to the extension of our resources to the welfare of ourselves. There would be ease, but alas! there would be nothing done.

But grave problems come in the life of a nation, however much men may seek to avoid them. They come without our

seeking; why, we do not know, and it is not always given us to know; but the generation on which they are forced cannot avoid the responsibility of honestly striving for their solution. We may not know precisely how to solve them, but we can make an honest effort to that end, and if made in conscience, justice, and honor, it will not be in vain.

The future of the Philippine Islands is now in the hands of the American people. Until the treaty was ratified or rejected the Executive department of this government could only preserve the peace and protect life and property. That treaty now commits the free and enfranchised Filipinos to the guiding hand and the liberalizing influences, the generous sympathies, the uplifting education, not of their American masters, but of their American emancipators. No one can tell to-day what is best for them or for us. I know no one at this hour who is wise enough or sufficiently informed to determine what form of government will best subserve their interests and our interests, their and our well-being.

If we knew everything by intuition—and I sometimes think that there are those who believe that if we do not, they do—we should not need information; but, unfortunately, most of us are not in that happy state. This whole subject is now with Congress; and Congress is the people, the conscience and the judgment of the American people. Upon their judgment and conscience can we not rely? I believe in them. I trust them. I know of no better or safer human tribunal than the people. [Applause.]

Until Congress shall direct otherwise, it will be the duty of the Executive to possess and hold the Philippines, giving to the people thereof peace and order and beneficent government, affording them every opportunity to prosecute their lawful pursuits, encouraging them in thrift and industry, making them feel and know that we are their friends, not their enemies, that their good is our aim, that their welfare is our welfare, but that neither their aspirations nor ours can be realized until our authority is acknowledged and unquestioned.

That the inhabitants of the Philippines will be benefited by this Republic is my unshaken belief. That they will have a kindlier government under our guidance, and that

they will be aided in every possible way to be a self-respecting and self-governing people is as true as that the American people love liberty and have an abiding faith in their own government and in their own institutions. No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. They are wrought in every one of its sacred folds and are inextinguishable in its shining stars.

> "Why read ye not the changeless truth,
> The free can conquer but to save."

If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety; always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine; always cost and sacrifice, but always after them the fruition of liberty, education and civilization.

I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me, but I cannot bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart; but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just passed, shall have become the gems and glories of those tropical seas; a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the American Republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization. [Long-continued applause and cheers.]

THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL

ADDRESSES BEFORE THE SENATE

[Thomas Riley Marshall, twenty-eighth Vice President of the United States, was called upon during the War to make official addresses of welcome or congratulation, of a quite unusual character. Although these speeches were made before the United States Senate and not after dinner, their brevity and felicity entitle them to a place in this volume. The first, thanking the French Ambassador for vases presented to the Senate by the Republic of France, was delivered on September 24, 1918. The second on June 22, 1917, welcomed the Belgian War Mission; the third on June 26, 1917, extended greetings to the Russian War Mission.]

THANKING THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

Mr. Ambassador:—Who among the sons of the Republic can distil into the attar of language the love of the American people for France? [Applause.] Not I. Who, in a few figures of speech, can compute the debt of gratitude we owe the French people as with accumulated interest it has been transmitted from sire to son for sevenscore years? [Applause.] Not I. Who hopes that, whatever other crime our country may be compelled to face at the bar of impartial justice, it may not be ingratitude? All of us. Who hopes that, from "the Tiger" to the loneliest orphan in the stricken homes of France, there is not one who has a dream of the shadow of a doubt that we are with them to the end [applause], with them until the lilies shall bloom on all her soil, with them till justice wipes away all their tears and fears, and avenges, though it can not obliterate all the scars of all their wrongs? Every red-blooded American. [Applause.]

Dear Mr. Ambassador, beloved of the American people for your own sake as well as for your country's, the ghosts of innocent women, helpless children, and feeble age are calling to

God, to America, and to civilization. Rest content. They do not call in vain. [Applause.]

I am not striving to weave a beautiful garment. I am only seeking to dress a great truth in the clothing of speech however tawdry and misfit it may be. That truth is found in a story told of Mahomet. His first wife, Kadijah, was a widow. But she made of the camel driver the founder and head of a great religion. Then she died, and in his old age the prophet married the young, charming, and beautiful Ayesha. Consistently with human nature, she would sit upon Mahomet's knees, pull his gray beard, and petulantly ask, "Am I not a better wife than Kadijah?" Worn out at last, the prophet made answer, "No, by Allah; there can be none better, for she believed in me when all men despised me." Since far-off 1776 we have grown rich and powerful and many seek our favors and many are our friends, but none can get closer to our hearts than France, for she believed in us when all men despised us. [Applause.]

Mr. Ambassador, you know us better than we know ourselves. Yet still I hope your judgment coincides with mine. All the conscious days of my life I have watched the attitude of this people toward war and warriors. It has been an intense hatred of war as an abstract proposition and flaming, never-dying enthusiasm for it when it had for its concrete objects justice, truth, liberty, and fraternity. [Applause.] It has been a supreme contempt for the warrior who has waded through slaughter to a throne, and never-ending burning of incense before the shrines of those who died for man. That sentiment accounts for our whole-hearted entry into this war. I am just an average American and my thoughts on these great questions, I venture to assert, meet the approval of my fellow-countrymen. I never owned or wanted a counterfeit presentment of Napoleon; but I wish I might have seen Charles Martel. I thrill at the seraphic face of the Maid of Orleans. I look with love each day at the photograph of Joseph Joffre. [Applause.] And I hope the good God, ere my race is run, will let me grasp reverently the hand of Ferdinand Foch. He will conquer and survive, for, never fear, Bethlehem must triumph over Berlin. [Applause.]

I accept, in the name of the Senate of the United States,

this touching and beautiful gift of the French Republic. I bid you convey to your Government our genuine appreciation of this thoughtful and unexpected courtesy. This legislative body had no small part in another far-off and, happily, almost forgotten war, in making a Union of indestructible States. May I express the hope and belief that it will be the purpose and endeavor of this Senate to maintain an indissoluble friendship with the people of France till the heavens are rolled together as a scroll. [Prolonged applause.]

TO THE BELGIAN WAR MISSION

SENATORS:—Since that far-off, unrecorded hour when our ancestors began their slow westward movement, unnumbered and unremembered thousands have died upon the field of battle for love, for hate, for liberty, for conquest, as freemen or as slaves. Every note in the gamut of human passion has been written in the anvil chorus of war. Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own country, but few have unsheathed their swords without the hope of self-aggrandizement. It remained for little Belgium to write a new page in the blood of her martyred sons and daughters in the annals of diplomacy [applause], to inscribe thereon that the dishonor of a people is the aggregate of the selfishness of its citizens; that the honor of a people is the aggregate of the self-sacrifice of its citizens; that treaties are made to be kept, not broken; that a people may dare to walk through "the valley of the shadow of death" touching elbows with their convictions, but that they dare not climb to the mountain tops of safety if thereby they walk over the dead bodies of their high ideals [applause]; that a people may safely die if thereby they can compel an unwilling world to toss upon their new-made graves the white lily of a blameless life.

Here, Senators, ends all I know, and here begins what I believe: Belgium shall arise. [Prolonged applause.] The long night of her weeping shall end; the morning of a day of joy shall break over her desolated homes, her devastated fields, and her profaned altars. When it breaks, humanity will learn that

when mankind gambles with truth and honor and humanity the dice of the gods are always loaded. [Applause.]

To me, in all profane history, there is no sadder, sweeter, sublimer character than Sidney Carton. Dreamer of dreams, he walked his lonely, only way. In all the history of nations there is no sadder, sweeter, sublimer story than the story of Belgium. [Applause.] Doer of deeds, she, too, has walked her lonely, only way—the *via dolorosa* that leads to duty, death, and glory. [Great applause.] Out of the depths and across the deeps the representatives of the remnant of her people and the guardians of her honor have come to us this day. [Applause.]

THE RUSSIAN WAR MISSION

SENATORS:—The kaleidoscope of current history is being turned so rapidly that to the normal eye the combinations of yesterday are forgotten, of to-day are uncertain, and of to-morrow are unknown. And yet as from time to time there are unfolded in this most sacred and historic spot portions of the panorama of the greatest tragedy that has been enacted since Calvary there stands out one clear-cut central figure, the figure of the dauntless and undaunted man who dares to draw his sword either to preserve or to obtain for himself and for his fellows the right of self-government, the heritage of life, liberty, and of the pursuit of happiness. [Applause.] It matters but little to us the feature and the form of that man, his lineage or his language, if he speak in the full and confident tones of manhood, or in the lisping tongue of infantile, possession of those rights. But if we hear from his lips the golden rule of statecraft then he is our brother. [Applause.] He has a right to be, and he has a right to be here.

We are honored this day by the representatives of a people who have been our long-time and unvarying friends. [Applause.] It is not possible for me to think in the terms of countries and continents and governments. My mind thinks only in the terms of men; and perhaps this is as it should be,

for the Goddess of Liberty is not always a strong and virile woman. In the hours of peace she becomes pale and anemic, and it is oftentimes necessary to keep her alive by transfusing into her veins the blood of patriotic and self-sacrificing men.

I cannot think of France, of England, of Italy, of America; I think only of Viviani and Joffre, of Balfour and Haig, of Udine and Cadorna, of Wilson and Pershing. [Loud applause.] On this day as I look into the eyes, the storm-tossed eyes, of these our guests, I cannot think of Russia as the land of Alexander and Nicholas. She seems to me to be only the home of Kropotkin and of Tolstoi.

Travelers tell us that there is a point in Iceland where the rays of the setting and the rising sun mingle. Already upon the far-flung eastern battle line of Europe the rays of the setting sun of autocracy have mingled with the rays of the rising sun of democracy. [Applause.] May that sun grow in light and warmth, and may it be undimmed by the clouds of internal dissension. May democracy everywhere understand that its first duty is to make a democrat a free man everywhere on earth. [Applause.]

Last week we went with little Belgium sadly to her Gethsemane; to-day let us go gladly, with mighty Russia, to her Mount of Transfiguration. [Applause.]

BRANDER MATTHEWS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University has long been well known as dramatist and essayist. He is one of our most effective and graceful after-dinner speakers. The following speech was made at a dinner in the Ritz Hotel celebrating the centennial of James Russell Lowell by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Among other speakers on this occasion was Mr. Galsworthy, who brought greetings from English men of letters.]

It was with pleasure that I accepted the invitation to say a few words this evening, because it gives me occasion to pay a debt of gratitude. Fifty years ago, when I was an undergraduate in college, there fell into my hands by good fortune two volumes the influence of which abides with me yet. They were the "Essays in Criticism" of Mathew Arnold and "Among My Books" by James Russell Lowell. They revealed to me what criticism might be—a torch to light the path that leads to literature.

Arnold's essays were logical in structure, enlightening in critical theory and stimulating in their application of the canons of art; and with advancing years I hold them in ever higher esteem. But I was more immediately attracted to Lowell; and I delighted in the sanity of his judgment, the enthusiasm of his appreciation, the individuality of his expression and the coruscating brilliance of his wit. I enjoyed the brisk liveliness of the "Fable for Critics" and the pungency of the "Biglow Papers"; and I came in time to a richer understanding of his loftier lyrics and more especially his noble commemoration odes, with their burning patriotism and their unforgettable characterization of Washington and Lincoln, in which we find the imagination and the elevation, the dignity and the certainty of a Greek inscription.

Less than a score of years later, when Lowell had become our minister to Great Britain, I had the pleasure of hearing him

speak and of having speech with him; and thereafter I had as high an opinion of the man as I had earlier had of the critic and the poet. He was a gentleman and a scholar, in the good old phrase; but above all else he was a man, standing on his own feet, doing his own thinking, and ready always to bear his full share of the burden of life. He was a man who had become a citizen of the world without ceasing to be an American of the strictest sect. He was a true cosmopolitan, because in Colonel Higginson's apt phrase, "He was at home—even in his own country."

He was healthy and robust, full-blooded and red-blooded, with no trace of dyspepsia and no taint of anæmia. His genius was not a thing apart, "a pillared hermit of the brain,"—to quote from his tribute to Agassiz. He boasted that he was a bookman; and—to borrow a figure from Dr. Holmes, "He had the easy feeling among books that a stable-boy has among horses." He could toil manfully, as a scholar must, for ten hours at a stretch and for weeks at a time; but he never allowed the dust of pedantry to stifle him. His love for nature, equal to his love for literature, kept him breathing the pure air of all out-doors.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that two of our foremost men of letters have been born on days memorable in our history. Hawthorne, in many aspects the most peculiarly American of our story-tellers, was born on the Fourth of July; and Lowell, with whom patriotism was a passion, was born on February twenty-second,—a fit birthday for one who, as our representative to Great Britain, was to do all that in him lay to emphasize, as we are emphasizing to-night, the essential unity of all the English-speaking peoples.

In England men of letters have on occasion been called to the service of the state,—Chaucer and Milton and Addison. Here in the United States we have followed the example of the Italian Republics, who sent Dante and Petrarch and Ariosto on missions of importance. Franklin was our first envoy to France; and later Irving was sent to Spain, Bancroft to Germany, and Motley to Austria. More recently three members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters have represented us in foreign parts,—Thomas Nelson Page in Italy, Henry van Dyke in Holland, and Brand Whitlock in Belgium.

Thackeray called Irving "the first ambassador that the New World of letters sent to the Old"; and Irving humorously accounted for the cordiality of his reception in England as due in part to the surprise of the British at seeing an American with a quill in his hand instead of in his hair.

From Franklin's day to the present, the men of letters whom we have sent abroad have held it to be their foremost duty to make friends for their country in the land to which they were accredited, to remove all sources of misunderstanding, to do all in their power to further peace and good-will. This was Lowell's aim, when he was transferred from Madrid to London. There was a pleasant piquancy in our sending to the British, the bard who had rimed the stinging stanzas of "Jonathan to John"; but the choice was wise, if only because the English have ever a higher regard for a man who has stood up to them squarely. Lowell's Americanism was uncompromising, yet he never felt himself an alien in the little "isle set in the silver sea." Perhaps it was because he held himself to be a direct descendant of the Elizabethans that he was able to make himself so easily at home among the Victorians. He had good humor as well as humor; and his smile irradiated friendliness.

All the years Lowell was in England he kept the flag flying at the masthead, although he frequently dipped his colors in the courtesy of a salute. The late Colonel Eustace Balfour, a son-in-law of the Duke of Argyle, told me that the family were always glad when Lowell visited them, but that they had then to keep a guard on their tongues, lest an innocent allusion to America might abraid Lowell's susceptibility. He took the same stalwart attitude in all his many speeches, in his charming talks at the dinner-table as well as in his more deeply meditated addresses. At Birmingham he declared the virtues of Democracy, leaving the discussion of its vices until he returned home and told us the duty of the Independent in Politics.

At a dinner given thirty years ago by the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Tennyson was President, to Lowell and to the other American men of letters who chanced to be in London that summer, in recognition of our efforts in behalf of international copyright, he made one of the happiest of his speeches, as full of good-will as it was of "good things."

I recall the smile with which he said that he had been told often enough that we Americans were inclined to see only our side of any question and that we were apt to think we were always in the right. Then he added: "This certainly conduces to peace of mind and imperturbability of judgment, whatever other merits it may have. I am sure I do not know where *we* got it. Do *you?*"

And in an earlier speech at Emmanuel College, the Alma Mater of John Harvard, he spoke of the community of blood between America and England, the community of institutions, and the community of language—"or shall I say, the partial community of language? At any rate, I must allow that, considering how long we have been divided from you, you speak English remarkably well." Possibly one or another of his hearers might have taken this as an instance of a certain condescension in a foreigner, were it not that the British never looked at Lowell as a foreigner. Nor did he so regard himself, for he knew that we were all the children of Chaucer, the subjects of King Shakspere, the co-heirs of Milton and Dryden. We might be separated by a thousand leagues of "the salt, unplumbed, astranging sea", we might be kept apart politically by allegiance to a different fatherland, but we were forever united in our possession of a common mother-tongue.

It is recorded that in the darkest days of the Revolutionary War, a perfervid patriot in the Continental Congress moved that we renounce the use of the English language and adopt one of our own,—whereupon Roger Sherman moved to amend that we retain the English language and compel the British to learn some other. If either of these impossible motions had been carried, and if either of them could have been carried into effect, no one would have been more aggrieved than Lowell. He knew our noble tongue in its remoter historical recesses; and he was always glad when he could adduce evidence that the thread out of which our homely Yankee speech is woven had been spun in Elizabethan England. He knew that our language was not a loan to us but an inheritance and that ours was no younger brother's portion but, as the lawyers say, a whole and undivided half. Therefore we must ever share the responsibility for keeping English fit for service, pure and vigorous and supple.

It was at a dinner given to the late Sir Henry before the first of his many professional visits to the United States that I heard Lowell assert that an after-dinner speech ought to contain an anecdote, a platitude and a quotation. I have ventured upon more than one anecdote; and I dare not hope that I have escaped uttering more than one platitude. But I have saved the quotation to the end. I take it from the verses which Emerson wrote just sixty years ago to be read at the dinner given to Lowell on his fortieth birthday:

Man of marrow, man of mark,
Virtue lodged in sinew stark;
Rich supplies and never stinted,
More behind at need is hinted.

. . . . .

Too well gifted to have found
Yet his opulence's bound.

. . . . . .

Logic, passion, cordial zeal,
Such as bard and Nero feel
—Strength for the hour—
For the day sufficient power.

. . . . . .

But if another temper come,
If on the sun shall creep a gloom,

. . . . . .

Then the pleasant bard will know
To put his frolic mask behind him,
Like an old summer cloak,
And in sky-born mail to bind him,
And singlehanded cope with Time,
And parry—and deal the thunderstroke.

ARTHUR MEIGHEN

CANADA'S PROBLEMS AND OUTLOOK

[The Right Honorable Arthur Meighen was born in Perth County, Ontario, in 1874, brought up on the farm, and graduated from Toronto University in 1896. He entered the Canadian House of Commons in 1908, and has held various offices in the Cabinet. At present he is Leader of the Opposition. The following speech was delivered at the Dominion Day Dinner, London, July 1, 1921.]

I THANK you heartily for the warmth of your welcome. It is a matter of deep satisfaction to me that, at a time when, far from its shores, I am called upon, so far as it lies within my ability, to interpret the mind of our country upon affairs of great importance to it, I am permitted to seek support and counsel from so numerous and representative a gathering of my fellow-countrymen as that assembled here to-night. The tasks to which I address myself are not ones which I can hope to bring to success unless the solutions proposed receive general assent, and I hope you will believe that I have approached them with the most earnest desire that they shall be solved in a manner satisfactory to our countrymen and to the people of the Britannic Commonwealth as a whole.

There is a constant desire of all His Majesty's subjects, a deep-rooted desire which springs from our common traditions, our undivided allegiance, our mutual loyalty, that, after consultation and conference, decisions arrived at shall speak the united opinion of all. Individual points of view there must be, but we are determined that no thought of separate advantage, no claim of special privilege shall outweigh the overriding common interest. This is a principle which we Canadians can well appreciate, for it has been the foundation of our national policy and endeavor since Canada was a united country.

I shall not traverse ground familiar to every one to point out landmarks in our national development. I prefer, if I may, to suggest, rather than accurately to define, some of the obli-

gations which fall upon us by reason of the position which our country has attained as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and of that wider society of states to which British practice has given the model, and to whose maturity and usefulness the assistance of British statesmanship will continue to be essential.

What then is our national position? Our allegiance to its common Sovereign and our membership in the Empire are fundamental; but our geographical situation, our social composition, our economic heritage and development raise problems which are not identical with those which confront the Motherland or any other Dominion.

First it must be noted that we are a western continental power, vitally affected in our aspirations and actions by our position on the globe. We are justly proud that, when earth's foundations were threatened, we came earliest from the New World to help redress the overweighted balance of the Old; and I believe we have a duty to bear our part in reasserting and maintaining the equilibrium of civilization. We span a continent and are a link between East and West. We touch on four thousand miles of unfortified boundary another great branch of the English-speaking peoples; and I believe, because of our intimacy and understanding, that we have no small part to play in finding a remedy for some effects of a division which the Prime Minister of South Africa aptly termed "a historical mistake." We cannot, if we would—but if we could I feel it would be our duty not to—stand aside from the stream and tendency of civilization. The world lately learned by stern experience that no nation, as no man, lives unto itself alone. Canada will be more fully carrying out her task as an inheritor and molder of British practice and policy as her interest and influence in every part of the world expand.

I will not venture a prophecy as to what the future critic of national characteristics will discover to distinguish the Canadian people, but one fancies that sometimes there is misconception in this respect about parts of the Empire with which one is not so well acquainted as with one's own. Because the Dominions inherit the same strains of blood and tradition it will not do to identify them with each other or with

the Motherland. New, immature perhaps, they may be; but it is a misconception, from force of circumstances more current in the United Kingdom than overseas, to suppose that each of the Dominions is but a replica of the Mother Country, instead of a living, throbbing society, developing a common stock of conventions, aspirations, and ideals, molding them in its own way and according to the measure of its own genius. The people of two of the Dominions are not composed of one race, but they are the inheritors of the copartnership of western European civilization to which the world owes the ideas still dominating it. We have lately witnessed a fresh and luxuriant creation of racial States. No free man may question the justice of their national aspirations: the claims of freedom against tyranny stir a sympathetic chord in every free breast. But there is authority for the principle that the united support of common ideals by those who, though of different descent, have a common allegiance, may hold the best guarantee and promise of liberty and civilization. This, at all events, is Canada's conviction.

The task of subduing the natural products and forces of half a continent to the uses of man is no light one, especially if it is conducted by a small population which, I am glad to think, is not wholly concerned with the material things of existence; but it is a task which kindles enthusiasm and encourages optimism. If a vast amount remains to be done, we have made rapid strides in the distance we have gone; have, I think, proceeded along right lines; and ought to regard the future with abounding confidence. We have built up by the forethought and energy of successive generations a well-balanced and increasingly self-contained national existence. Our communications, built, many will think, in advance of our needs, will serve the purpose of national development, and will in the long future, I am fully persuaded, become in the aggregate a paying national investment.

Every phase of our national advance gives ground for hope. There are no dark shadows on the path of our national destiny. Within the ambit of the Britannic system we may anticipate continued security, ordered liberty, and sound economic development; and forsee an increasing contribution to the civilization, peace, and happiness of the world.

THE BRITISH POLITICAL TRADITION

[This address was delivered at the Royal Gallery, House of Lords, at the Dinner of the United Kingdom Branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association, June 24, 1921.]

THE peoples of the British realms are not specially gifted with the faculty for expressing their deepest emotions and aspirations, nor do they often care to proclaim them publicly, so it appears to me that this gathering is one of peculiar significance. It is eloquent evidence of the common loyalty and essential unity of the peoples of all His Majesty's Dominions; of their attachment to British institutions; and of their desire to repay, at this ancient shrine and fount of freedom, their homage to the tradition which is Britain's legacy to them and her example to the world.

So experienced and informed a student of politics as Lord Bryce has lately made the grave admission that "the dignity and moral influence of representative legislatures have been declining";[1] but with reasoned optimism he considers that if democracy has not fulfilled every extravagant hope, judged, as it has a right to be judged, by systems it has displaced, "it has in some countries destroyed, in others materially diminished, many of the cruelties and terrors, injustices and oppressions that had darkened the souls of men for many generations."[2] We, inheritors of the British tradition, are, I think, entitled to share Lord Bryce's optimism. Our unity of sentiment and aim have maintained while multiplying our parliamentary institutions, which in turn have protected while they advanced our freedom. Other countries developed representative institutions as clearly as England; but while her unity maintained them, their class divisions, reflected, even embodied in their assemblies, permitted, if they did not promote, the establishment of despotism on the ruins of liberty. It is our fundamental principle that the interests of no class, no party, no nation even, shall displace the overriding interests of the commonwealth.

But her legacy to the Britannic Commonwealth is not the

[1] *Modern Democracies,* Vol. II, p. 391.
[2] *Ibid.,* Vol. II, p. 585.

full measure of Britain's contribution to the world. That vast and powerful community of British origin, where, though the King's writ does not run, the King's English is spoken, and the Common Law enforced; where British ideals of liberty and government prevail; which, on a four-thousand-mile undefended boundary of the King's Dominion that I represent, has kept for a century the King's Peace: the great Republic has received her share and upheld her part of the British legacy, molding and completing it by her own peculiar genius. I hope it may not prove to be beyond the resources of statesmanship that that great country, to the exclusion of no other, may be included in that congeries of nations which shall keep the peace and complete the reëstablishment of civilization.

To that wider association, to which the United States has as yet refused her adhesion, but to the constitution of which almost no amendment could be objectionable which would secure it,—to the League of Nations, what has British Statesmanship contributed, and from it, what may the world expect? The contribution of my South African colleague is well known;[1] the League's foundation on consultation and conference is a British contribution drawn from the practice and conventions with which we, in the narrower, more intimate, and presently more successful league of which we are members, are familiar. The world must not too soon become impatient with the League's timid, tentative efforts. It is a great experiment which demands and requires our hearty support. The war showed us the intimacy and interdependency of international relationship. No country, no continent may live unto itself. The world once centered round the Mediterranean, then round the Atlantic, its center of gravity may now be the Pacific; but British interests are world-wide, and surround and traverse the Seven Seas. No narrow policy will suffice for the safety of any nation. All must coöperate for the world's peace.

[1] The Covenant of the League followed closely the suggested terms of General Smuts' pamphlet, *The League of Nations,* published in December, 1918, just before the Peace Conference commenced.

WILLIAM B. MELISH

THE LADIES

[Speech of William B. Melish at a banquet given in honor of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of the United States, by the Templars of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburgh, Pa., 1898. Colonel Melish, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was assigned the toast, "Our Ladies."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—Once in three years it falls to the lot of a few, a happy few, of us budding blossoms of the official corps of the Grand Encampment to be discovered by a triennial committee, and distinguished by having our names printed on the banquet lists, and told that we are to sit among the elect at the big center table, and to respond to certain toasts. With all the vanity of man we gladly accept, and care little what the toast may be. So, when the Pittsburgh Committee asked me to select my topic, I rashly said "any old thing," and they told me I was to talk about the ladies. Then I regretted that I had said "any old thing." [Laughter.] In vain I told them I knew but little of the subject, delightful though it be, and that what I did know I dare not tell in this presence. The Chairman unearthed some ancient Templar landmark of the Crusaders Hopkins and Gobin, about "a Knight's duty is to obey," hence as the poet says:—

> "When a woman's in the case,
> You know all other things give place."

Last Sunday when the Grand Master, and all the Grand officers, save possibly the Grand Prelate, made their *triennial* appearance in church, I picked up a book in the pew I was in, and was impressed with the opening chapters of a story called "The Book of Genesis." It is the first mention made of one who was entitled to be called the "first lady in the land." I read that the Creator "saw everything that he had made and behold it was very good," and he rested. Then He made man

and said he was good—and He rested. He then made woman out of the rib of a man, but no mention is made of His remarks, or of His resting—in fact there has been no rest for mankind ever since. [Laughter.] The first lady was called woman—"because she was taken out of man," and twenty centuries look down upon us, and we realize that what she has taken out of man is a plenty. As the poet Moore pleasantly remarks: —

"Disguise our bondage as we will
'Tis woman, woman rules us still."

For two thousand years the Order of Knighthood has been endeavoring to ameliorate and elevate the condition of womankind. Among savages they are beasts of burden, among barbarians and Mohammedans they are toys or slaves, but among us, thanks to American manhood, they have our love and respect, they have all our rights, all our money, and, in these days of tailor-made garments, they have nearly all our clothes; and we smile and smile, and wonder what next? [Laughter.]

Is it surprising that a sedate, sober-minded, slightly baldheaded, middle-aged Templar Knight, "used only to war's alarms [laughter] and not to woman's charms," should be at a loss what to say on an occasion like this, or to do justice to such a subject? It is delightful to have the ladies here. Like Timon of Athens we can truly say:—

"You have, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion to our entertainment
Which was not half so beautiful and kind."

In the presence of the bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and warm red lips of the ladies it might be possible to work up to the proper degree of enthusiasm in the short time allotted me, if it were not for the stony glare of one which says "Beware, I am here!" [Laughter.] Now, in my innocence, I presumed that poets were the fellows who had prepared all the pretty things to say about the dear girls, but I find a variety of opinions expressed. That good old Masonic bard, Bobby Burns, says:—

"And nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man
An' then she made the lasses, O."

But you will note that Dame Nature swears this, and she is not a competent witness as she had nothing to do with the little surgical episode when Brother Adam lost his rib. [Laughter.] Lord Lyttleton gave our sisters good advice, as follows:—

"Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's noblest station is Retreat,
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth that shuns too strong a light."

Another English authority named "Howe," in his "Advice to Wives," says:—

"A wife, domestic, good and pure
Like snail should keep within her door,
But not, like snail, with silver track
Place all her wealth upon her back."

But who in these latter days would preach the heresies of those old-fashioned fellows to the hundreds of ladies present, plumed in all the titles and distinctions of the hundred and one women's clubs of to-day, which they represent? Perish the thought!

Woman is being emancipated. She is enthroned in the sun, crowned with stars, and trampling beneath her dainty feet the burnt-out moon, emblem of a vanished despotism that denied her the companionship of her husband, questioned her immortality, locked her up in the harem, or harnessed her to the plow. A hundred years from now, if she does a man's work, she will be paid a man's wages [applause], and some of us will not have to work for a living, but can go to our clubs in peace, take our afternoon naps, and be ready in the evening to get Mamma's slippers ready when she comes home from the office. [Laughter.]

But the problem for to-night is how to consider the various relations which women bear to us weak, frail men—as mother

or mother-in-law, as sweetheart or wife. We are somewhat in the predicament of the green bridegroom at Delmonico's who said: "Waiter, we want dinner for two." "Will ze lady and ze gentleman haf table d'hôte or à la carte?" "Oh, bring us some of both, with lots of gravy on 'em!" Oh, ye Knights! Take the advice of the philosopher who is talking to you, and be on the best of terms with your mother-in-law. [Laughter.] Only get her on your side, and you have a haven to fly to when all others fail to appreciate you, and when some one of the others feels appointed a special agent to tell you about it. Now it isn't everybody that knows this, and I commend it to you. [Laughter.]

Some men are like the two darkies I heard discussing the question of what a man should do if he were in a boat on a wide river, with his mother and his wife, and the boat should sink, and he could only save one woman. "Johnson," said Billy Rice, "who would you save, yo' mudder or yo' wife?" Johnson thought and said: "Billy I would save my mudder. I could get anudder wife, but where under the blue canopy of hebben could I get anudder dear old mudder?" "But look here, Billy! 'Spose you was in de boat, in de middle of de river, wid yo' wife and yo' mudder-in-law?" "Oh, what a cinch!"—said Billy. "And de boat," continued Johnson, "was to strike a snag and smash to pieces, and eberybody go into de water, who would you save?" "My wife, dar! my mudder-in-law dar! and de boat strike a snag?" "Yes." "I would save de snag," said Billy. "I could get anudder wife, I might den have anudder mudder-in-law, but where under de blue canopy of hebben could I find anudder dear thoughtful old snag?" [Laughter.]

It has been well said that "all a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother." She has sustained at least one of these relations to even the poorest of us; but I wonder if there is a man here to-night so miserably abject and forlorn and God-forsaken as not, some time in his life, to have been able to regard her in the delightful relation of sweetheart? I hope not. I would rather he had had a dozen, than no sweetheart at all. The most unselfish devotion we may ever know is that of our mother; a sweet affection is that of our sisters, a

most tender love is that of our daughters, but the love and affection we all want, and without which we are never satisfied, is that of the sweethearts who reward our devotion—out of all proportion to our deserts—by becoming our wives and the mothers of our daughters. [Applause.]

It is not less the pleasure than the duty of every man to have a sweetheart—I was almost tempted to say, the more, the merrier—and the sooner he makes one of his sweethearts his wife, the better for him. If he is a "woman-hater," or professes to be (for, as a matter of fact there is no such anomaly as a genuine "woman-hater" at liberty in this great and glorious country), let him beware, as I believe with Thackeray, that a "woman, with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes. [Laughter.] Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field and don't know their own power." As the poet—what's-his-name—so beautifully and feelingly and touchingly observes:—

> "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"——
>
> "But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Next to God, we are indebted to woman for life itself, and then for making it worth living. To describe her, the pen should be dipped in the humid colors of the rainbow, and the paper dried with the dust gathered from the wings of a butterfly. There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, there is one upon whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than her own; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness, and devotion to another—that one is she who is honored with the holy name of wife. [Applause.] With the immortal Shakespeare we may say:

"Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

I can do no greater justice to my subject, the occasion, and myself, than by closing with the words of Shelley: "Win her and wear her if you can. She is the most delightful of God's creatures. Heaven's best gift; man's joy and pride in prosperity; man's support and comfort in affliction." I drink her health. God bless her. [Prolonged applause.]

HENRY RUSSEL MILLER

THE AMERICAN IDEAL

[Address (in part) delivered before the Typothetæ and published in the "Typothetæ Bulletin," October 30, 1922.]

America has always had its ideal, and that ideal has grown, as ideals will, kept pace with the national growth. First, freedom; then a strong, united nation; and now a strong nation bearing the responsibilities of strength. Strength we admire, almost worship, here in America, and strong men we must and will ever develop—but for the heavier burdens, the greater service. But a strong man, living, striving, toiling for himself alone, is a miserable spectacle, a danger. The Lincolns, not the Bonapartes, express the American ideal of manhood. And a strong nation, living by itself, for itself, is a tragedy, the most miserable spectacle life affords. That is no part of the American ideal. We may differ as to methods, there is no doubt as to our ultimate objective. America, in the hearts of most Americans, is no Chinese empire, shut off from the world by unscalable walls, but a member of the world community, suffering as the world suffers, gaining as the world gains, and bearing its share of world burdens, even at the cost of local sacrifice.

We gained that knowledge and ideal during the World War, and for that ideal we sent men out to die. Wherever there was intelligent conception at and of the issue they went, that vision in their souls. And here I stand on sure ground. In France I heard hundreds of men discussing, in circumstances that provoked grave thought, the problems and issues of the war. To this day I do not know the politics of a single man I knew in France. I never heard one say, "I am a Republican" or "I am a Democrat." At most their boast was, "I am an American," and even their boast was that of citizens whose country was freely, loyally bearing its share of

a world task. They fought, not for some party's prestige, not even for national power and glory, but to help beat down a thing that threatened the peace and freedom of the world; in the belief that upon their sacrifice other generations should build, bigger and better than our fathers builded, a world organized for friendship and peace.

I know there are shrunken souls who now avow a lesser motive, who dare assert that in the great war America fought only through "fear and selfishness," with eye single to self-interest. But when they claim that they give the lie to the idealism that in '17 and '18 swept this country from sea to sea, gave to America the beauty and power of magnanimous passion. They cast insult on 75,000 white crosses standing "over there," mute but eternal witness to the fact that Americans could and Americans did rise above fear and self.

We best are true to America when we are true to America's best.

Let me tell you something I can never forget. July 20, 1918, was the turning point in the great war. That day, before Soissons, one American division, facing seven German divisions, was trying to take Berzy-le-Sec, key to the Marne salient. Throughout that day was waged a hand-to-hand struggle without equal in the tale of American arms. All day long the lines swayed back and forth in attack and counter-attack. There was one tiny knoll that was taken and retaken six times that day, in the end remaining within our lines.

Toward evening I had to go forward, and just at dusk I came to the slope leading up that knoll. And everywhere I looked the trampled wheat was dotted by recumbent figures. There was no spot on that slope on which you could have stood ten feet from some one of those figures. They might have been weary soldiers that had thrown themselves down to sleep. Then I saw they slept indeed, the sleep no earthly reveille could disturb. I wish you could have seen that silent company under the summer twilight. For it was not gruesome then, and it was not all tragedy. There lay the best of America, not dead nor sleeping, but alive forevermore. For America, if it is anything vital, if it is anything lasting, means what they showed there: free, unswerving loyalty to an ideal not measured by the inch-rule of self.

And just beyond I came to an even greater thing, the thin line of the survivors. Weary beyond words to express, four days without food, save the crusts they had gleaned from the packs of enemy dead, souls lacerated by the ordeal of battle. They had expected to be relieved that night. Instead had come word that in the morning they should leapfrog the first wave, and go over once more, most of them—they knew it—to join their comrades in sleep. And I heard not a fear, not a complaint, not a doubt, not a regret. They were ready.

Friendship costs. For a friend you must expect to pay, in thought, in consideration, sometimes in sacrifice. Ideals cost. So do all good things cost, all true things, all beautiful things. There remains but the question, Are they worth the price?

Was it, for example, worth while for those boys to go out there to die? I think it was, and could give reasons for my faith. But I have a better testimony than my own. Let me give you another war picture.

The field hospital in what had been the Argonne town of Cheppy. The hospital, a great dugout in a hillside, to which had been added three tents, strung along a road over which rolled a constant river of traffic, rolling up to the infantry lines that clung to other hillsides a mile in advance. From those lines, by another road, came back another stream, in ambulances. A thin stream by day, but by night it rose, flooding in until all hands at the hospital could not clear away the wreckage borne in on the flood. Seven thousand from one division passed through that hospital in twelve days.

One night in the receiving ward a weak voice hailed me. I bent over him, a quiet young chap whose record I knew. Badly gassed at Cantigny, he had rejoined his company just in time for the July fighting. Slightly wounded there, he had said nothing about it, dressing his wound himself until it became so badly infected he had to be evacuated. He had come back just before they went into the Argonne. And now there he was, again on a litter, and on his face the gray pallor I was learning to know. He said, "Will you find out how badly I'm hit? I know I have it in both hips, but I've a queer pain in my stomach, and I'd like to know if I'm hit there." I brought a doctor. I saw the examination—saw the three blue, bloodless little holes just over the groin. The doctor said,

"No, old man, you're not hit in the stomach. Keep up your courage, and you'll come out all right." It was not for me to contradict the doctor. To me he whispered, "Not a chance in the world, but get him up to Number Twelve, and see what they can do." So we carried him to the operating tent and left him there.

Two hours later I was at Number Twelve again and asked the sergeant at the desk, "How's Brown?" He said, "Going fast. He was asking for you. Better see him soon." So I went in and found Brown alone. And he greeted me with a cheery smile, "I knew that doctor was lying. Will you stay with me a little?" I couldn't say no to that. We chatted, of the battle up front, of mutual friends, he quite as if nothing had happened to him. Dying—and he knew it—dying alone but for the company of a chance acquaintance. And I heard not a cry, not a fear, not a complaint, not a regret. After a little he became too weak for talk, and then, just as the first gray of dawn was stealing into the tent, he looked up with another smile, and said, "Well, old man, it's been worth while, hasn't it?" And passed out on the wings of the morning.

I cannot weep for such as he—they have a reward we cannot even measure. I cannot weep for those others who, risking the same thing, bore the heat and burden of America's day in the field. I weep rather for those—nations, classes, or men—who have not seen the vision they beheld, have not climbed the heights they achieved, whose hearts and faces are not set where the fallen, with rigid fingers, point the course—Forward!

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL

MAYOR OF NEW YORK

[This speech was given at the Twenty-eighth Annual Dinner of the New York Southern Society, held in the grand ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria, on Wednesday evening, December 10, 1913. Mr. Walter L. McCorkle in introducing the speaker said: "Gentlemen, this city of our choice has a close place in our affection and we are to her loyal. We are most fortunate this evening in having with us a grandson of old Virginia, who has been called recently to the high office of Chief Executive of this great municipality. I have the honor to introduce to you, Hon. John Purroy Mitchel, Mayor-elect of the City of New York."]

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOUTHERN SOCIETY:—I am grateful to your committee for the invitation to come here this evening. I received it shortly before I left the city for the vacation which was necessary after the labors of the campaign, and at a time when I was not certain whether it would be possible, conveniently, to make arrangements, to meet the engagement of this dinner, but when Mr. Adamson told me that the Southern Society wanted me to attend this dinner, I told him that I would so arrange my affairs as to bring about my return to the city in time to come to this dinner, for it was one that I would not miss.

Your President referred to me as the grandson of old Virginia, wasn't it?

THE TOASTMASTER: Quite right, Sir.

For no other reason than because the members of this Society, or some of them, at least, voted for me in the recent election, but perhaps I have a somewhat better claim to the title than that, in view of the fact that my grandfather, while not born in Virginia, was a resident of the State at the opening of the War, and enlisted in the service of the Confederacy, together with his three sons, my father and my two uncles.

In fact, gentlemen, at the time when I was chosen to represent the Fusion forces in the recent campaign, one of the newspapers, commenting upon the choice and pointing out the many excellent reasons why my candidacy was the weakest that could have been selected, referred to the fact as a reason for that, that all of my grandfather's family had given their services to the Confederacy; that my father had enlisted with the first regiment that went out of Virginia, and that two of my uncles had given their lives in the service of that Cause, and thought that that was a reason why the citizenship of New York would not consider me a proper chief executive for the city.

Well, I take the word of your President that the members of this Society, at least, did not find in those facts a good reason for rejecting my candidacy. Nor do I believe that in this era and at this time, the citizenship of this city or of any city of this country or of any part of this country would find in those facts, or in any similar facts a reason for voting either against or for any particular candidate for public office, and that is as it should be.

I do feel that I have to acknowledge a personal debt of gratitude to the many southern citizens of this city, of the citizens of this city of southern birth, because I know that I had nowhere in my candidacy for the Mayoralty a more hearty support than among the southern democrats of New York who felt with me that the truest democracy is that which finds its expression primarily in the service of the people, rather than in the service of any small group of men who choose to call themselves their representatives.

Now, in the invitations which have come to me to speak at public dinners, during the few days that intervene between the present time and the first of January, grateful and pleasant as those invitations are, I find a certain embarrassment, because it is really difficult to find anything to say that will be of interest to my hearers.

You do not want to hear from me a discussion of the plans and the program of the new city administration. Those were discussed amply during the campaign. We told you then what we proposed to do, if you elected us to office, and the time for reviewing and restating that program and those

promises is not now before we have begun fulfillment. I think the time for discussing them is when we are actively engaged in the fulfillment, and when we may discuss with you directly whether or not we are living up to the promises that we made you during the campaign. And I prefer, therefore, as far as possible, to postpone those discussions until we have actively launched forth into the work of the new administration, and then I hope to discuss them fully and intimately and openly with the people of this city.

The other subject which would be of interest to you, and which I know is of burning interest to the representatives of the press, because that has been made very apparent to me during the past two or three days, is the matter of appointments to the departments of the city government, but for obvious reasons, gentlemen, that subject is not open to me yet. It will doubtless be discussed very fully by you after my announcements are made.

There is, however, one subject to which I would like to make brief allusion here to-night, because this is the first dinner at which I have felt that the subject was open to me. I have noticed, although I was not able to read the papers very much during my absence from the city, but I have noticed in the few advices that reached me, that there has been here a good deal of discussion concerning plans for—shall I call it reorganization of the local Democratic party, or for the upbuilding of a more genuinely democratic party in this city. I have seen those plans alluded to, and I have noticed that speculation has been indulged in as to whether the newly elected mayor would take an active part, as Mayor, in that undertaking.

While perhaps it is unnecessary to repeat now what I said so often during the campaign, and I mean what I say during campaigns as well afterwards as at the time, still I will say this again and now. As a Democrat, but more especially as a citizen of New York, I am interested in seeing here a representative, a creditable Democratic party in which we can all take a pride.

As a Democrat, as a citizen of this city, as an individual, I never proposed to surrender my right to take part as an individual in any political movement of which I approve, but, my friends, I say to you that as Mayor of New York I am

pledged by every utterance during the campaign in no way to lend the power, the prestige, or the opportunities of that office to the upbuilding of any party, or any faction, or any group.

No man will be appointed by me to office simply because he belonged to one of the parties which endorsed my candidacy at its primary. No man will be appointed by me to office whose purpose is to use that office, directly or indirectly, for the upbuilding of any particular party in this city, and no man will be retained by me in office who develops such a purpose after appointment, although I have no expectation of any such development.

I simply say this to you in order that this speculation may be ended now, and this discussion may proceed no further, and I repeat that this administration of the city government is to be non-partisan.

We were elected not to do the work of a particular party. We were elected not as candidates in State and National elections are selected, where they may logically consider that they have become the leaders of the parties that elected them, but we were elected by the citizenship of New York to give a business administration of its affairs, without consideration of politics and that, in so far as I have ability and power, I propose to do.

Your president on one or two occasions has been good enough to suggest to me that I have title to membership in this Society. For one reason or another, chiefly because I have been more or less pressed for time, and have overlooked the matter, I have never yet taken advantage of his very kind offer to help me to become a member of the Southern Society, but now that the customary and time-honored period for joining new organizations,—namely, the campaign—has passed, I may say to you that I am going to take advantage of your President's offer, and that I hope when I meet the members of this Society again, that I will meet them as one.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO

TWO MONTHS IN THE UNITED STATES

[Address delivered at the dinner in his honor at the Lotos Club, October 25, 1913.]

I MUST first of all apologize for it will be difficult for me to show myself here in comparison with some of the eminent orators that you have in this Club. Of course I was very happy to know that I was going to address you, but when I thought of the difficulties that I would meet in this task I was almost frightened. However, I will do my best to give you some of the ideas that were born in my head during this most agreeable and most attractive and most interesting trip that I made in your country.

Gentlemen, when a man can say after a period of two months that he hasn't lost a single hour of his time, he may indeed consider himself as a fortunate man. Well, this is my happy lot to-night. In a sort of ideal dream my mind travels back over the delightful experiences of my stay in your country, and knowing as I do something of the charming pride which prompts you always to ask your visitors what they think of the United States I will try to give you a faint idea of the impression which at this moment fills my head and my heart.

At the very outset it is my duty and very great pleasure to make acknowledgment of the gracious hospitality offered me at his ranch in the Rocky Mountains by Mr. Anderson, by your renowned artist, who is also a hunter of no mean experience and skill. To him I am deeply indebted, and on this occasion I can but leave with you a hint of all that my visit to his place meant to me.

The grandeur of the environment coupled with that rare intellectual companionship gave to the whole experience a nobler charm and distinction. Surely thus coming into touch

with nature in the majestic form which it assumes in that region of the Rockies, and composed as it was like a vast painting, there arose in me those emotions which make the great joys of one's existence. I felt my heart beat as I stood before the bear and the great elk in those magnificent virgin forests.

Everywhere my imagination called up those memories which have their part in your ancient continent, some of the world of impressive shadows which still represent a mysterious race in this vast territory where everything is majestic. Other memories like these fabulous forms in the dim distance of centuries forever gone that stepped upon the earth in the first ages of the world, the march of creatures that have disappeared from nature, the vast and mammoth inhabitants of the forests of which there are no mementoes but those from the depths of the soil when your landsmen dig them up for the benefit of science. Before I lived many hours of never-to-be-forgotten observation and study, saw among the figures of men and mind the riches of your civilization and the practicalness of their toil.

But when those wonderful trains which make one forget the length of the journey carried me back to the great cities which you have made the center of the world of industry, my brain performed one of its most strenuous efforts in trying to measure up the American spirit and catch a glimpse of the goal towards which it is irresistibly sweeping along the many elements which come here in thousands and make for it. I wanted to see and I saw at close range your work in all classes, your work in which you let individual intelligence and initiative have the fullest possible scope, and which remunerates each one proportionately to his merits, and I weighed the benefit that the nation derives from this justice and this wisdom, and I felt how the dignity of the worker in these conditions arouses a legitimate pride and an added incentive personally of his own.

As for the common laborer who toils with his hands, while his brain dwells on the disturbing dreams that to-day haunt the mentality of the world's people like a dangerous contagion, you give to the masses the instruction for which they are athirst, but you give it with discernment, with a discernment

which develops and safeguards the judgment, the principal guide of all in the conduct of life.

Whenever I have had the good fortune to associate intimately with your scientific men it has been my delight, for I have felt how much their efforts are backed up by the nation, and I am convinced that the progress of science already finds in America a solid body of support with the help of which it will grow for the honor and glory of humanity. And I am sure I express the thought of all the intelligent men of Europe when I say how much they envy you the peace that you enjoy, the peace which enables you to accomplish with ease these works so peculiarly the product of sustained and fruitful labor and to bear a part in the solving of social and economic questions in complete freedom of mind.

For in Europe we see the sap of our races being squandered by the influences of an historic heredity, precious so far as sentiment is concerned, but fatal to the march of thought. Our people so richly endowed by their philosophers and men of science are still subject to the atavism of brutish customs which shut them out of the serene regions of work in which here you find the greatest happiness that men may have upon earth; the guarantee of a legitimate prosperity for him who earns it and transmits it to his children.

In our European countries war, that scourge of peoples who are the slaves of their history, is forever threatening the worker in his life, in his possessions. The right of might pulls down to-day what was built up yesterday. The false interpretation of national dignity teaches the masses principles contrary to civilization and continually puts a stop to flights of creative power which our men of genius want to give to the intellectual life.

It is well for Americans that they have the right of creating in complete security works the magnificence of which stand for the elevation of the American Commonwealth and of humanity. Highly intellectual men resolve to use the moral and mental forces that nature has bestowed upon them and delight to work for the rising and enlightened governments, and come to your country and work with you to found a nation worthy of modern times and that may be of the most productive elements of our humanity.

Gentlemen, if I have expressed this evening in a sort of half-mist the impression of my sojourn in your country, it is because my faculties have been keyed up by what I have felt in journeying through the United States almost from one coast to the other. It is because I am independent; the mind knows no greater joy than to frankly proclaim the truth. It is also because I find myself in an environment in which it is one's duty and in which one has liberty to proclaim upon what it has done with science and economics.

But no, I will confide to you one last impression, and I hope that you will be good enough to agree; it is that one which will be alive forever in my memory by the cordial hospitality and entertainment so frank and so engaging which have been shown to me everywhere where I have been in the United States, and more especially in this present evening.

JOHN BASSETT MOORE

AMERICAN IDEALS

[John Bassett Moore (born December 3, 1860) was elected judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice, instituted by the League of Nations in 1921. This address opened a discussion of the subject at a luncheon of the Republican Club of New York, March 27, 1915.]

Every great nation has made, to the history and civilization of the world, some distinct individual contribution. In no case has this been more emphatically true than in that of the United States. The entrance of the United States of America into the family of nations was, as I venture to believe, the most important event of the past two hundred years and one of the most important events of all time. For centuries, transitions of government in Europe had been complicated with settled, fixed traditions. In America the ground was relatively clear, so that the people might plant as they liked and gather the appropriate harvest.

The Declaration of Independence itself presaged the development of a theory and a policy which must be worked out in opposition to the ideas that had then long dominated the civilized world. Of this theory and policy the keynote was freedom; of the individual, in order that he might work out his destiny in his own way; freedom in government, in order that the human faculties might have free course; freedom in commerce, in order that the resources of the earth might be developed and rendered fruitful in the increase of human wealth, contentment and happiness.

Intimately associated with the idea of freedom was that of opportunity—equality of opportunity. When the late Chief Justice Fuller was nominated for the Supreme Court of the United States by President Cleveland, the circumstance was recalled that, only a few weeks previously, when his name

had not been mentioned in connection with the post of Chief Justice, he opened an address before a club at Chicago with the declaration, "The Republic is opportunity." The truth of the declaration was strikingly illustrated in his own case.

It was inevitable that the American people, possessed of a measure of freedom and of opportunity such as no other people enjoyed, should develop the ideal of democracy. I, of course, speak of democracy in its broad and philosophical sense and not in the sense of party politics. It is a well known historical fact that the party first professing the ideal of democracy, as opposed to the conservation of existing privileges, called itself "republican." But, no matter what might be the party title, the broad democratic spirit grew and flourished and eventually carried everything with it. The so-called Federalist party, because it came to be associated with certain policies of unpopular tendency, lost its following and ceased to exist.

The popular party, first called "republican," then "democratic-republican," and finally simply "democratic," eventually came to embrace for a time substantially the entire population, and for a considerable period divided on personal rather than on political lines. The election of the President of the United States was practically taken from the hands of the small and select electoral body in which the Constitution had placed it and was transferred by popular action to the people of the United States. Candidates came to be nominated by national conventions, and it was for the purpose of casting their ballots for the one candidate or the other that the electors in the several States were chosen. In recent years an effort has been made still further to popularize the selection of candidates for the Presidency.

The revolution in national methods was only a reflection of what had been going on in the several states. In the colonial times the right of suffrage was closely restricted. In some instances, special moral qualifications were prescribed; in others, religious tests were extracted; but everywhere property qualifications were imposed. An accomplished student of our political institutions has estimated that, as the result of the conditions thus imposed upon the exercise of the elective franchise, the number of voters down to the year 1800 was only from

15 to 20 per cent of what the number would have been on the basis of to-day.

Not only was the number of electors increased, under a system practically based on universal manhood suffrage, but a tendency was manifested to make all offices elective. As a result, not only were executive officers and members of legislative bodies chosen by popular vote, but even judicial magistrates were placed in a similar category. The system of electing judges by popular vote, which seems first to have been adopted in Georgia in 1812, for the purpose of selecting judges of the inferior courts, was made applicable to all judicial magistrates in Mississippi by the Constitution of 1832. The method thus introduced was soon adopted in other States, and in time the popular election of judges became general. That it has everywhere worked with entire satisfaction is a claim which even those who are convinced of its general soundness would hardly make for it.

All the movements of this world, whether conservative or radical, tend to go to extremes. The great task of statesmanship is to preserve a proper balance. In one instance the desire to secure equality of opportunity was carried so far as to abolish all qualifications for admission to the practice of the law. This was done in Indiana, and was made a part of the constitution of the State. How the system worked may be inferred from the fact that unlearned and unskilled practitioners came to be known as "constitutional" lawyers—a phrase employing, in this particular instance, a certain measure of disrespect. Recently, however, this particular privilege of ignorance and incapacity has been done away with by a new constitutional provision.

In this change we have an illustration of the disposition of the American democracy to profit by experience and to correct errors when they are shown to exist. This is in reality but a manifestation of what may be called the sound conservatism of the American people. No doubt one of the greatest perils to which democracy is exposed is that of the exaltation of inefficiency and incompetency. There may be, and doubtless are, persons who honestly believe that knowledge and experience may beget prejudices which are more to be reprobated than the mistakes that proceed from a want of knowledge and

skill. But I am far from believing that this is the general sense of the American people. I believe, on the contrary, that they desire the best service that can be obtained and fully appreciate the importance of being well served.

Another American ideal which I wish to mention is that of legality. The great end of democracy is the incorporation of its purposes and aspirations in the form of just and equal laws. Acting in what I have called the spirit of legality, the American people have committed to their courts a larger and more important part than is perhaps elswhere borne by judicial tribunals in the administration of the affairs of the community.

What a combination of ideals is here exhibited—freedom, opportunity, legality! In the combination of these ideals we find the true basis of peace, national and international.

JOHN MORLEY

TESTIFYING

[John Morley (born in 1838; created Viscount of Blackburn in 1908) was warmly welcomed during his visit to America in 1904. The following address was delivered at the 136th Annual Banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, held at Delmonico's, November 15, 1904.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I thank you for the very cordial—the extraordinarily cordial reception that you have been good enough to give me. The language used by the President is far in excess of any merits of mine. One point I do accept. You have not, either here or on the other side of the Atlantic, any warmer friend of you and of your institutions than myself. [Shouts of bravo and applause.] Some months ago the invitation to dine with your distinguished company was forwarded to me by Mr. Choate, your distinguished Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and he used the very language that the President has used to-night in his letter to the Chairman. He said, "you will there meet the most representative assembly of the most important interests in the United States that could possibly be got together"; and I am glad, like the Secretary of the Treasury—I am glad for perhaps different reasons [laughter]—I am glad that I did not hesitate to say to Mr. Choate, "If I am in America on that day in November I will be one with the Chamber of Commerce." Your kindness to-night is only of a piece, after all, with the good-fellowship that has been extended to me in other places—Pittsburgh, Chicago, and a number of other places that have been kind enough to invite me to visit them. I confess that I am sincerely and deeply touched at the idea that I should be taken as the representative of Great Britain, whose ensign I am glad to see confronting me [applause], little worthy as I am of holding that distinguished post. You will readily believe, gentlemen, that

during this short visit of mine—a short, but not an idle visit—I have had new interests stirred, new points of view opened, the world made larger by my intercourse with the United States; I see things—I confess it—in a different proportion. Do not let me deceive you—I do not at all intend to place Great Britain at an infinite distance behind the Stars and Stripes [laughter]; you all here are good Americans, and I am a good citizen of Great Britain. Now, the Secretary of the Treasury has made you a most interesting speech; he has told you that he is reasonably optimistic; that he does not care about the doors being closed; he tells you frankly that prices are good; that hopes are buoyant, and that there is no danger of any loss of poise. Yes, but then I thought to myself all the time the Secretary of the Treasury was speaking, if hopes in the United States are buoyant, what about hopes in that little island from which I come? Now, I am, what I do not suppose anybody else in this room is, what I have stated at Pittsburgh and have said at Chicago, I am bound to repeat here—I am what nobody else is—I am a free-trader. [Laughter and applause.]

But whatever may be said of the people of the United States, everybody agrees that they are a good-natured people, and, therefore, I hope you will allow me in two sentences, and no more, to go through that performance which in my part of the world—I dare say in yours—is called testifying. [Laughter.] Frankly, I rejoice to hear from the Secretary of the Treasury that your hopes are buoyant, and that you are prosperous. Why, that is a thing that struck me most in my rapid transit through important trade centers in this country—the enormous and unbounded strength of your material resources. [Applause.] Still, as I said at Chicago, business is business. [Laughter.] And being a good-natured people, let me say that I have seen nothing—don't hoot me out of the room—[laughter]—I have seen nothing, no evidence during this run through some of the centers of your country to make me believe that you would not have been just as great, just as mighty—I mean, in industrial competition—just as prosperous, just as strong, as you are to-day, if you had taken that worn-out Shiboleth, as I am told—"No tariff excepting for purposes of revenue." [Applause.]

Well, if that is all the penalty that comes of testifying, I do not think I need have taken the trouble to have testifed, because I gather that a good many of you at all events have some doubts—[laughter]—as to that matter. And now, this is the last remark I will make upon that very delicate ground, which is less delicate than I thought it would be [laughter], though it may be that I am so stupid or so stubborn or so much of a doctrinaire—a name I am well acquainted with—as to doubt whether you would not have been just as well off if you had accepted that formula. I do not believe, in this great hall, representing such enormous interests, representing men of a business sagacity that could not be rivaled in any capital on the habitable globe, there are many of you who, in calm moments, would not agree that if my country, if Great Britain—the greatest carrier in the world so long as you persist in your present tactics—[great laughter and applause]—that it would be suicidal for Great Britain to impose a tariff for other purposes than revenue. You will agree, that for a country, a great carrier, which is dependent on other countries for the food of its people and for the raw material of its great industries, you will all agree that it would be preposterous for us to entertain the notion of what is called fiscal reform. [Laughter.]

Now, I am not going to keep you more than a few moments. [Cries of "Go on."] I told them at Chicago the other night, and I venture respectfully to repeat it to you, those two great men, Jefferson and Washington, never made a speech, either of them, more than ten minutes in duration.

I sometimes think that, perhaps, that was not a very bad example, which, as far as I can make out, their descendants have not altogether always followed. [Laughter.] But now you will, I am sure, know before I say a word, that the thing that has interested me most in my short visit among you has been the election, the Presidential election. I am a very old hand at elections. I have fought a great many myself, not so august and illustrious as this, but one gets the sporting elections' fever, and last Tuesday, I assure you, I was as vehement as any one amongst you. I went around the polling booths at Chicago, I listened to the announcements that were made from time to time at a dinner which they were

kind enough to give me at Chicago, and after the dinner was over I went and heard the results brought in at the office of a great newspaper in Chicago. A great number of telegraph operators were there, figures were coming in from all parts of this vast continent, and I confess it greatly impressed my imagination, and stirred me to think that in this great country within a few hours the voice of the people, right or wrong. should be so emphatically and so unmistakably ascertained. [Applause.]

It would be most unbecoming of me who, after all, in spite of the intermixture of flags here, am a stranger among you, though I feel extremely at home [applause], to indulge in comment on the result of your election. But there are several points that affected me in that election, and the first was the rapidity—I hope I am not doing wrong in referring to the election—[cries of "No, no," "Go on"]—the rapidity and certainty with which the result was ascertained. Secondly, I was struck with the perfectly good temper in which the defeated party, many of whose representatives were present at that moment in Chicago, took, what to them, I am sure, was a mortifying repulse. But looking at it rather more widely, as a man who has observed Democracy, which we call Liberalism, who believes in it, who has always believed in it, who has always in its darkest hours been faithful to it, I observed your election; and what struck me with delight was that the two candidates were both of them men of unstained character, were men of perfect probity and independence, were men, either of whom, so far as character goes, whatever you may say about policy, any country might have been proud to see as an aspirant for the support of that country. [Applause.] That, I think, is a remarkable fact to be taken into account when people say all kinds of supercilious things about Democracy. Of course, Democracy has its drawbacks, and I should think other forms of government have their drawbacks, too. Does anybody dream that machine politics and corruption, if you like—I do not impute it, but taking the worst view of the case—does anybody suppose that those things came in with Democracy? For my part, I think not, and I am sure many of you know a great deal too much history to believe any such nonsense. Then another point which impressed me very much

was the answer that this election of yours has given to the charge that the United States are given over to machine politics.

Forgive me for telling you these things; perhaps you have heard them before; but was there ever a case—you are better judges than I am—where the people of a country so emphatically and distinctly said: "Machine politics or no machine politics we are going to give our votes for the man in whom we have confidence and whom we trust?" [Applause.]

It would be most unbecoming of me, I repeat, to say a word as to the personality of your new President. I will say this in passing, that it is very gratifying to me to find that a man may write a book about Oliver Cromwell and yet be thought a very good man to whom to trust the destinies of a nation; [laughter and applause]; because, for no better reason that I have written about Oliver Cromwell also. One of his memorable performances was, as you all know, his self-denying ordinance,—a thing for which Oliver Cromwell himself was solely responsible,—to withdraw himself from active military and public life at a certain moment. There appears to be something like a self-denying ordinance announced to the public a day after the election. [Laughter.] Whether that was an imitation of Cromwell or not I do not inquire, but this I do say, without, I hope, being impertinent, that in your new President you have got a man. [Great applause and cheers.] All sorts of events within the four years may break out upon the world—events in the oldest parts of Europe—there are lives in the old parts of Europe upon which results may hang; you have in the Pacific enormous risks, possibilities, open questions, and all I can say is that it will be a great thing for diplomatists to know that in dealing with the government that will come into power and office here on the 4th of March next year you are dealing with a man who has behind him, unless I am mistaken, the American people. [Applause and cheers.] However all that may be, I rejoice to think, and I do think that in these questions and emergencies that may arise Great Britain and the United States will both by interest, by sentiment, be found side by side. [Applause.] I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that it is vital to the progress of the world, to the civilization of mankind, that there should be

union between those two great powers, because we mean to be a great power in spite of what the Secretary of the Treasury has said. [Laughter.] Thus united we will fight side by side for those ideals and those questions which are common to us and common to you. [Laughter.] You have an enormous population of all kinds and nationalities coming to this great continent of yours, but, come as they may, in time they become fused into American citizens, and I shall persist in believing to the end of my days that the ideals and the aims—the moral ideals and moral aims—of the citizens of the United States and of those of my country are the same ideals and the same ends. [Applause.] I do not say that difficulties may not arise. But I have said, and I think it is true, in literature you always seek the best, and in politics, you are not always to be content with second position. But however that may be, I am perfectly sure, from this visit of mine, that you will be prompted, and are going to be prompted, to adopt a similar form of diplomatic action when it becomes a question of policy equally affecting your country and mine. [Great applause.]

I thank you for your great warmth—the real warmth, not the conventional after-dinner warmth; [laughter;] I thank you for the kindness with which you have received me, and I hope that some day or another I may have the honor of again dining with the New York Chamber of Commerce. [Great applause.]

POSITIVELY LAST APPEARANCE

[Speech at the dinner in his honor at the Lotos Club, New York, on November 25, 1904.]

THIS is positively, positively, my last appearance upon any American public stage. You, to the last, show me the same cordial kindness that has been extended to me in Pittsburgh, in Chicago, and at other companies in New York. I don't deserve either the language that was used of me, as I understand, by Mr. Choate last night in London, or the language

used by your president to-night. I don't at all profess to deserve it; and I don't think I do.

I do deserve it, however, in the sense, that there is no man on my side of the water who is more in earnest in believing that the best interests of mankind will be best served by good feeling, which is far more, as your president has said, far more than parchment treaties, the good feeling of the people, whether of Usona, or whatever your name may ultimately be, or the people of a country the name of which I hope is not going to be altered, the people of Great Britain.

These nicknames provoke retaliation; and I tremble when I think of what some vindictive American may say in response to Sir Edward Clarke's somewhat infelicitous suggestion. I have made a mere scamper over your great country, but I have seen a good deal; and after all the alternative is between a short visit, such as I have had the pleasure of paying, and a residence of two or three or four years. For any man to pretend that with anything less than a residence of months, or even years, he can solve problems which you who live here always are not quite ready to solve right off, is really too absurd.

I think I have been able in my short visit to do three things. First, to perceive what are the questions and what are the problems which will engage your attention perhaps for the rest of my life, at all events. Second, to perceive the possible paths along which you may be able to travel toward the solution of those problems. And, third, I have been singularly happy in being able to make the acquaintance of a great number of personalities in the United States in their various spheres, from the very highest, downward, I was going to say down to the presidents of universities [turning to President Butler of Columbia] I have had the honor and pleasure of making, I hope, a cordial, certainly on my part cordial, acquaintance with those personalities who will have no small share, but a great and decisive share in molding the future destinies of this great country.

Now, something has been said by the president of my having written things, and my having taken a part in public affairs. Yes, it is true, I have written too many things. And the pres-

ident said, too kindly said, that I was greatly admired in my own country. I cannot discuss that question for obvious reasons, but I would point out this. When the president says that I have taken part in public affairs, it is true. I think I have been for twenty-one or twenty-two years a member of the House of Commons, and through those twenty-one years the country which so greatly admires me has left me planted on the wrong side of the speaker's chair. It is therefore a great admiration, with some limitation.

But we are now on the eve of a great event, such as you have just recently passed through in this country; and I feel with considerable confidence that as to the next few years, so many of them as I am spared for, the situation on the side of our speaker's chair will be completely and most satisfactorily altered. But whatever turn that may take, I do believe I may fairly say, speaking not merely for one of those miserable subdivisions of a country called a party, but speaking for both parties in my country, whoever sits on the right of the speaker, or on the left of the speaker, there is on both sides of the House of Commons an enduring, thorough resolution, if you will let us, to be absolutely good friends with the government of the United States, and to take a part side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the United States in promoting the common causes, which are the causes of human civilization.

But, gentlemen, don't let us be too exclusive. I myself don't find the satisfaction which I believe many of you find with the prospect of three-fifths, if that be the right fraction, of the human race being of Anglo-Saxon origin within a certain number of years; it doesn't much matter to me what those years are. But I don't find any perfect satisfaction in that.

The important thing is not that the English-speaking race on this side of the Atlantic, or on my side, should have an intellectual and moral primacy, but should enter into a generous emulation with France, and with Germany, and with Italy in bringing mankind at large in a primacy, covering a great many more elements than we English-speaking people shall be able to cover.

Your president refers to things I have written, and as it happens, many of my writings have dealt with events that have

turned upon the genius of France. Mankind cannot do, in my opinion, without the contributions which the genius of France makes to the cause of civilization.

I confess that I have always said that successful diplomacy for me greatly depends upon two things—and I hope no German friend of mine will take offense—first, a good understanding with the United States; and, second, a good understanding with France.

You represent, as I understand, a most distinguished section or number of sections of intellectual and other forms of effort. I am sure that politics are entirely an intellectual form of effort. But you have artists, and journalists, and writers in all walks and degrees. Well, then, gentlemen, after all, you represent the forces that mold communities. The profession of letters, since you, Mr. President, said something about literature and writing, I think, is in itself the noblest of professions. It seems to me that any man who attempts to pursue the profession of letters without keeping himself closely in touch, and saturated with all the influence of the world around him, will probably not write as well as if he had taken part in public affairs; and I repeat here what I said before, it has particular reference to literature, I think, what a better, older, and wiser man than I said a long while ago, it ought to be a part of the religion of men to see that their country is well governed. And it is the part of men of letters in the best sense to see that this is effected.

Somebody said to me to-day, "Well, you have come over as a missionary in a lost cause."

Well, I was greatly surprised. I said, "No, I did not come as a missionary, and I had no cause at all; not as a missionary, and no cause."

"Oh," he said, "What is it—free trade?"

"No, I have not come over as a missionary. True, I have said a few words, a word or two about free trade"—don't be alarmed, gentlemen; not a word to-night, not a word.

I hope I am not profane or guilty of levity, if I say that this remark of my friend to-day, that I had come over as a missionary in the cause of free-trade, reminded me of what happened to Frederick the Great. In those days, connected with

the monarchy of Prussia was the principality of Neufchâtel, and there they were engaged in an ardent and vindictive dispute, as sometimes happens to you. This great controversy was on what all deemed to be the fundamental topic of eternal damnation. Frederick the Great was appealed to to decide the matter. He listened to the arguments on both sides and then considered the question. Finally he said, "My decision is this: In Neufchâtel those who don't believe in eternal damnation, so be it; and those who do believe in eternal damnation, let them be eternally damned."

Gentlemen, I am sure you are all too clever and too acute not to see the application—one which I respectfully make in a protectionist community, you being protectionists. Now I am detaining you too long.

All I can say is, I have had such a reception in various parts of America; in Pittsburgh which I see is the Gibralter of protection; in Chicago, which is the Gibraltar of many things; at Washington, and now, crowning the edifice, in New York, I have had a reception which I can never forget. It will always remain. The personalities that I have made, the acquaintance of, the questions put in motion in my mind, the enlargement of the horizons of my poor political contemplation, are things I can never forget; and I beg to thank you all most cordially for your extreme kindness and joviality in my respect to-night.

PATRICK FRANCIS MURPHY

IN HONOR OF JOSEPH CHOATE

[Patrick Francis Murphy is one of the most graceful and witty of our after-dinner speakers. This speech was made at a dinner of the Pilgrims of the United States given in honor of Mr. Choate, in New York, January 17, 1917. Mr. George T. Wilson presided. The opening paragraph of Mr. Choate's speech gives a vivid picture of the occasion.

"Mr. Chairman and Brethren: It is impossible for me, by any words that I can utter, to do justice to this occasion. The beauty of it, the love of it, the honor of it, never have been surpassed in my personal experience. What a magical demonstration of love and affection this wonderful scene is! Truly I am not sure but that I am already in heaven. This overhanging canopy, spangled with the stars of our national banner; these walls, all around us, on every side, studded with stars; and looking down upon these eighty-five lights, sparkling before the same number of my warm and devoted friends—one for each year of my life—whose beaming faces show their goodwill, why may I not accept this as final, and believe that I have already reached the heavenly goal. At any rate it will never vanish from my memory, and when my time comes to "wrap the drapery of my couch about me and lie down to pleasant dreams," this scene will linger in my last thoughts as one of the pleasantest of them all. It is impossible for me to find language to express my gratitude for your unfailing kindness."]

Mr. Chairman, my distinguished guest, and members of the Pilgrims: What a pleasure it is to listen to Mr. Wilson! He possesses in a remarkable degree an unrivaled fluency of words, but also has another quality which has been utilized to an enormous extent, that is, the quality of restraint. [Laughter.] He never uses ten words where a thousand would produce the same effect. [Laughter.] And in most every sentence he utters there are several words that must have been very much astonished at the use to which they were put. [Laughter.]

Then listen again to Mr. Chauncey Depew, in whose foot-

steps I have followed for years. But, as is usual in those cases, in following in the footsteps of great men, a corresponding understanding is necessary. We seem only to catch their defects instead of grasping the spirit which has moved them to success. Mr. Depew has said to-night that he felt as good at eighty-three as he did at fifty. Somebody said that was an indication of an impaired mind. It reminds me of the statement made by the dean of American literature, Mr. Howells, when one of his companions, an author, said to him: "I don't seem to write as well to-day as I used to when I was young. I haven't the virility and vigor in my lines." "Nonsense," said Howells; "you write just as well as you ever did; your taste has improved, that's all!" [Laughter.] Not only has Mr. Depew's taste improved, but his work seems to be in consonance with it. [Renewed laughter.]

The chairman is very complimentary, of course, to all the speakers. It was the opinion of the ancients that the best way to improve mankind was to find out the qualities they lacked and then praise them for possessing them. [Laughter.] This was done on the principle that you can praise people into virtues more easily than you can rail them out of their vices. [Laughter.]

I cannot promise you a romantic entertainment which may not be fulfilled. In this life everybody sets out to do something. Everybody does something, yet nobody does what he sets out to do. In the Scripture we read that Saul goes out to find his father's asses, and he finds a kingdom. Columbus attempts a western passage to India, and he stumbles across an unexpected continent. So my remarks may be full of good things—one can never tell. [Laughter.] No man can promise or help that. Every man has his good moments, and his ideas come and go irrespective of his wishes.

I like to bracket myself with Chauncey Depew. It reminds me of a good old Eastern proverb, which says, "There are only two creatures that can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail." [Laughter.] Ideas are the common inheritance of mankind. All authors, and some speakers, steal each other's thoughts, as gypsies do children, and then disfigure them to make them pass for their own. [Laughter.] It is done from purely intellectual benevolence, for the good of their neighbors' minds, like that devout lady who, out of pure regard for re-

ligion, stole a prayer-book from a lady of her acquaintance. [Laughter.]

Some time ago Mr. Elihu Root spoke of the temptation to say things for their sound—to say things that will stir and run into superlatives. The commendation is excellent, and so are the Ten Commandments. The difficulty is in translating counsels of perfection into effective action. The art of saying brilliant things that shall sound right and yet be wrong, has made so many reputations and afforded comfort to so many people that no speaker can venture to neglect it. [Laughter.]

As you know, the speaker occupies a bed of roses, but if there is any one thorn that outrivals the serpent's tooth, it is the fear of repeating himself. Still, Nature has great powers of recuperation, and the repeated assertion of insignificant and significant things is going on all around us, and it has probably gone on since the beginning of time.

In the Garden of Eden, Eve probably never, to the moment of her death, passed a day but she asked Adam if "that affair of the apple was not very unfortunate." [Laughter.] And Adam assuredly answered her a thousand times, "Yes, Eve, it was very unfortunate." [Laughter.]

And so we repeat these things from the glamour of the present, or we take them from antiquity. There is nothing new under the sun. But there are many things which, by reason of their antiquity, are to all intents and purposes just as good as new.

Now, we were discussing here with Dr. Finley that some of the schools, under a very noted man, are going to banish Latin and Greek. Well, the idea is not new. Some time ago Mr. Balfour said in England that he had learned enough of the classics as was necessary to induce the professors to teach him something else. And there was a bill introduced in Parliament some time ago where a grievance was cited against those universities which required the study of an alleged poet named Homer, who encouraged the worship of Jupiter, Juno, Venus and other objectionable personages of classical indiscretion, although they lived in an atmosphere of elevated immorality. [Laughter.]

I listened to one phrase in Chauncey Depew's speech about the life that our distinguished guest has led, and I gathered

from it that the usefulness of one's life is not so much in its length as the use to which it is put. You know it is one of the inconsistencies of human nature that while we all wish to live long, nobody wants to be old. While we all seemed grieved at the shortness of life, there are many periods of it that appear intolerably long and we wish those periods at an end. We all wish to lengthen the span of life in general and to contract some of the parts of which it is composed. The minor longs to be of age, to arrive at distinction, and then to retire. So it seems we are looking over the fence of to-morrow in order to steal a march on time. [Laughter.]

And when I think of the life that our distinguished guest has led, I am reminded that in the Brahmin religion, when a man has reached and passed eighty-four, they declare he is a saint. They have a sacred feeling about that particular time of life. In the Hindustan language it is called "chaurasi," meaning the eighty-fourth year. So that in the Brahmin religion, our distinguished guest is "chaurasi," which means that he is totally exempt from all punishment, either celestial or mundane. [Laughter.]

Well, it would seem that the wise Hindu mind has foreseen that at that period of age there is a lessening of elasticity which impels a man to open rather than jump a gate, or to jump at a conclusion. [Laughter.] It seems to be the Hindu philosophy that in the autumn of life, when the ferment of the blood abates, the man who has supped fully of the world and its follies is generally apt to turn state's evidence against it. [Laughter.]

We know that cynical philosophy that old men give young men advice when they are no longer able to set a bad example. How different it is with our man here! How many times, at banquets, I have seen him rise, with that expansive, kindly shirt-bosom that seems to go out in confident folds to the audience. It is what Cæsar called "a convivium," which is living together, to distinguish it from "a symposium," which is simply eating and drinking together. And so when I have seen him stand before the assemblies in New York, he seemed to be a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what way he would be more acceptable to his Creator by doing the most good to his fellow creatures. [Applause.]

How many things he has done; what wonderful things he has

said—he and his confrere there [indicating Mr. Depew], who is only eighty-three and who has not arrived at that point of "chaurasi" where he could be indulging in indiscretions with impunity. [Laughter.] And both of them have outraged all the laws of statistics. Both of them have refused to grow old. You know when the Greeks wrote that wonderful line, "Whom the gods love, die young," they must have meant that no matter how many years passed over a man's head, there is a springtime in the heart which refused to be old. He is inpervious to the march of time, and, blessed by those serene qualities of the mind, he comes under the phrase, "Whom the gods love, die young." "He dies young because he never grows old. [Laughter and applause.]

You know words are the stumbling blocks to truth. There are many things that are misconstrued by one. And if we could only think what we mean we might use phrases like "Peace without victory," or something else. [Laughter.] All I can say is that we miss our distinguished guest from our dinners; his absence from New York, which is intermittent now, has left the banquets bankrupt. Many men have repeated his sayings, but without avail, for his is a liquor that loses in the decanter. He has left us all hopelessly in his debt! [Loud applause.]